

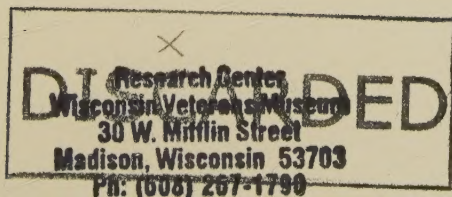
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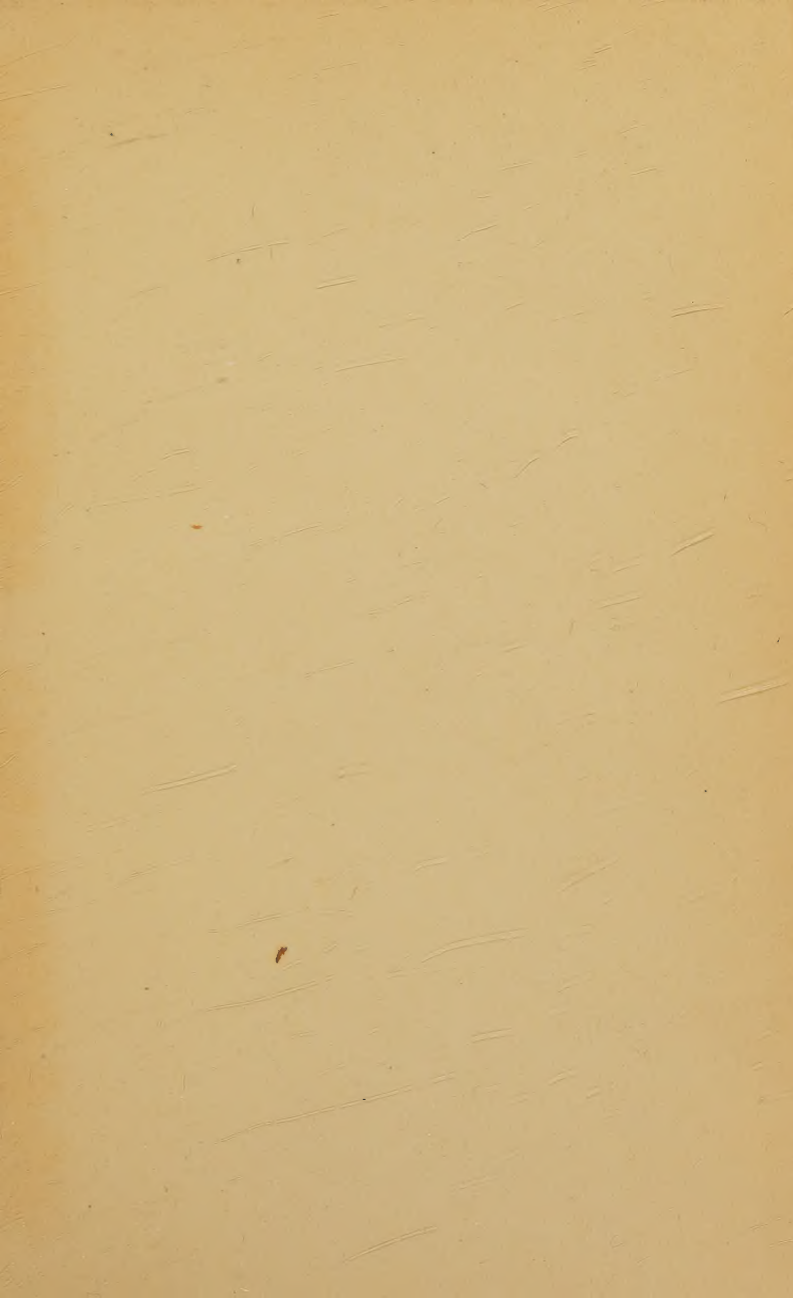


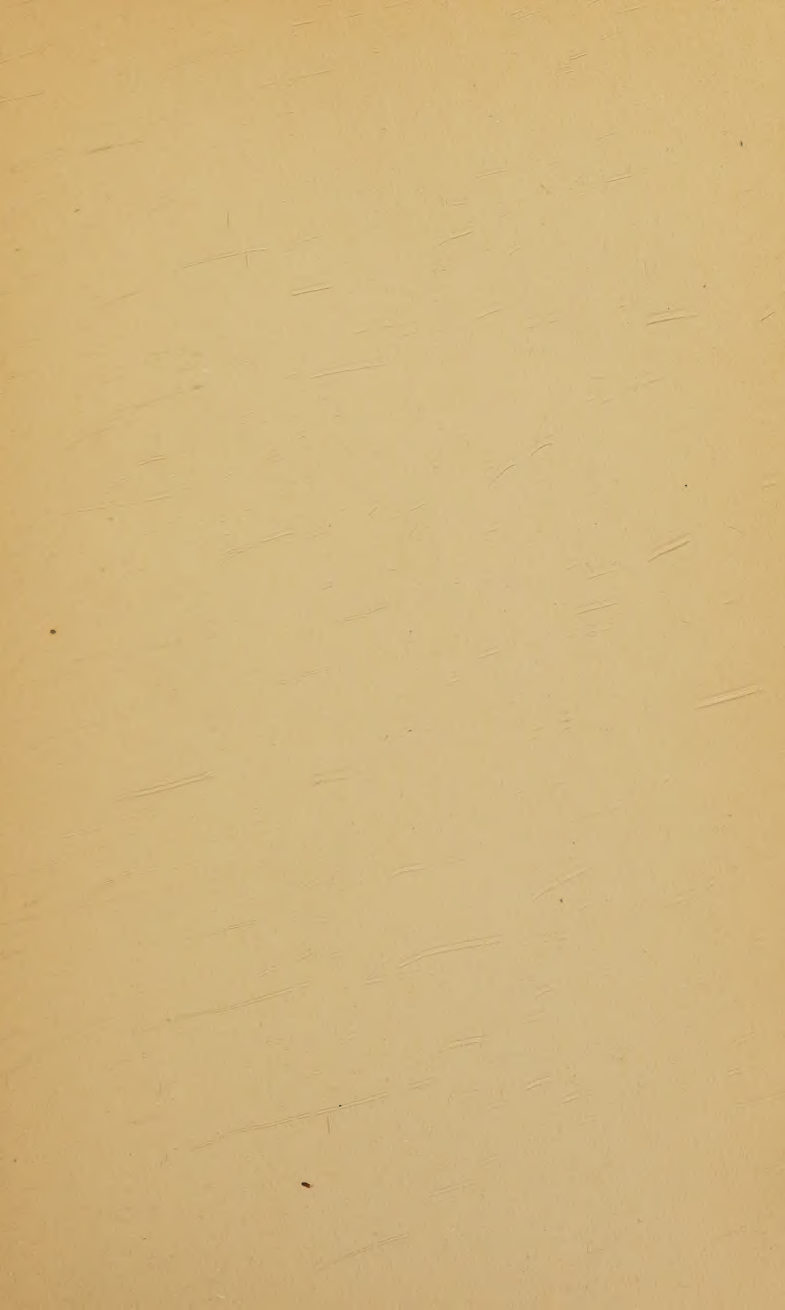
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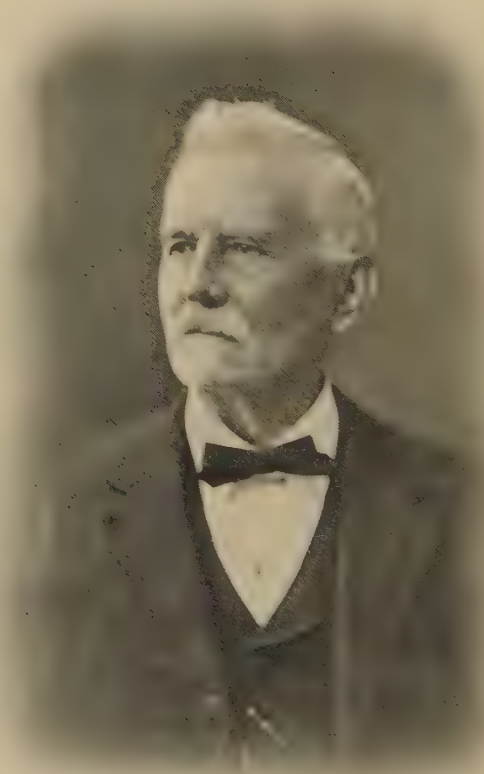
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N. J. FLOYD

THE
LAST OF THE CAVALIERS
OR
THE PHANTOM PERIL

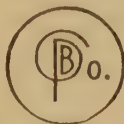
A historical romance dealing with the cause and conduct of the war between the sections of the American Union

BY

N. J. FLOYD

Author of "Thorns in the Flesh," "The Craven," and other poems

"The call for troops to invade our land and homes, because our States found it necessary to reassume the rights and powers which they once delegated to the general Union, (which supreme act of sovereignty was specifically announced as a reserved right by some of the States, both North and South, when they ratified the Constitution and joined the Union, should the preservation of peace and happiness ever demand it as a final resort,) has made your people the rebels and traitors which they seek to accuse my people of being. They have rebelled against the political theories and principles once assented to and established by their fathers; and are traitors to their belief in the sovereign right of secession which they once upheld and procured to be taught as a compulsory study in the National Military Academy at West Point. We have rebelled against no law or established principle--against nothing--and are still true to, and willing to fight, if we must, in defense of every principle ever enunciated or assented to by our fathers or by ourselves."



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"Following the brilliant constellation of the Southern cross through the storm of battles."

THIS WORK
IS
RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR

To the aged Veterans, who, with unparalleled perseverance and unconquerable devotion, eagerly and heroically followed the brilliant constellation of the Southern Cross through the storm of battles to its final obscurity by "Overwhelming Numbers and Resources," and who, while yielding to no vain regrets for a lost cause, are animated by the conscious pride of having achieved a moral victory worth more to them and their posterity than all its fearful and temporarily paralyzing cost.

A WORD WITH THE READER.

SOME months ago, a talented and patriotic statesman of the dominant political party said, while delivering a speech in Congress: "Peculiar conditions have brought about peculiar burdens for the South, and I would not by word or deed do anything to add one feather's weight to those burdens." These words were only the off-hand utterance of a new member of the national House of Representatives from the middle north-western portion of our country, in a casual colloquy; and though they indicated only the natural and kindly impulse of a benevolent and patriotic heart, it was interesting and somewhat instructive to note how gladly the indication of friendly feelings, even of a negative character, from that side of the House, was hailed here and there in the South as an indication of the coming dawn of a period which has been hoped for during the passing of more than a generation, when passion and prejudice shall give way to a sense of fairness and friendliness.

Not many statesmen or politicians of the dominant party seem to have given very serious thought or care as to what may be the peculiar burdens of the South, but some have evinced a willingness, and some even a desire, that those burdens, whatever they may be, shall not be shorn of any onerous and irksome features; and there is an element of the pathetic in the pleasure evinced by many good people in the South when some prominent politician, assumed to be of that class, gives evidence of patriotic feelings and sentiments broad enough to embrace the section which patiently and valiantly bore the brunt of the Revolutionary War, and whose soil was the battle-ground upon which American independence was won. One cause of this, and perhaps the only acknowledged cause, is the anticipating hope, amounting

almost to a belief, that future national statesmanship, when the ghost of former animosities shall have been fully and finally exorcised, will be broader and more comprehensively patriotic than ever before at any period of our history, and will cultivate sentiments of political honor and honesty, fairness and friendliness, which, beginning at home and being shed abroad to all the world, may in the coming generations—if our growth in political wisdom and brotherly love shall keep pace with the present growth and increasing possibilities of our national prosperity and power—not only enable, but even make it morally incumbent upon our great Republic to gather the leading nations of the earth into one great brotherhood—or international altruistic syndicate—which shall banish national freebooting and oppression from the earth and introduce the reign of "Peace, good will toward men."

It may be charged by some readers of these pages that, notwithstanding the above pacific utterances, the author's sentiments of friendliness and brotherly love are not fortified against unamiable feelings toward a certain class of his own political compeers; and this he feels to be measurably true as regards those whose mental and moral eccentricities have led them, while they bestow honor upon a legally adjudged outlaw for the crimes he committed, to frown upon and seek to thwart an irrepressible impulse on the part of those whom they persistently continue to regard as their foes, to do honor to the lofty character of one whose name and fame, already honored over the world, are destined to grow more serenely bright as the clearer vision of coming ages shall rightly distribute the lights and shades of history's perspective.

Thirty-nine years ago the South buried the hatchet and invoked the benign influences of the pipe of peace in all sincerity and honesty of purpose; and her grief over subsequent harmful political and social conditions, unexpectedly and wrongfully imposed upon her helplessness, was exceeded only by her shock of surprise at the number and character of those who were still ruled by feelings of animosity after every man who had done a man's full duty upon the field of battle had made peace and had yielded to the ennobling influences of magnanimity. And

if some portions of these pages shall seem less irenical than might be expected or desired, the amiable reader making such criticism is assured that the author's leading thought has been only to develop a true chronologic-composite picture—the first impressions of which were photographed upon his brain—he will not say how many *ages* ago—of that comparatively small but politically strenuous class which, from the early history of our political association of once sovereign and independent Colonies, have been recognized by unprejudiced writers of their own section, and in each succeeding generation, as political marplots and artful promoters of spiteful feelings among the people of once friendly sections.

It is hoped that this work may be instrumental in leading the young reader to make proper discrimination between these and the brave men, who, inspired by a fever of patriotic enthusiasm at the call to arms, rallied around their banners to endorse and obey unhesitatingly and unquestioningly the designs and behests of their States; marched upon the South and valorously faced the front and flame of battle where rampant War held high carnival and Death reaped quick and fearful harvests; and later, after their government had proclaimed Peace, honestly and candidly accepted and endorsed the same as meaning something more than the mere cessation of deadly conflict. And if such discrimination shall enable the Southern youth to properly appreciate, and to give a just meed of admiration to those gallant spirits, who are his brothers in all the higher impulses and instincts of manhood, (and whose calm and broad patriotism is slowly but surely demonstrating its leavening powers, and will ultimately, beyond a doubt, take a leading part in bringing the Ship of State back to the old moorings established by our Patriot Fathers,) then the author will feel that his labor has received a large measure of compensation.

N. J. FLOYD.

LYNCHBURG, VA.

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"Following the brilliant constellation of the Southern Cross through the storm of battles."

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THE LAST OF THE CAVALIERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST SCOWL OF GRIM-VISAGED WAR.

"Better sink beneath the shock
Than molder piece-meal on the rock."
—BYRON.

SOMETHING more than half way between Huntsville and Decatur, in the heart of a fertile region in northern Alabama, stood, in the Spring of 1861, a way-station of the Memphis and Charleston Division of the Southern railway, substantially built of undressed lumber, with ample platforms for the handling and lading of the large cotton crops which annually there sought outlet to the great world beyond. In front of the station, upon an elevation in the middle-distance, stood a large, square, brick mansion, with double-storied, heavy-columned porches, encompassed by a grove of spreading poplars, with a few walnut trees interspersed. Far to the left, against the bluish-green background of a dense forest growth, whose visible boundary marked the meanderings of a chain of small pools connected by a stream of gently-flowing water, stood a white mansion of pretentious appearance, but dwarfed in proportions by the distance, and rendered unusually white in appearance by the bleaching effect of the blue in the intervening atmosphere. This mansion, called by its young bachelor owner "The Oaks," became, after a time, the scene of some striking events.

Between the station and the limit of view of the beholder were thousands of acres of dark chocolate land under cultivation, cut by public roads into "sections"

one mile square and sub-divided into "quarter-sections" and "sixteenths," or "forty-acre lots," by plantation roads and "turn-rows," intersecting each other at right angles, thus giving to each section the appearance of an immense chessboard, upon the forty-acre square of which were the lusty green of young cotton, the tender green of corn, and the various shades of green of "fancy crops," as all other crops were called; while upon occasional squares stood, solid and erect, like castellated fortresses, the two, three or more forty-acre lots of lordly forest trees, providently reserved for purposes of fuel and fencing.

Upon the platform of the station a group of young men were assembled, who seemed oblivious of the fact that nature was wearing one of her brightest smiles, and had wooed every creature into cheerfulness, save themselves and the military-looking station agent, who was dispensing news gathered from the papers left by the last mail train. This agent, a veteran of the Mexican War, read and commented in a solemn tone. Finally one of the young listeners exclaimed protestingly:

"Hold up, Major! Be merciful and let us have it in broken doses, and at longer intervals. The New York 'Tribune' seems less savage than for many years, but all the other great anti-Southern papers of all the great cities evidently are eager to demolish us if it can be done with their pencils and 'shooting sticks.' But see, here comes Harvey riding across his young corn and looking as happy as if he had not read a Yankee paper published since virtuous New England found out that slave labor was unprofitable and sold us her negroes."

All eyes turned in the direction of the brick mansion as a tall, handsome man of middle age shouted:

"Hello, boys; what's up? Plotting against 'the best government the world ever saw'?"

"No," replied young Farrington, the first speaker, "our plots could never protect us against the onward march of John Brown's spirit. We are waiting to greet Howard Marshall. Fount expects him on the train now due."

"Ah, Marshall coming to-day? He will bring us some

fresh and reliable news from our friends over the border."

"Oh! there is news enough that is fresh and reliable; some of it has an excess of the first quality."

"Let's have it."

"Why, the President of our neighbor, the United States, has called for seventy-five thousand troops to thrash us, and the radical Northern papers say 'The Chivalry,' as they call us, will not stand long enough to give one-third of that number a full day's sport."

"The latter part is fresh in one sense. But what in the name of all that is terrible, can he want with such an immense force?"

"He doesn't want to take 'two bites at a cherry,' I presume."

"Wants to wipe us off the face of the earth on Monday and sow salt on Tuesday, eh?"

"Oh, no; the editors, clever fellows, say they are unwilling to see us exterminated. They like us well enough if we will lower our crest and acknowledge their right to dictate the management of our little family affairs for us."

"Well, what do they want with that overwhelming army?"

"The papers say one-third of that force is to be used to 'burn out the rats' at the Capitol, one-third to seize the cotton ports and the other third to police Washington City and furnish picket lines to be formed along the Gulf of Mexico to prevent the Cavaliers from stampeding into the deep sea, and leaving none to perpetuate the amusing race."

"That's a capital idea!" laughed Major Harvey, having hitched his horse and joined the party. "May it not be that those people really do possess some philanthropy after all? That looks like it; but as far as I am individually concerned, I had about as soon drown myself trying to escape a terrible terror as to be scared to death trying to face it."

"Yes, the effect upon the future history of 'The Rise and Fall of Cavalierism' would be about the same in either case. But, come, we were just about to go to Wilkineses

to have some of his Sparkling Catawba. By the by, that old turnip-juice brewer, Longworth, who makes the wine up in Ohio, says he can take his bottle-washers and pestle-handlers and whip out South Carolina. And he seems really anxious to take the contract to do that as his part of the job of 'wiping out the rebellion.' "

"And, as you know he will never venture within hearing distance of a gun, you want to imitate Cousin Joe in the 'Rough Diamond,' and get your revenge out of his wine. Is that it?"

"Only in part; I have come to like the effervescing turnip-juice. It reminds me of our friends over the border in several respects. As for old Longworth, I'd like to see Fount here with a dozen 'Spirits of the Lost Clan' turned loose upon the brewer and his whole tribe of label-pasters for about ten minutes. It would be worth a trip up there to see it."

"Ah, boys," said the new-comer, seriously, "you young bloods may laugh and have your fun, and older heads may join you at present, if they will; but the time is rapidly approaching, in my judgment, when there will be very little cause for mirth to be found by any of us. All history teaches that civil war is a most terrible thing, and we must not cheat ourselves with the delusion that ours is to be an exception. True, ours will not be 'civil war' in the proper sense of the term; but it may be even worse. It is a family quarrel—sister States against sister States—section against section—ours weak and appealing to the eternal principles of justice—theirs strong and secretly harboring the barbarian's maxim that 'Might Makes Right.' It is the custom to say that the American people are civilized, and they are more nearly so than were any people who ever engaged in civil strife on a very large scale; but if the Northern people fight as savagely as the radical press talks about hanging us, we shall find that, with the majority, civilization is only skin deep.

"Our friends at the North—Longworth and those of whom he is a type, and the abolition fanatics, their press, pulpit and recruits—are destined, of course, to be grievously disappointed in their confident expecta-

tion of a cheap and easy victory. Under the sting of that disappointment, and the humiliation of being taunted with having described themselves in their efforts to ridicule us, their passion, in which the more conservative masses of the land may ultimately join, will not be restrained by a mere sentiment of civilization. The Hessians, whom our forefathers fought, had no passional excitement to make them more ruthless than it was their nature to be. They had never boasted and belittled before they were overmatched, and never felt the sting that can make worse than Hessians those who, by nature, are much better than they.

"As for Mr. Lincoln's seventy-five thousand troops we may feel assured that political policy and not personal judgment dictated that number. He is not a gibing idiot if many of his 'statesmen' and newspaper writers are. I regard that call as a feeler for the North and, incidentally, as a blind for the South. But, whatever it may do for the North, it cannot lead the South to a sense of indifference regarding the great superiority of the North over us in all things that go to insure success in a great war, except military spirit and aptitude, and a just cause. The history of our wars, since the settlement of Jamestown, proves that we possess the former in a higher degree than can be boasted by any people who love to follow the pursuits of peace; and only a superficial knowledge of the facts of our history as a confederation of sovereign Colonies or States, is needed to teach the most obtuse that we have a just cause.

"Our people have always felt deep love and veneration for the Union, and have never failed to discharge every duty which love and loyalty demanded, and to make every necessary and honorable sacrifice for its peace, prosperity and welfare. The prominent part played by our statesmen in establishing it, and, later, in rescuing it from the monarchical designs and plots of the restless politicians of New England, banded together as the Federalist party, caused us to feel in a peculiar degree that its peace and perpetuity, as well as its honor, were our special charge; and begot in our people a senti-

mental love and patriotism that soared far above any thrifty calculation of selfish and undue advantage that might be derived from the exploitation of its government.

"Our greatest, if not our only fault or error, was that in early days, when ours was politically the leading section, we coddled and pampered the selfish pride of New England by showing ourselves morbidly desirous to preserve and promote the peace, harmony and integrity of the Union. When New England was working for a disruption of the Union, on account—as her politicians expressed it—of 'Incompatibility of Political Ideas,' we were practicing the allurements of brotherly love; and after Mr. Jefferson and the Southern Democracy had obtained control of the government and had reduced it to a republican simplicity—repealing Mr. Adams' infamous Alien and Sedition Laws, and other obnoxious measures of the Federalist party—they commenced a systematic abuse of Southern social, political and moral attributes. Mathew Carey, in his celebrated work written during that period, entitled 'The Olive Branch,' says on that subject: 'To sow discord, jealousy and hostility between the different sections of the Union was the first grand step in their career in order to accomplish the object of the separation of the States. The most unceasing endeavors have been used to poison the minds of the people of the Eastern States towards, and to alienate them from their fellow-citizens of the Southern States. Nothing,' he adds, 'can exceed the violence of these caricatures, some of which would suit the ferocious inhabitants of New Zealand rather than a civilized and polished people.'*

* Mathew Carey was a friend of Benjamin Franklin and a resident of Philadelphia. In 1784 he established the "Pennsylvania Herald" and soon became famous as a writer upon political, social, moral and educational subjects. He was one of the active organizers of the first American Sunday-school society, and was foremost in forwarding all educational interests and in establishing the charitable institution for which Philadelphia is now famous. In 1814 he wrote and published the "Olive Branch, or Faults on Both Sides"—the Federalist and Democratic—which was designed to promote political

"We thank Mathew Carey for his testimony regarding that generation, and we can personally testify that this generation is an improvement upon that in the art of 'Sowing discord, jealousy and hostility between the sections.' They have preached hatred of the South as a cardinal doctrine, and are now preparing to gratify the thirst for vengeance which they have created and fostered, by bringing upon us the devastation, havoc and bloodshed of Civil War.

"Not one great measure of our Southern statesmen, designed to advance the prosperity, power and respectability of the United States as a nation, has met with their endorsement or approval, but has had to be consummated in spite of their selfish and factious opposition. Even the Louisiana Purchase, made by Mr. Jefferson and the Democratic party, which gave us the mouth of the Mississippi River, and a vast extent of territory lying along its western margin and extending beyond it a thousand miles to the Mexican line and the Rocky Mountains, embracing a wonderfully fertile and diversified region as large as that already owned by us, and from every point of view a vitally important acquisition—even that grand display of a broad and wise national policy and far-sighted statesmanship, met with unpatriotic and to some extent fanatical opposition from New England, on purely selfish and sectional grounds. They held that the poorer classes of New England would be tempted to migrate to the fertile and cheap lands beyond the Mississippi and leave their native section to neglect and poverty;" and, worse still, they feared that the balance of power was passing to the South, and that the new States to be carved out of that vast territory '*might be unfriendly to New England.*' Therefore, they claimed, it

harmony between the sections of the Union. The work went through many editions and is still a recognized authority upon the history of that period. In 1820 he wrote and published "The New Olive Branch," in which he sought to show New England that there was really no well founded cause for envy or jealousy between the different sections of the Union. He was a profound thinker, a voluminous writer and a pure patriot.

behooved them to take time by the forelock and prepare to secede from the Union if the Louisiana Purchase should be persisted in. They made the same trouble about Texas. And yet there are, and have always been, thousands of noble and true patriots in that section. The fact that they have continued from generation to generation true to first principles, though dominated by majorities which now denounce them as 'Copperheads,' shows that they possess the spirit if not also the blood of the Cavaliers, and though they may now fight against us we shall always honor them for their unconquerable consistency.

"Half a dozen years after the Purchase was consummated our government engaged in the second war with Great Britain—not especially to promote the commercial interests of New England by protecting her seamen from impressment by England, though that was an incident of the cause, but to vindicate the honor of the American people, and to compel respect for their flag—and, as was feared by our statesmen, New England flew into a passion and took sides with England so far as the people could do so without actually taking up arms and committing open treason. John Quincy Adams admitted later that: 'Curses and anathemas were liberally hurled from the pulpits upon the heads of all those who aided directly or indirectly in carrying on the war.' Fisher Ames, one of the most distinguished men of New England, declared passionately: 'Our country is too large for Union; too sordid for patriotism; too democratic for liberty—our disease is democracy!' The Rev. Dr. Dwight, a brilliant pulpit orator, declared the Declaration of Independence 'a wicked thing'—all the Federalist papers and pulpits declared that New England's soldiers 'never fought for a republic,' and the Boston 'Gazette' threatened President Madison with death if he attempted to compel the Eastern States to fight in the war. Several of the States, notably Massachusetts and Connecticut, nullified certain vital laws of the United States, and by formal enactment made it unlawful for their militia to go beyond their own borders. (How could they have had the brazenness to

attack South Carolina, later, for nullifying a tariff law which was unjust and which was merely fiscal in its effects?) Amid all the hubbub a bill was introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature, by no less a person than General Fessenden, calling upon the Governor, Caleb Strong, to arm and equip the militia and declare the State independent of the Union. But, to cap the climax, after the war had been patriotically waged for nearly two years, after 30,000 lives had been sacrificed and \$100,000,000 expended to show the world that we dared to uphold our rights and maintain our honor, a convention of the New England States was called at the suggestion of Massachusetts and met in Connecticut. You all know about the Hartford Convention, but none of us know positively what were its designs. And though the Secretary of War sent a military officer to Hartford to watch the Convention and to learn, if possible, what ends it had in view, no officer of the government, or other good citizen, ever found out positively. Could they have designed to desert 'The Best Government the World Ever Saw' in its hour of need?—to turn their backs upon 'The Old Flag!'—'The Flag of Our Fathers!'—in the face of an armed and defiant foe! And did they pause when informed by Fisher Ames that such action would bring upon them the contempt of England herself? Who knows—who can say?

"A circumstance that occurred just before that war may serve as a basis for a guess. A British spy by the name or under the pseudonym of John Henry, entered New England from Canada bearing a commission from the Canadian Governor, Sir James Craig, dated in Quebec, February, 1809. He carried written instructions, to wit: 'Proceed with the earliest conveyance to Boston. The known intelligence and ability of several of its leading men must give it a considerable influence over the other States. It has been supposed that if the Federalists of the Eastern States should be successful and obtain the desired influence which will enable them to direct public opinion, it is not improbable that, rather than submit, they will exert that influence to bring about a disruption of the general Union.'

“I enclose a credential but you must not use it unless you are satisfied it will lead to more confidential communications.’

“The fact of the existence of this conspiracy leaked out and President Madison sent a special message to Congress on the subject. In it he said: ‘I lay before Congress copies of certain documents which are in the Department of State. They prove that at a recent period, on the part of the British Government, through its public minister here, an agent of that government was employed in certain States, more especially at the seat of government in Massachusetts, in fomenting disaffection to the constituted authorities of the United States; and intrigued with the disaffected for the purpose of bringing about resistance to the laws, and eventually, in concert with a British force, of destroying the Union and forming the Eastern part thereof into a political connection with Great Britain.’* ”

“Boys, Mr. Madison wrote that message barely fifty years ago. Your fathers read it fresh from the press, and some of the men in New England who were young politicians then, aiding or upholding the conspiracy, are still in the field of politics, working, as of old, for purely selfish and unpatriotic ends. They and their progeny are to-day organizing and hounding on those whom they have inoculated with sectional hatred to destroy our land. And, God save the mark! they are doing it under the pretense of a high resolve ‘To Save the Life of the Nation!’ What a grim and discouraging farce it is, to an honest patriot, to see the ancient plotters deceiving the honest emotional masses of the entire North by that cry of all others! It is a sad commentary upon the thinking-ability of the average civilized human animal that a handful of malicious and persistent plotters can, in the bitter end, so destroy the wisest work of a multitude of patriots and statesmen that ‘All the king’s horses and all the king’s men can never set it up again!’ ”

* For all the known particulars of this conspiracy the reader is referred to the archives of President Madison’s first administration.

"The exposure of the traitorous designs of the Federalist party in New England naturally caused a great flutter, but it did not bring the plotting majority to the stool of repentance; and still less did it check their spirit of evil-doing. John Henry, the spy, reported to Governor Craig, of Canada, that while the Federalist leaders in New England were 'ripe for any measure that could disrupt the American Union,' the common masses were slow to move, and he 'doubted if the scheme of disruption could be immediately carried out.' It was explained that the struggle of the Revolution had begotten, in the minds of the common people, a feeling of compatriotism toward the people of the South, which would have to be destroyed or neutralized by some domestic question which would foment discord and animosity between the masses of the two sections, before their designs could be carried into execution.* Slavery was the domestic question discussed and finally decided upon as the most promising. And it was selected, not by any of those who subsequently became notorious as anti-slavery agitators, but by John Henry, of England, Governor Sir James Craig, of Canada, and the leading politicians of the Federalist party in New England. These artfully and adroitly set a pack of hysterically emotional people, eager for cheap notoriety, hounding in the direction of the South upon the carefully prepared drag-trail of 'A Great Moral Idea.' As the success of that scheme was demonstrated more and more clearly, its promoters, of national prominence, gradually identified themselves with it publicly. Even John Quincy Adams, after he had been the sixth President of the United States, and had vainly tried to win the confidence of the Democracy by betraying the schemes of his former political associates, again became active in the nefarious scheme, and only nineteen years ago crowned and put an end to his political life by presenting in Congress a petition for the dissolution of the Union.

* "History of the Great Civil War," by R. G. Horton, of New York.—Van Eyvin, Horton & Co., Publishers, 1867.

"Boys, they have succeeded in disrupting the Union, not in the manner and with the results intended when the powers of government were first wrested from their Federalist fathers, but by a political revolution which claimed inspiration from a higher law than the Constitution. Revolutions never go backward. The government has drifted from its moorings, and it is a duty which we—the present generation of Cavaliers—owe to ourselves and to posterity to retire peacefully as far as we may be permitted to do so, and preserve for ourselves and our children the form and spirit of the government established by our fathers. Before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, seven States, including our own, withdrew from the Union; and as it had been said upon the floor of the Convention which nominated him, that 'the South could not be *kicked* out of the Union,' it was hoped that Mr. Greeley's amiable advice to let us go in peace, would be accepted. But the Radicals want war! It has been said by some of the leaders that 'Without a little blood-letting the Union will not be worth a d—n.' So the blood-letting had to be inaugurated, and, by arts and deceptions unbecoming an honorable people, they succeeded in compelling South Carolina to fire upon Fort Sumter, which had become a menace to the city it was built to protect. They needed something to fire the already excited Northern heart, and they worked for and got it with their usual display of false pretenses and indirect methods. I refer to the 'Yankees.' That name properly belongs only to New England.

"Last week, General Beauregard demolished Fort Sumter. There was no 'blood-letting,' but the hue and cry went out that 'the *honor* of the flag was assailed!' Mr. Seward's government called for 75,000 troops, through President Lincoln, and Old Virginia, the American headquarters of Cavalierism, joined our ranks. Soon the Capitol of the Confederacy will be transferred to Richmond, and preparations made to meet the "Irrepressible Conflict,' which the Federalists of our generation have used as a 'Raw Head and Bloody Bones' bogey to disturb our dreams of contentment.

"Boys, I welcome the conflict. Yes; I welcome it!

All the days of my mature life I have lived under the shadow of the fear of it, but the circumstances preceding and following John Brown's raid into Virginia, convinced me that it was being deliberately, persistently and relentlessly forced upon us by many of the most popular and brilliant political marplots of the North, and I became anxious to meet it as soon as possible. When Brown made his raid our people could not believe that he had any respectable backing at the North, but the wild fury of the leaders of thought in that section, over the righteous punishment inflicted upon him and their subsequent course in lauding him as a martyr and saint, convinced us that he had the enthusiastic backing of the same pulpit, the same press and the same restless and spiteful spirit that hurled curses upon the heads of President Madison and the noble patriots of 1812. There were few, if any, leading politicians of the Republican party that did not aid in some way, or at least have guilty knowledge of Brown's lawless and murderous designs and plots. Even William H. Seward, the new Secretary of State, and at present the virtual head of the government, is not excepted. The plot was at least made known to him, and though he said in May, 1859, that 'under the circumstances' he should not have been told of it, yet he did not disclose it nor give warning so as to prevent the attempt at wholesale murder, rape and arson. It is also well known and admitted that Secretary of War Cameron, Charles Sumner, Garrett Smith, F. B. Sanborn, Dr. S. G. Howe, of Boston, Thaddeus Hyatt, Joshua R. Giddings, Salmon P. Chase and hundreds of men of similar prominence, also knew of it, at least, and also incurred thereby the guilt of accessories before the fact. These and their followers have amused themselves by alternately threatening to kick us out of the Union, and daring us to attempt to get away from them through the door of secession. Our great love for the Union, established and maintained by our fathers, has caused us to hope against hope, and to palter until they have finally come to feel a degree of contempt for what they regard as our want of spirit, and we are in danger of losing our own self-respect.

"Boys, a son of the Cavaliers who can condone premeditated and persistent insult and contumely and finally submit quietly to dictation, is a moral and physical degenerate! We feel ourselves to be worthy sons of our sires, and if our restless and overbearing friends on the other side are in dead earnest, we have a terrible struggle ahead of us. The final result may be wrecked homes and ruined fortunes, but we shall preserve our self-respect. They have the numerical strength, organization and military appliances to bring every physical disaster upon us, but, if we must fight, we shall cauterize their feelings of contempt, and shall carve respect for our manhood deep into their memories.

"Mr. Seward's and Mr. Stanton's 75,000 troops need give us but slight uneasiness; but if following that force, they shall quickly send half a million well armed and disciplined men, it may be that, destitute as we are of arms and munitions of war, our just cause may be speedily strangled in our blood, or its upholders drowned in the Gulf. But if the latter should befall we shall not stampede into the salt-sea like the swine of the Gergesenes. We will remember old 'Scorch' Isom's tactics when he was attacked by a mob of Barrenites, and 'advance backwards' into the briny tide, with our faces still to the foe."

"Three cheers for Harvey!" exclaimed several, amid laughter and clapping of hands. "Didn't know you were an orator, old fellow," said one.

"Or a historian," added another.

"Or a politician."

"Or a strategist, and *such* a strategist!" exclaimed others amid laughter and applause.

"I nominate Major Harvey for Captain of our company," shouted a beardless youth, springing upon a cotton bale and waving his hat. "We know what his regiment did for the Mexicans and I imagine one Yankee isn't more than equal to two Mexicans."

"Thanks, boys. You embarrass me with applause and honors," said Major Harvey, laughingly. "But what has become of the righteous wrath you invited me to help vent upon the brewer through his wine?"



"I nominate Major Harvey for Captain of our Company!"

"True; let us go and puncture some of old Longworth's gasbags," laughed Farrington. "But did any of you notice that fellow with a 'lean and hungry look' who regarded Harvey with open-mouthed admiration, from the far end of the platform, while he was making his high-treason oration?"

"Yes; he looked like a cotton 'pinhooker,' or a patent machine agent—a stranger here, I imagine," said another. "Oh, I say, Fount," he added to a slender Creole-looking young man near by, "can't you ride Major Harvey's horse around to the Wilkinses? We are going to make him stay with us to welcome the master."

"Certainly," replied the other, with a slight foreign accent, "but I feel anxious about Monsieur. The train is long overdue, and I fear there has been an accident."

"There can be no accident! the train bears 'Monsieur' and his fortunes!" shouted back a merry member, as the party strolled away in quest of the seductive "turnip-juice."

CHAPTER II.

SOME DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."
—SHAKESPEARE'S *As You Like It*.

JOHN HOWARD MARSHALL, the young man whose arrival was expected at the station, was the owner of the plantation whose buildings made a gleam of white in the distant landscape to the south, and was the son of a wealthy and influential family in Virginia. During the four years of his residence in Alabama he had become well known among the young men of that beautiful and somewhat aristocratic rural region as the most daring rider and most accomplished sportsman in the wide region of country usually called "The Tennessee Valley"; and his acquaintance among the ladies had gained for him the reputation of being a modest gentleman and a true and chivalrous friend.

Cesare Fontane Chamfort, the individual addressed as "Fount"—a corruption and abbreviation of his middle name—was of French extraction on his father's side. That parent was a younger son of a wealthy and aristocratic Parisian family allied to the nobility, who was naturally impatient of restraint and had, in early life, before he completed his education, contracted an unhappy marriage with a handsome and romantic French Creole lady of wealth from New Orleans, some years his senior, who was sojourning in Paris with her invalid mother; which marriage had resulted in divorce at the suit of the wife, instigated by her mother, who retained possession of the infant daughter.

After his divorce young Chamfort, who had already tried the patience of his family, pursued for a number of years such a reckless and altogether unconventional

course of life as finally to alienate all sympathy on the part of his family, and, at the instance of his father, who supplied him with ample means for the purpose, he became a consenting exile to the West Indies, there to establish himself as a sugar planter.

He made his way to Cuba, and in the gay city of Havana soon forgot his purpose to become a planter, and also ignored his filial duty to his long-forbearing family at home, who only heard from him occasionally and chiefly in exaggerated rumors—brought by West Indian voyagers—of wild exploits in the land of haughty Dons and bright-eyed, dark-browed señoritas.

In the course of time he met and became a victim to the charms of a beautiful governess, of more than usual accomplishments, in the family of a very wealthy Don, and a hasty and romantic marriage ensued.

Accounts of this affair received no less embellishment than had been given to other adventures of the handsome and reckless young Parisian, and it chanced that the same vessel which carried his tardy and brief announcement of his marriage to *Père Chamfort*, carried also an acquaintance of the old gentleman, who, while visiting Cuba, had preferred not to make the acquaintance of his gay young compatriot, and had heard and believed all the gossiping and false rumors of his alliance, among which was a statement that the bride was an octoroon slave, the property of the old Don.

That statement was made to the father a short while before the reception of the brief and tardy notification, and caused the latter to be received with a feeling of deep disgust. Unfortunately the young man failed to state that his bride was of old Spanish stock, and only spoke of her as a charming and well educated "Creole," which latter she was not; and the old gentleman, fully believing her to be a mestizo, black-listed his youngest born, and his name became a forgotten echo in the halls of his ancestors.

He wondered for a time at the failure of his family to respond to his communication, and, finally, with the quick resentment of his volatile nature, he determined to write to them no more until they had made proper amends.

His young wife, being of a sunny temperament, exercised but little restraint upon his wild and extravagant habits until, during the second year of their marriage, she learned that his family had cast him off, and that he had expended all the means in his possession. In the meantime she had become the mother of twins and was consequently stopped from seeking employment as a teacher or governess. But the husband, when he fully realized the situation, showed himself to be not altogether careless and reckless. He quieted down and began to look about for means to make a living for his too-amiable wife and her pair of little brunettes.

After vainly seeking for some employment suited to his station and education, he finally accepted a position as purser and supercargo on a small steamer belonging to a company which did a coastwise trade in tropical fruits with the Gulf States of the American Union. The small pay of that employment gave a meager support to the family, to which the wife added secretly by selling from time to time jewelry and laces which his extravagance had lavished upon her.

This source of supply had become exhausted when the husband, in disposing of a cargo at New Orleans, learned from the wholesale fruit-vender with whom he was dealing that a widow bearing his name had been sent from the city to an insane asylum. By close inquiry from others who knew of the circumstances he became convinced that the lady was his divorced wife, and learned that she had long been delicate and erratic, and became insane on learning that her divorced husband had married a mulatto woman, who was a slave—which news she had received from his relatives in Paris.

On his return home his wife, who was now occupying a small adobe cottage in the suburbs of Havana, was horrified on learning that his family believed her to be a mestizo. She earnestly besought him to go immediately to Paris and undeceive them. But his personal pride was cut to the quick—indeed, had suffered an outrage at the hands of his family—and he made a vow that he would suffer torture rather than allow them to know that he cared a fig for their good or bad opinion.

That night, while her willful husband was superintending the lading of his little vessel, his unhappy wife called her little boy and girl to the side of the hammock on which she was resting and told them a strange story, which they could not fully comprehend, about a gem she had long worn concealed as an amulet, and which, to their childish eyes, seemed a wonder of brightness and beauty. After she had finished the weird story she caused them both to kneel and kiss the gem, and laid them in their little couch, there to sob themselves to sleep because their dear mother was weeping.

Then, carefully writing a letter, she enclosed the gem in it and addressed the envelope to "M. Anselm D'Elfons Chamfort, Paris." In it she said:

"The wife of your unhappy and ill-used son addresses you. She is of a lineage once as proud and haughty as your own, being a pure-blooded Morisco, which, if you are familiar with Spanish history, you know to be a mixture of the best blood of the Arabian and Moorish conquerors of Spain.

"The gem enclosed herein has been an heirloom and talisman in her family for many generations. In presenting it to you she is acting under the compelling impulses of fear and hope. A fear that dire necessity may tempt, or compel, her to make use of it as merchandise, and thus bring foretold disaster upon loved ones. And *the hope* that, if it really possesses talismanic powers, it may unlock the chambers of your heart in which you have imprisoned all the natural love and affection that are the birthright of my good and noble husband."

The only reply to this touching appeal came, a month later, in the form of a parchment envelope with the Chamfort crest on the outside, and on the inside a bill of exchange on a Panama bank for five thousand francs—about the commercial value of the gem.

With this money the devoted and distressed wife and mother purchased, through a rustic friend, a small hacienda in the interior of the island, of some twenty acres, with the usual cheap and airy cane-walled and palmetto-thatched dwelling and smaller houses; and

with about half the land set in plantains, bananas and other food-fruits of the tropics.

Here she removed with her children, and, having induced her restless and adventurous husband to abandon his roving occupation, the little family spent many happy years free from care and living on the products of the little patch of fertile land, while she devoted herself to the training and education of her two children. These might have lived happy and uneventful lives, in utter ignorance of the hard, cold, outside world, but for the restless disposition of their good and kind father.

In 1851 Narciso Lopez, a Venezuelan who had held high military rank in Spain, organized in the southern portion of the United States an expedition against Cuba, the object of which was to promote rebellion against Spain and achieve the independence of the "Pearl of the Antilles."

Chamfort's reckless love of adventure caused him to join, and with his whole heart and soul enter into the ill-starred enterprise. He was captured with Lopez and his followers, and with them was condemned to be shot. For some unknown reason he was separated from the other conspirators and confined in the small barracks prison belonging to Morro Castle. Learning of this, a few friends of the frantic wife aided her in effecting his escape; not, however, without his serious and dangerous wounding.

Fortunately his wounds were not of such a character as to be immediately disabling, and his wife succeeded in getting him away, with herself and the children, to the wild interior. Here, meeting with a party of marooning mestizos and negroes she hired their loyalty and services in exchange for her hacienda; and in the course of a week got her husband and children to the southern coast, and on board an American schooner laden with coffee and bound for New Orleans.

In that city they found sympathy and charity among the French Creoles, but the husband's wounds had been too long without skilled surgical treatment, and he lived only a few weeks after landing.

Left alone without means, and practically, without a

friend in the world—for those for whom she had taught belonged to the old Spanish aristocracy who were bitterly inimical to the revolutionists—she turned her back upon the damp mound above the remains of her dearly loved husband, and shuddered when she realized that, to the very poor, even the luxury of dignified grief is denied.

Before she became fully conscious of the fact that her spirit was crushed, her heart broken, and her life, as a principle vitalized by hope for the future, was ended, she was trying to torture out of her benumbed faculties a plan to procure bread and an abiding place for her children. The plan came in the form of an advertisement:

“Wanted—A homeless widow who can teach French, Spanish and music, desires a home in a private family as governess. She has two children twelve years of age, who will gladly make themselves useful in any capacity.”

Colonel Marshall, of Virginia, the father of Mr. John Howard Marshall, chanced to be residing temporarily in the city with his wife and her widowed foster-sister at the St. Charles Hotel, and had his attention called to the advertisement. Being in want of an accomplished governess he decided to see the advertiser at once, and immediately repaired to the address given, which was in the French part of the city. He found it a rather homely and squalid cottage, and introduced himself to a young woman, who looked the picture of despair as she sat alone upon the narrow little porch.

She proved to be the advertiser, and for some minutes the conversation consisted only of questions and answers. When Colonel Marshall learned that her husband had been dead but a few days, he encouraged her to speak of herself and her affairs. His sympathetic looks and manner seemed to win the poor woman's confidence, and she detailed freely and in good French, all the recent and more important circumstances of her life, while tears coursed down her cheeks, and the old gentleman several times used his handkerchief—ostensibly on account of his habit of taking snuff.

"Monsieur," she said in conclusion, "I am comparatively young, and my children—they have gone to the park—are very bright and active, and good. I think we can make ourselves worth our food and other simple wants, to a family in need of such services as we can render. I am without home, friends, means—everything, except grief and sorrow. If we can serve you, I and my children would gladly enter into a contract of peonage with you. I have learned that your laws do not permit that, but if you can give us a home and employment, they and I will make it a law unto ourselves more sacredly binding and more cheerfully obeyed than are such laws in my home land. I know that my darling children must be an almost insuperable objection, but oh! what can we do!" she exclaimed, sobbing convulsively. "All we ask is work, and a home, and friendship, and such care as an American slave-master gives to his slaves."

While the woman was speaking, with tears streaming down her cheeks, the old gentleman took so large a pinch of snuff that his old-fashioned red silk bandanna had to be resorted to several times before he cleared his nostrils of the narcotic stimulant, and replied:

"There, my good woman! Don't speak of it! I think—I'm sure we can arrange it. I need a governess. I have quite a family of little ones myself. We will consult the head of the family—that's my wife. She can arrange it all. Arranging matters is her strong point. Have the children here at ten in the morning. We'll come down and—she'll arrange it."

The next morning before the appointed hour had arrived, Colonel and Mrs. Marshall were at the little cottage,—had been requested by the poor mother to call her "Mathilde," and had had a talk with Cesare and Marienne, whom they found well-mannered and sprightly children, and arrangements had been made for the family to go at once to the servants' quarters at the hotel.

The only matter that seemed entirely beyond Mrs. Marshall's capabilities for "arranging matters" was to make herself understood by the self-styled "peons," as she knew very little French, and not a word of Spanish. But she managed, by means of nature's universal lan-

guage, to make little Marianne understand that she was considered a "dear little girl," and would be a treasure to her foster-sister and cousin, Mrs. Breckenridge, whose home from infancy had been in rooms adjoining her own, and who was now in declining health, and needed such attention and companionship as the mother of a family of healthy, romping children could not properly bestow.

* * * * *

Five years after Mrs. Marshall's marriage her foster-sister, Elizabeth Stewart Howard, made a "love match" with her second cousin, John Preston Breckenridge, a dashing and brilliant young man of slender means, and with no fixed occupation. Hardly two years had passed after the elopement when the troubles in Florida with the Seminole Indians became acute, and in August, 1835, young Breckenridge received a commission from President Jackson to recruit a company for the war in the Everglades against that warlike tribe under their renowned chief Osceola.

Within sixty days the company was formed, equipped and on its way to Fort King,—the only fortification of any consequence then in that part of Florida,—with orders to report to General Thompson, commanding. Hardly had the young man become accustomed to the routine of military duty, when on a pleasant December afternoon, he and three other officers accompanied General Thompson on a saunter outside the fort. Osceola, a stalwart chief in the prime of early manhood, had an intense personal hatred for General Thompson, and doubtless had been waiting in ambush with a few trusty warriors, for a favorable opportunity to glut his personal vengeance upon one who had done him an unforgivable wrong. He and his band sprang from a thicket of palmetto and underbrush upon the unsuspecting party of five and butchered them with all the horrible ferocity of madly exasperated savagery.

The young wife and mother was making her home, as formerly, at the Marshall mansion, and the horrible news, which accidentally reached her with all its har-

rowing details, was a shock too great for her reason to withstand. While in a demented condition her infant died, and long weeks after, when the light of reason began to dawn upon her mind, and she asked for her boy, the loving friends around her, fearing to speak any but soothing words, silently laid the infant John Howard Marshall in her arms.

* Many months passed before the heartbroken mother was deemed sufficiently convalescent to justify an intimation being given her that the child she idolized was not her own. At first the purport of what was said to her seemed to disturb her, but not to reach her understanding, and it was deemed best to say nothing more to her on the subject until she should regain her normal physical and mental strength. Her mind ultimately seemed to become clear on all other subjects, but after consultation with distinguished alienists it was decided to leave her to learn the facts for herself by slow degrees; and it is questionable if she ever came to entertain a doubt that the child, which seemed to love her above all others, was her own boy. Fortunately, Mrs. Marshall had other strings to her bow of blessings, and could cheerfully humor the pathetic mothering of the poor childless mother, and could even teach its object to lisp to her the endearing title of "Little Mother."

* * * * *

On returning to Virginia from New Orleans, Mrs. Breckenridge insisted on having control of the family of "peons." As "her boy" was at school, Cesare was notified that he was to become that youth's special companion and attendant when he should return, and Mathilde was put in charge of the schoolroom, and the family of healthy, romping children. But little Marienne she reserved entirely to herself, and finding that she possessed more than ordinary musical talent, she took great pleasure in developing it by her unskilled methods, and in teaching her the general superficialities of a boarding school misses' accomplishments, in addition to the hours of solid grounding she was daily receiving, with the other children, in the schoolroom under her mother; while Cesare was sent to a boys' school in the neighborhood.

As the years passed Mrs. Breckenridge's health became more feeble, until the physicians finally decided that she was dying of "slow consumption," as they named it, and ordered a change of residence to a milder climate, if that should be possible. So in the spring of 1856, "her boy" having graduated at the University of Virginia, immediately expressed a determination to make a home for his "Little Mother" in the salubrious climate of northern Alabama, where he had other relatives residing. In the meantime Mathilde had died of the same "slow consumption," blessing the friends whom God had given her orphan children, and reasserting their beneficent peonage.

When Major Marshall's call for volunteers among the negroes to make a home for his son in Alabama was issued, Cesare assumed as his right the position of recruiting sergeant, and the young master's old black mammy, with her husband and children, headed the list of volunteers. Marienne softened the pangs of parting by assuring the Virginia family that she should devote every thought of her life to her benefactress, Mrs. Breckenridge, as long as they both should live.

In Alabama Cesare was made assistant manager of the plantation, Marienne became housekeeper under the name of "assistant," and the young man petted and humored the Little Mother to her heart's content. Life was made very pleasant for the weary sojourner, but the change failed to stay the hand of the fell destroyer. As she grew weaker she seemed to grow brighter and happier, and after lingering thus beyond the end of the fourth year, she faded away amid the first alarms of impending war, as gently and almost as imperceptibly as the Morning Star while it smiles upon the dawn, "fades into the light of day."

It was to lay his Little Mother by the side of her husband and infant that the young man made the journey to Virginia; and it was to secure honor for the name and fame of her youthful husband, cut off in the execution of a chivalrous exploit in the beginning of a military career, that caused him to extend the journey to Washington City, and to several cities beyond.

CHAPTER III.

CONSPIRACY.

"Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes."

—SHAKESPEARE.

AS Fount passed near the station, after having cared for Captain Harvey's horse, his attention was attracted by a noise in the direction of a line of empty box cars, and on looking that way he discovered a tall, bony individual, who immediately beckoned to him.

"What's the matter down there?" he exclaimed.

"Beg pardon," replied the individual, making a gesture to suggest caution. "Will you step this way a moment?"

"If you wish to see me you may step this way," was the reply. "What do you want?"

"To deliver a message that means a great deal to you," said the man, looking cautiously around. "Will you come only for a few moments?"

"Well, what is it?" asked Fount, walking rapidly up to his would-be interviewer. "How can I serve you?"

"Maybe the question had ought to be how I can serve you—that is, maybe so."

"Well, how can you serve me, sir?"

"In a way that will help you greatly if you have courage. I have heard from all the slaves that you are a man to be trusted; and Mr. Bob Allen says if you give your word to a man he can trust you with his life. Mr. Allen is a great friend of yours, and—but maybe I'm mistaken," said the man, interrupting himself. "Your name is Fount, isn't it?"

The man's doubt was caused by a shade of anger that passed over Fount's face at the mention of Mr. Allen's friendship, for he had reason to believe that gentleman

entertained feelings of dislike toward him. Straightening himself, he replied with assumed hauteur:

"My name is Monsieur Cesare Fontane Chamfort, at your service, sir. What is Mr. Allen's pleasure?"

"Oh, beg pardon, sir," said the other with some confusion, "I mistook you for another party. No harm done, I hope."

"Of course not," replied Fount, instantly regretting that his humorous folly had put the man on his guard, for it suddenly occurred to him that Mr. Allen might have laid some deep plan to get him into trouble. "What was it Mr. Allen said?"

"He spoke of a different party. But maybe I can sell *you* one of my books. I am agent for 'Night Scenes in the Bible,' and it is selling right along. Mr. Allen took two—one for a friend. Can't I put one down for you, sir?"

We will inform the reader, by way of parenthesis, that when Mathilde Chamfort, with her children, first arrived in Virginia, the Marshall household servants regarded them as a new and desirable addition to the *possessions* of the family. She did not resent the idea, but rather encouraged it by speaking—after she had learned to make herself understood in English—of peonage, and informing them that Cesare and herself were the peons of Colonel and Mrs. Marshall, while little Marianne belonged especially to Mrs. Breckenridge.

Before Mathilde could converse in English, however, the negroes had agreed that her dark Morisco complexion indicated "royal nigger blood," which, with her education and refinement, entitled her to the consideration shown to herself and her children.

On large plantations it was usually the case that all news and information respecting domestic affairs went out through the ever-ready and active channel of negro gossip. In Alabama this channel had spread it abroad that Cesare and his sister were only foreign-born slaves of a superior class, and there was no doubt on the part of those whose habit it was to pay attention to negro gossip, that such was the case. The young man was aware of this, and had more than once made the knowledge

contribute to his amusement. On the present occasion, as the stranger's manner caused very serious suspicions, he said with a view of establishing confidential relations:

"What good could a slave get out of such a book? Does it teach him anything beyond the time-worn precept, or command, 'Servants, obey your masters'?"

"But I don't expect you to buy it for your slaves. You will find it one of the most interesting——"

"I don't want your book, sir!" exclaimed Fount, with assumed impatience. "I am a slave myself."

"You a slave! You?" said the man, giving the other a quick glance of suspicion. "I thought there was only one white—ah—that is—will you kindly give me your name, sir?"

"I have given you my name. I am generally called Fount, since they brought me to Alabama; but I thought Mr. Allen, having been a New Englander, and a philanthropist, of course, would do a poor slave the scant courtesy of refraining from calling him by a contemptuous epithet instead of his name."

"Oh, Mr. Allen certainly meant you no disrespect. He has the highest opinion of you; but he did not know what might be your feeling on the subject of—ah—and you really are Fount Marshall?" said the man, again interrupting himself and evidently feeling a hesitancy as to the best method of proceeding.

"That is what they call me here, sometimes; but I should think Mr. Allen's fine instincts would teach him what would be my feelings on the subject of having my name changed by the slave-drivers at their caprice, as they would the name of a horse or a dog."

"Oh, I didn't mean that. Mr. Allen didn't know what might be your feelings on the subject of the present troubles of the country."

"What about them?"

"He thought your feelings might be in sympathy with the designs of the Abolitionists, and those who are now acting with them, in national matters."

"Why did he refer to me in connection with the present troubles?"

"We were conjecturing whether you would appreciate

an opportunity to benefit yourself and your fellow-slaves."

"In what way?"

"Before I answer you let me ask—for I am a stranger here, and the fact has always been incomprehensible to my people—why you slaves, being five or more to one, in this region, for instance, do not rise in your might and sweep the devils who oppress you off the face of the earth?"

"Do you know that 'the devils,' as you call them, think one of themselves equal to half a dozen ordinary fellows, to say nothing of negroes?"

"Well, what of it? That don't keep 'em from dying like ordinary fellows if you put a ball or butcher knife into their vitals."

"Oh, sir! What can the poor slaves do? Their forefathers, torn from their beautiful land, had all their normal manliness and manhood crushed out of them by the degrading exactions of labor. What can their children do, whose highest aspirations for generations have been to eat the white man's bread and escape the white man's burden? What, I say, can such people do without a master mind—a mind that has never been bowed down to the groveling littleness of degrading labor—to lead and direct them?"

"Such minds my people have always been ready and anxious to offer you," replied the man warmly; "but your people—the negroes, I mean—haven't had the pluck, or something, to follow."

"When have they ever had a fitting opportunity to help themselves? Where in all the earth is there an unselfish philanthropist who will stand up and declare himself our Moses?"

"There are thousands of Moseses, but they can't lead unless your people will follow. Why didn't they follow John Brown? He was a Moses among Moseses!"

"There was, and is yet, a belief that Brown was not a true Moses; that he was actuated by a hatred of the Southern white people; a sort of sectional or party-spirit hatred, instead of by disinterested love for the negro; and

that he desired to make tools of the latter to do a spiteful act toward the former."

"Well, suppose he did hate the white people, and I shall not deny it, for God knows he had cause enough growing out of the troubles in Kansas. He and all of his thousands and thousands of backers in New England hated them; but that did not keep him from being a true Moses. Do you suppose Moses and the Children of Israel didn't hate the Egyptians? And are not these people and the negroes the Egyptians and the Children of Israel of the nineteenth century?"

"Suppose them to be so, and suppose Brown to have been a true, heaven-inspired Moses, you cannot blame the negroes for his fiasco. Besides, he was not consulting the negroes; the first man his people killed was a negro, and the first news the negroes got that he claimed to be the 'Chosen Moses' came from the white people, after the troops of the United States Government had captured him and turned him over to the civil authorities of Virginia. The negroes could not follow when they did not know a Moses had arisen."

"But they had means of knowing. It is true that Brown in a statement made before his execution, only admitted that he had promises of help from Canada and several of the Southern States. But every man of common sense knows that it was the white people of New England and the negroes of the South that he was relying on to give him success. I doubt if he had promises from any other sources; and later events proved that New England would have done her duty nobly if only the negroes had followed Brown's lead and given him a fair start."

"Well, at any rate, Brown was captured by United States troops, and the negroes were not given a taste of plunder and rapine to excite them."

"If they had gotten a good, fair taste, would they have pitched in earnestly?"

"Did you ever hear of the tigers in the jungles that once get a taste of human blood?"

"And would the negroes have fought their masters?"

"I don't know about the *masters*," replied Fount, with

a very serious face, "but if Brown had attended to them he could have relied on the negroes to attend to all the rest."

"Oh, bother 'all the rest!'" said the man, with an expression of deep disgust. "It is the *men* who stand between you and freedom, and they are to be crushed if you are ever to be free. You know we are now on the eve of a great battle, which is to be fought within the next ninety days. Five hundred thousand of our men, if so many shall be needed, are ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes to strike the shackles from your limbs. Your people can help greatly by operating in the rear, and if you do not help in this way——"

"Alas!" interrupted Fount, in a musing tone, "what an unreasoning or uncandid people you are! Why should so many hundreds of thousands show a willingness to sacrifice life and fortune to accomplish an end that could be reached in a peaceful and legitimate way without the shedding of blood? The exercise of a little brotherly love and the expenditure of a few paltry dollars from each would buy up and liberate all the slaves in America!"

"Huh!" ejaculated the man, with a look of deep disgust. "What would be the satisfaction of giving you your freedom if the hounds who have oppressed you are not to be made to suffer for their crimes? But, as I was going to say, if in this war your people do not aid us by operating in the rear, which will be perfectly safe to you after the fighting men have gone into the army, we shall feel unspeakable contempt for you. And, though we shall give you your freedom anyway, it will be given to you pretty much as we would throw meat to a dog."

"Yes, I understand your feelings," said Fount, sadly. "Your contempt for our want of ambition will prompt you to give us freedom pretty much as you would throw your neighbor's meat to his worthless hounds. But what can we do? The white people here think fifty of themselves could whip a regiment of negroes, and, what is more, the negroes think so, too."

"What do you think of it?" asked the man, pointedly.

"Do you, who have hardly a trace of negro blood, attribute such superiority to the white people?"

"No, perhaps not, if the negroes had proper and competent leaders."

"Suppose you knew that the negroes here were slowly making up their minds to strike a blow to aid us when the proper time shall arrive; do you not think you could furnish us in your own person one of the 'proper and competent leaders' for North Alabama?"

"To head a mob, kill a few harmless people, and then ornament a gallows, as Brown did? I should beg to be excused."

"But, my dear sir," said the man, earnestly, "matters have changed since Brown was executed. The government is now in *our* hands. We have *power*, and the old cry, 'Down with the Southern Slave Power!' now means '*business*.' Is it likely that we shall change to suckling doves, now that we can work our will? Soon this country will be overrun by our troops, and if you will become the leader of your people here and aid our cause, I promise that all the hanging to be done shall be attended to by the United States troops."

"That, perhaps, might be a consolation to me on the gallows," said Fount, with a lugubrious smile, "but I am not ready to become a 'saint' just yet."

"There will be absolutely no danger. There is not a soldier coming South who does not recognize Brown as a martyr, if not a saint, and who is not ready to hang any and all who oppose the march of his spirit. Brown and the patriots and philanthropists who backed him, erred in striking before the occasion was ripe. But within a few weeks the happy hour which Brown tried to hasten will have arrived, as I can prove to your satisfaction if you will join our organization."

"What is your organization?"

"We are liable to be eavesdropped here," said the man, uneasily. "When and where can you meet me for a long talk?"

"At any time and place you may appoint," said Fount, earnestly. "But speak now as to your objects and why you sought *me*."

"I have given our objects fully, and I sought you because Mr. Allen and the negroes said the slaves would follow your lead with confidence. Mr. Allen told me you would be here this morning to meet your master, who has been North on a spying expedition."

"Has your organization any connection with the military organization of the government?"

"Only indirectly, as yet. But it is put forward and fostered by those whose money and brains will control and dictate to both the government and the army."

"Who are they?"

"Every man and woman in New England, and pretty soon all in the North who have money and brains, excepting the sneaking copperhead Democrats."

"What are they doing?"

"The Democrats? Ha! What *can* they do? We managed the Fort Sumter affair so as to make the Southern people fire on the flag. Then we got up a furore over the insult, which had the effect that a switch run into a beehive has on the bees; and now woe to the Democrat who doesn't stay in his hole or else sing mighty small."

"What is the first object you expect to accomplish?"

"Our sole object is to organize the slaves and select war leaders who will hold them well in hand until the armies of the North and South shall be about to join in the great battle which will be fought at or near Richmond, in Virginia. That will be your time. The fighting men will be out of the country, and a very small force in each county will be sufficient to start the ball. The smoke from burning homes and the howl that will go up from women and children will disband the rebel army in a day, and our troops will have nothing to do but to follow and capture and treat them as they treated John Brown."

"My God, sir! What a mon—what a magnificent scheme! The negroes, without organization and without capable leaders to fire and direct them, are as harmless as the mules they drive. But twenty or thirty in each county, kept well in hand, can demoralize the Southern army and rout it more thoroughly than could ten times their own force in battle array in their front; and can do

so without serious danger of hurt to themselves and without any other weapons than the torch and the butcher knife. Your last remark shows me the great opportunity clearly, and I shall join your organization. When and where can I do so?"

"Do you know the Garth place, on this road, beyond the river?"

"Yes."

"And the storm-house in the big field to the left near a lagoon?"

"Yes."

"We meet there to-night. Steal one of your master's horses and be there about midnight."

"I'll do it! Will Mr. Allen be there?"

"No; he wishes, for good reasons perfectly satisfactory to us, not to identify himself with us yet."

"I only thought we might ride together, as it is a long and lonely ride. But I shall be there."

"I shall rely on you. Conceal your horse in the forty-acre woods, near, and rap on a tree thus: Rap-rap—rap."

At this moment the two plotters were startled by a loud call which came from the rear of the station.

"Hello, Fount! The train is coming!"

"Don't let them see you!" cautioned Fount, as he left his companion, and running rapidly along the line of empty cars, sprang upon the platform with the mental remark:

"The 'healthful venom of the ugliest fiend of hell' is not a circumstance to what that fellow displays in his plots; and yet John Brown's plots were the same, only he did not have a government and an army to back him."

The other, as Fount left him, dodged around the end of the cars, with a backward look and the observation:

"Notwithstanding Mr. Allen's opinion, that fellow has more conceit than courage, I fear; and as to being a leader, I doubt if he has any more git-up in him than the common nigger."

"Fount," said Major Harvey, as the party came around to the front of the station, "as I came along I caught a glimpse of a fellow in the rear of the cars who seemed to avoid attracting notice. Did you see him?"

"Yes, sir, I have been talking with him."

"Who is he?"

"He didn't tell me his name. I doubt if he honestly owns one. He struck me as a person who might be the Wandering Jew converted to New England John Brown-iteism. He is agent for 'Night Scenes in the Bible,' but I have an idea that the kind of night scenes he prefers are such as do not find print in publishing houses belonging to religious organizations."

The latter part of the sentence was drowned in the short, angry whistle of the approaching train calling for brakes. As the train slowed up Fount ran forward and sprang upon it.

CHAPTER IV.

AN ECCENTRIC ACQUAINTANCE.

"On every stage, from youth to age,
Still discontent attends."

—SOUTHEY.

ON a long porch in front of a plain railway house standing fifty feet back from a sidetrack on the Memphis and Charleston Railway, in Huntsville, we find the young man who is anxiously awaited at a station some twenty miles west of that point. He had just left the breakfast table, where many of his traveling companions were yet awaiting the soft-boiled eggs with which it was usual to begin breakfast, and was smoking a fragrant cigar as he conversed with a friend.

He was a tall, well-proportioned, graceful person, with dark hair and eyes, and a thoughtful, or what is sometimes described as a "haughty expression," upon his regular features. A young man who had just come from the waiting train approached and addressed him deferentially:

"Have I the honor of addressing Mr. Marshall, of Alabama, sir?"

"That is my name, and I reside in this State, sir," replied the young man politely, removing the cigar from his lips.

"My name is Lacour, from Louisiana, sir. The lady with whom I am traveling requests that you will do her the kindness to see her in the rear coach when you feel disposed to go aboard again."

"I shall go with you at once," said the young gentleman, throwing away his cigar and bowing to his friend. "The lady is——"

"An invalid who is just returning to New Orleans from Baltimore, sir."

"An acquaintance whom I have not yet observed on the train, no doubt?"

"No, sir; an entire stranger to you, I fancy."

"May I ask to what I am indebted for the honor of this request?"

"Really, I cannot say, sir. Perhaps to nothing more than an eccentric caprice. I am only her traveling companion."

Mr. Marshall accompanied the young man to the rear coach and to a seat covered with soft shawls and cushions, upon some of which reclined a pale, fair, delicate lady, neither young nor old, but to all appearances quite an invalid. The young man addressed her as he prepared a seat in front of her for Mr. Marshall's occupancy:

"Madam, I have the honor to present to you Mr. Marshall, of Alabama."

"I thank you, Mr. Marshall, for your kindness in humoring the whim of an old woman," said the lady in a low, soft voice, as she motioned him to be seated. "No, do not speak. I know what you would say, and it is true that I am not so very old in years, but I am very, very old in the age which ill health and a life spent without some unselfish purpose can give. And I presume upon it sometimes, as in this case, as if I possessed that better age which long years, usefully and unselfishly spent, alone can give."

"Madam, permit me to say——" began the young man, but he was instantly interrupted again:

"Yes, I understand; and, while I do not consider the utterances that are prompted by gallantry as unpardonable violations of candor, we will, if you please, dispense with them. I saw you promenading and was told your name. I was struck with the candor and sincerity I read in your countenance, and having heard of an interesting gentleman of your name, I wished to meet you."

"Madam," said the young man, with a slight color rising to his cheeks, "are you altogether generous in denying to me the use of conventional compliments, while you yourself——"

"No, no; pardon me," again interrupted the lady. "Flattery is as foreign to my nature as peace and happiness are to my heart. Were you ever in New Orleans?"

"I have been there often, madam," replied the young man, with the shadow of a smile at the abruptness of the question.

"Ah, I see you think I am indulging a frivolous curiosity, and I must admit that very few actions of my life have been prompted by any more worthy sentiment. Are you a native of Alabama?"

"No, madam. I have lived here only four years."

"Of what State, then?"

"Of Virginia."

"Virginia! Merciful Heavens! Then you are——! Lacour, give me my salts!"

The young man, who was sitting on the seat immediately behind the lady, reached over the back of her seat and, feeling among the cushions, produced a cut-glass sal-volatile bottle and removed the stopper. Placing the bottle to her nostrils, the lady continued:

"No, it cannot be, Mr. Marshall—you are too young. Did your father ever go to New Orleans?"

"Only once, I think."

"And that was in what year?"

"I think it was about the year 1851 or '52."

"Did he go there on business?"

"No; only for my mother's and aunt's health and amusement."

"Did he transact any business there?"

"No; I think he had no business, but he became the reputed owner of a Cuban Creole family while there, whose sad history moved his compassion."

"Lacour! My salts!" exclaimed the lady appealingly.

"The bottle is in your hand, madam," replied the attendant promptly.

"Excuse me, Mr. Marshall," said the lady, after smelling the salts and laying the bottle aside. "I have a habit of becoming excited over the merest whim or fancy. New Orleans is a beautiful city; do you not think so?"

"Yes, I admire it and its people greatly."

"What was the name of the Creole family?"

"It was Chamfort, madam—a mother and two children."

As Marshall answered the lady threw herself back on her cushions, and pressed both hands to her side, as if in pain, while Lacour, who was reading a paper, looked suddenly up and straight into his eyes. The young man felt the situation to be embarrassing, and as the lady seemed to be suffering from sudden pain, proposed to see if there might be a physician on the train.

"No, thank you, Mr. Marshall," said the lady. "It is nothing. I am subject to such spells—have been for years. Tell me about the servants you spoke of. Are they still living?"

"The mother died some years ago. The two children are still living."

"Where, and with whom?"

"Here, in Alabama, within twenty miles of this point, and with me."

"And they are your slaves!" said the lady, putting her handkerchief to her eyes and the salts to her nostrils.

"Oh, no, they are not slaves," replied the young man, laughingly. "But they claim to be under a system of peonage which was invented by their mother."

"Yes, I understand," said the lady, coloring and smelling her salts. "Can the girl read?"

"Oh, yes. She has had good teachers, beginning with her mother as the most important one. She has naturally a bright mind, and is considered even accomplished."

"What is she like?"

"Like any other refined girl, and she is a most excellent housekeeper and seamstress."

"What is her color?"

"She is a dark brunette."

"Tell me about the young man."

"Fount? He is a capital fellow—a fine business man, and the manager of my plantation."

"Fount is a very singular name."

"It is only a nickname, with which his young friends have dubbed him. His name is Cesare Fontane Chamfort!"

"Cesare Chamfort. Ah, *mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the lady, looking out of the window. "The name of—of his father!"

The latter broken remark, which was not intended for the young man's ears, caused him to exclaim:

"Madam, you knew his father?"

"No! Oh, no!" said the lady, hastily. "I never saw him nor any of his family. Have they any living relatives?"

"I think it most likely they have. I once heard my father say that the inhuman pride of wealthy relatives was the cause of all their misfortunes."

"Merciful God! But you do not know! You cannot know! Lacour, my salts!—my salts!"

The traveling companion of the poor lady sprang to get her special restorative, which he applied to her nose as she lay back upon the cushions almost in a swooning condition. Mr. Marshall felt keenly the embarrassing situation in which he was placed, and decided to go in search of a physician, fully believing that the services of one were now required. As he arose from his seat, however, the jolting of the coach, caused by the starting of the train from the station, startled the lady slightly, causing her to recall her thoughts to her surroundings.

"Don't go, Mr. Marshall," she said almost appealingly. "I am conscious of my selfishness in asking it, but there is something that I want to say—that is, that you ought to know. Duty prompts me to speak—a most sacred duty commands me to be silent. Mr. Marshall," she said, sitting erect, "will you permit me to visit your home?"

"Madam," replied the young man, with some embarrassment, "I am only a bachelor, and the lady who was at the head of my establishment died a short time ago. You have not honored me with your card, but if you will grace my home with a visit I shall feel highly honored; and Marianne Chamfort, of whom I have spoken, will be glad to minister to your comfort."

"I thank you for your permission," said the lady, becoming herself somewhat embarrassed, "but I cannot go now. I will go when—that is, after—ah, I cannot say when; but perhaps within a year. And at present," she

added, drawing off her glove and taking a solitaire diamond of unusual size and beauty from her finger, "will you permit me to present this, and make you the bearer of it to Marienne? I feel a—an interest in her, and this might be the means of my recognizing her should we ever meet accidentally."

"I hope, madam," replied the young man, with mingled surprise and embarrassment and now believing the lady to be crazy, "that you will pardon me if I must, in Marienne's behalf, decline to receive so costly a present from one whose name I shall be unable to repeat to her, and whose interest in her welfare and history I shall be unable to assign a reason for. Besides, excuse me for saying it, the possession of so valuable a trinket would be embarrassing to one in her position."

"Yes, yes," said the lady, musingly, "she is a slave—a slave. Marienne Chamfort—Cesare Chamfort—slaves! Mr. Marshall," she added, earnestly, turning to the young man, "is not slavery a curse to the South?"

"Our thinking people," replied the young man, "regard slavery more in the light of a calamity; but she is not a slave."

At this moment the young man noticed through the window the residence of a friend, and knew that he was within a mile of his home station. Excusing himself to the lady, he went into a forward car, which he had previously occupied, to look after some small belongings. The train had begun to slow up before he reached the rear coach upon his return, and as he approached the lady's seat the rear door was thrown open and Fount entered hastily.

"Well, Fount," exclaimed the young man, returning the former's warm greeting, "you don't know how happy I am to be with my own people again. But let us get out of this before the boys come crowding in. Madam," he added, turning to his new acquaintance, "I regret that our pleasant chat is so soon ended, and hope it may be renewed at some early day when you fulfill your promise to visit my home. As you have evinced an interest in his history, I shall introduce to you my good friend, Cesare Chamfort."

"I was about to ask you to present him," replied the lady, turning very pale as she made a sign to Lacour for the smelling salts, which were instantly produced.

Fount having been formally presented, Mr. Marshall, after speaking the usual words of compliment and leave-taking, left the two together and hastened to meet the party of friends who were awaiting him on the platform.

"Mr. Chamfort," said the lady in a nervous, excited manner, and making free use of the *sal-volatile*, "Mr. Marshall has given me a brief sketch of your history and that of your sister. Is she well and happy?"

"Perfectly so, thank you, madam," replied Fount politely.

"And you!—do you never long to be free?"

"Free from the curse pronounced in the Garden of Eden on the human family, which made us all slaves to necessity? Yes, madam."

"I asked Mr. Marshall half a question and shall ask you the other half: Is not slavery in the South a curse to the negro?"

"I was partly reared in a country where the laws were much less favorable to the slave than here, and it was not so considered even there. From the beginning of picture writing and tradition the negro has been a slave, at one time or another, to nearly all branches of the leading races of the earth, and under them all he was in a better condition than in his native jungles. Now and here his condition of servitude is the best ever known, and except in one item preferable to peonage. Instead of being under the necessity of fleeing in terror from the carnivorous animals and cannibal men of his native land, while he pursues the lizard and grasshopper for a scanty subsistence, here he finds nothing to make him afraid while he cons, in the school of slavery, his lesson of civilization and Christianity, without the possession of which, in some degree, man is hardly worthy to be called a human creature."

"Of course," said the lady, musingly, "it was a blessing to the wild savages and to their descendants for a number of generations, for it taught them civilization and

Christianity—but now—now that they have learned civilization and Christianity?”

“But have they learned them? They have acquired their outward show and forms and ceremonies. Their amiable and inert natures cause them to be yielding and compliant under the considerate mastership of the white people, but could they preserve what they have if sent back to Africa? Could or would they preserve it, even if emancipated and permitted to live among the white people here? If it were confidently believed they could and would, then there would be no longer any sufficient excuse for the continuance of slavery here. But no man who knows the negro from intimate lifelong association would be willing to see his country saddle such an experiment upon its future generations. The generation of negroes now living would give little, if any, trouble if uninfluenced by bad men. The trouble would begin after they, with their cultivated feelings and instincts, had passed away, and, I truly believe, would continue until they should be exterminated or driven to Mexico. Absolute social dependence is not an unmixed evil. There was a time when my sainted mother and her little family, spurred by poverty, gladly assumed unlimited dependence upon a good American slave master.”

Lacour, supposing this to be a salts-smelling climax, produced the bottle as the train began to move, and Fount sprang to his feet with the exclamation:

“Excuse me, madam! The train is moving and I must say adieu!”

“Farewell, Cesare!” said the lady, extending her hand and growing very pale. “You have given me some new ideas, and we shall meet again. God bless you and your sister and Mr. Marshall and all his household! Ah, pardon me!” she exclaimed suddenly, taking a package from the seat beside her and handing it to him. “This is your sister’s. Young men are so forgetful!”

Fount, supposing the small bundle to contain some present for his sister which Mr. Marshall had been showing the lady, dropped it into his pocket, responded to her leavetaking and sprang from the coach as the train began to acquire speed.

CHAPTER V.

A FAIR PROFESSOR OF HISTORY.

"Thine is a face to look upon and pray
That a pure spirit keep thee."

—WILLIS.

MISS AGNES, ole Marster say, ef you please, to
step down to de lib'ary."

The young lady addressed as "Miss Agnes" was sitting at a writing desk near the window of a small but handsome chamber neatly carpeted and curtained. Looking at the servant with mild reproof expressed in her gentle blue eyes, she said:

"Sarah, has not Dr. Hindman requested repeatedly that you do not address or speak of him as 'Ole Marster'?"

"Yes'm," replied the servant, twisting the corner of her neat white apron, while a look of saucy willfulness lurked in her good-natured face, "but I never kin git used to call him no Dr. Hindman; an' dat's er fack."

"Why not, pray?"

"'Cause it 'pears like I's gittin' uppish, an' is tryin' to put on white folks' a'rs."

"Well, if Dr. Hindman wishes you to put on 'white folks' airs,' it is your business to do so, I imagine."

"Oh, no, young Miss; dar's whar you's mistaken. I was hired to 'tend de do', fix up de parlors and de lib'ary, tidy up de teachers' rooms,—dat's three," said the girl, counting on her fingers,—“an' wait on you an' ole Mistis;—dat's fo' an' draps on dis little finger; an' dat's de en' er de businesses."

"Well," said the young lady, with a faint smile of amusement, "if it is not your regular business to conform

to his wishes in all things, I should think you would not object to his trying to make a human of you."

"Human! What is I ef I ain't er human?" said the girl, with an injured expression. "Why does our own white folks build meetin' houses, an' have preachers for us, ef we ain't humans?"

"You know I don't mean that, Sarah," said the young lady, deprecatingly. "I would be one of the last in the world to make so wicked an insinuation. I only sought to arouse your self-respect by the silly remark. Pray forgive me."

"Lawd, young Mistis, how you does talk!" said the good-natured girl, instantly restored to a pleasant humor. "I ain't mad, honey, an' ef I was, I couldn't stay mad wid you no longer'n I could wid Muscadine preserves,—an' dem is de sweetest thing in the world. But I thought maybe you believes what Marse Majer Howard's carr'age driver,—dat yaller-face smart Aleck,—says 'bout niggers."

"And what does Aleck say, pray?"

"He says dat niggers ain't humans. Dat once in Guinney or Novy Scoshy, or somewhar dat monkeys lives, one ole white man kep' er sto', an' de monkeys livin' in de naberhood use to steal his whiskey every chance, an' git drunk;—an' dat's de way dat Aleck does, too! Well, one day he come home f'om camp-meetin' an' found er whole passel er monkeys in de lint-room, layin' on de cotton, dead-drunk an' fast to sleep; an' so him an' de boys locked de do' an' nex' mornin', at daylight, dey says to dey-selves: 'Ef monkeys kin steal whiskey an' git drunk, an' ack like folks, dey kin work like folks; so dey fetched de monkeys out an' whacked off dey tails an' put 'em to hoin' cotton;—an' dat was de beginnin' er niggers. He's er fool—dat Aleck is!"

"That is too ridiculous, Sarah," said the young lady, scarcely able to hold in subjection a desire to laugh outright. "Say to my step-father that I shall be with him in a moment."

"Yes'm; but I forgot to tell you dat him an' dat wats-isname Allen has been havin' er big parlarverin' down dar dis mornin'."

"Sarah," said the young lady, reprovingly, "you must not speak in that way of a gentleman. Mr. Allen is worthy of more respect."

"Yes'm, I 'speck he is, ef *you* think so," said the girl, opening the door to leave the room. "But I don't know what dey's got to have such er big parlarverin' about, onless dey's fixin' to git up er wedd—tee-hee!"

The involuntary snicker with which the girl broke off the sentence, as she closed the door, and the half-spoken word caused the young lady's cheek to flush slightly as she went to a mirror to smooth her hair.

This dialogue occurred in a dormitory of the Athenaeum, a large college for young ladies, in the quiet little town of Tiptop, situated upon an elevated and salubrious plateau in the edge of the Barrens, a region of country contiguous to that already spoken of.

Three-fourths of the inhabitants of the village were wealthy planters who resided there permanently for the benefit of educating their daughters without depriving them of the hallowed influences of the home circle. Other planters of the surrounding country, who from choice or necessity resided upon their properties, also patronized the school, and a number of students came from other States.

Miss Agnes Leigh Sanford, the young lady whose presence was awaited in the library, occupied the chair of History in the establishment, and was the step-daughter of Dr. Hindman, the President, who had held the position for only one previous term. He had learned of the vacancy through Messrs. Banks, Conrad & Co., of New York. Mr. Frank Carlton, the "Co." of the firm, had been a classmate and intimate friend of Mr. Marshall, who has already been introduced, and had made through him successful application for the position for Dr. Hindman. That gentleman had married Miss Sanford's mother, the widow of an uncle of Mr. Carlton, who had been a wealthy stock-broker, but had failed before his death.

From the beginning of Dr. Hindman's incumbency he had held himself very much aloof from the society of the town and of the neighboring plantations. But Miss Sanford, being cultured, refined and beautiful, there was

an earnest protest on the part of the young people, against the light of her golden hair and soft blue eyes being hidden under Dr. Hindman's bushel of misanthropy and prejudice.

"I hope you will excuse my tardiness, sir," said Miss Sanford, entering the room noiselessly and approaching her step-father, who was sitting at a table upon which rested a large, well-filled scrapbook. "Engaged in one of your researches, I see. Shall I aid you?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman indifferently. "I had a caller this morning while in the midst of examining the United States history which you have selected as the textbook for your intermediate class. Take a seat. I shall speak of the textbook first. It is objectionable. I cannot permit it to be taught."

"Why, I am much pleased with it," replied the young lady, pleasantly. "What do you find objectionable in it?"

"Its general tone, for one thing," was the reply. "It is not written in the spirit that is approved in our section."

"Why, it was written and printed in New York!" said the young lady in some surprise.

"Yes; in *your* section. The people of the North generally, outside of New England, are not so particular respecting the nice, and often apparently insignificant points of history which go to shape a finished historical education, as are the leaders of thought in New England."

"Do you find that any nice points have been omitted in this history?"

"I can't say that I do; but I find many that ought to be omitted."

"Do you mean facts?"

"I didn't say facts. We hold nothing to be an admitted fact in history that makes an impression of which we do not approve."

"I was educated in a school which teaches that a narrative that does not give the whole truth in unmodified and unvarnished form is not history."

"Then if your teachers were conscientious people, you are well versed only in ancient history."

"Do you mean that writers of modern history do not give unvarnished facts?"

"I mean that they sometimes suppress seemingly trivial facts. There are often occurrences in the history of a people, as in the lives of individuals, that need not be blazoned to the world. If it is proper to suppress undesirable facts in family history, it is equally proper to do so in the histories of a people."

"Will you give me some points that you would have modified or entirely ignored in this history?"

"Oh, I haven't time for that;—there are many; one is John Brown's raid into Virginia."

"Do you think that should have been ignored?"

"No; the bare fact is too well known to the world, and is too intimately connected with the momentous events that, according to Mr. Seward, will convulse social order in the South within the next ninety days. But the bare fact is all that New England historical societies desire to be mentioned in history."

"I am sure the history you object to gives only the bare facts in one single paragraph."

"But it states that Brown was captured by a Federal officer and marines under orders from the War Department, which statement is unnecessary to the narrative."

"That being the simple truth what statement of the matter would meet your approval?"

"I will give you from my scrapbook the simple statement that has been formulated in New England and accepted by authors of encyclopædias, biographical dictionaries, school histories, etc.," replied the old gentleman, lowering his spectacles, turning some leaves in his large scrapbook and reading:

"*'The arsenal was easily captured, and forty or fifty of the principal inhabitants were made prisoners, but instead of returning at once to the mountains with the hostages, according to the plan laid down,—the hostages to be exchanged for slaves—Brown lingered in the town until evening, by which time fifteen hundred militiamen had arrived. Next day an attack was made on his position, which, after some loss of life, was carried, and he*

was captured and hanged. He is described as a singularly brave, just and upright man.*

"You will find that our school histories, encyclopædias and similar works have adopted that statement and make no reference to the particular forces that charged the arsenal and captured Brown and his men."

"I think you should not condemn the book, sir, on account of its statements of unnecessary facts. I was taught to regard no fact of history as trivial to those who desire a clear understanding of how the present came to be what it is. Will you not tell me why you object so seriously to the mention of the United States troops?"

"If you were properly patriotic and on the alert to see fine points that affect your people you would not need to ask. But as your object is to gain information," added the old gentleman, patronizingly, "I shall answer your question. You may some day write a history of the events that led up to the great battle which we are bound to have, now that Mr. Lincoln has called for seventy-five thousand troops to do, practically, what Brown undertook to begin with his little force; and the information may enable you to guard more intelligently the honor and good name of your people. But I shall first give you some inside history that has not been often written about, and never with any degree of fullness:

"There has always been a conflict of political ideas and of interests between New England and the Southern States. The intervening States held the balance of power, and after Washington's administration they enabled us to put Mr. Adams, representing our ideas and policies,

* This is copied from an American-revised English encyclopædia, and the author has seen no Northern publication which states that he was captured by United States soldiers under orders of the War Department. It is not true that 1,500 militiamen arrived that evening, or even the next morning. The bulk of them arrived after Brown had been captured. None of the works referred to, state by whom Brown was "described as a singularly brave, just and upright man." Of course the natural inference is that it could have been only by those who aided and abetted him, and later apotheorized him for his brutal violation of the laws of God and of his country.

at the head of the government. But the South had a number of able men who seemed to devote their lives to politics, and four years later Mr. Jefferson, of Virginia, an astute politician, was put at the head of the government. Then for twenty-four years they had what the Southern people called 'The Era of Good Feeling'—the government was in control of the Democratic party under Virginia Presidents, and *they had* the 'good feeling.' After that we succeeded in putting another New England man in the presidential chair for four years, but long before that, during the 'era of good feeling,' influences had been put to work in New England which were destined to prevent any excess of good feeling in the South, although that section and its political party continued to control the policies of the government, practically without serious and effective hindrance, up to the election of Mr. Lincoln. Those influences, you know, of course, flowed from the agitation of the slavery question; and you know all about recent events after that agitation had grown into formidable proportions, and other States had caught on to the great moral idea.

"John Brown's raid was designed, of course, to suggest a culmination of that agitation. After he was put to death by the Virginia people, nothing could have exceeded the excitement and anger in New England. On the day of his execution church bells were tolled in all the towns, congregations assembled to consecrate the day, and ministers preached sermons of terrible denunciation against the Southern people. Even the State Senate of Massachusetts failed only by three votes to adjourn out of respect for the sacredness of the day, politicians held up his life and deeds as fit models for the young to imitate, and the most prominent ministers of the gospel preached him an apotheosis from their pulpits. That was all as it should have been, and had the effect, as anticipated, of solidifying and exasperating the Northern masses against the South, and of throwing the national political parties into confusion and dismay, which resulted in the election of Mr. Lincoln with a large majority of the popular vote against him.

"We cannot hope that these striking and remarkable

occurrences will not be fully blazoned in history, but by proper management we might cause Brown's capture by United States troops to be overlooked and forgotten. The object, of course, is obvious to you. If history should show that Brown was captured by National forces the natural inference would be that, under the laws of the land, he merited the ignominious death inflicted upon him; and the concurrent inference would be that the clergymen, congressmen, governors and other leading citizens, who aided and abetted him before, and martyrized and canonized him after his execution, stood in the same position before the laws as that occupied by Brown and his men, and should and would have been dealt with similarly if they had possessed the physical courage to convert their impulses into overt acts. In other words the inference would be, if the hundreds of thousands had done what they encouraged him to do, and gave him moral support and material aid in doing, it would have been a rebellion, or uprising against the laws, which the military arm of the government would have to put down. I hope you see the point."

"I think I do, sir," replied the young lady, whose cheeks had lost their color as she listened. "It is desired to keep out of view the fact that a great majority of the New England people were in their hearts conspirators against the laws of the land and the peace of the country two years, at least, before the first Southern State seceded."

"Perhaps you would say something like that in your Quixotic history!" exclaimed the old man, in angered surprise.

"Pardon me, sir! I shall never undertake to write a history dealing with those events. Truth would compel me to say that the South, having no choice but between two evils, was forced into her present position. That there had long been an increasing aggressive conspiracy against her which finally organized itself into a sectional party. That one overt act was committed to fire the Northern heart, furnish a 'martyr' to the cause and demoralize the two national parties. That this having been accomplished, and the most bitter passions of the human

heart aroused, they captured political control of the government by a campaign of excitement and abusive slander, and forced the South to seek peace and safety by withdrawing from the Union."

"Indeed!" hissed the old man with a storm of angry surprise expressed in his countenance. "The silliness you call 'truth' would compel you to make a bigger ninny of yourself than I ever thought to be possible!"

"I beg you to remember, sir," replied the young lady, with cold dignity, "that I did not seek this interview, nor choose the subject of conversation. Nor am I accustomed to having epithets applied to me. I desire you to know that I do not permit you to treat me with disrespect."

"Then you must not surprise me out of my usual equanimity by displaying you unnatural lack of love and loyalty for your section and people," replied the old man with a show of embarrassment. "I withdraw the hasty word, but I do not see why you need to champion the cause of these people. They are nothing to you."

"I champion no cause," was the calm reply: "but did I choose to become a partisan in my sentiments it would be from a higher impulse than the one you seem to think I should be governed by."

"Oh, well, I don't bother myself about stilted impulses; but I perform my duty to my people and section, and am consistent in my loyalty."

After an awkward silence of some moments' duration the old gentleman remarked, tentatively:

"It is quite a different matter that I wished to talk to you about. Allen has been here and his visit had reference to yourself."

"Indeed!" replied the young lady, coloring slightly as she recalled Sarah's snicker. "I hope his mission was a friendly one and was not prompted by any 'stilted impulses.'"

"It was one which does you great honor. He wishes to have an interview with you to-morrow."

"Does he wish to hear me deliver a homily on the wrongfulness of slavery, to which he will assent, but will go on buying more slaves, just the same?"

"He is not buying more slaves. On the contrary, he recognizes his moral obligations in the matter and is getting rid of them. In a few months he will not own one."

"Is he manumitting them?"

"No; of course not! He is doing what all other Northern men in the South ought to do, and will do—selling them to the people who are responsible for the crime of slavery, and ought to be made to bear all the loss occasioned by its abolition."

"Are those who, by the accident of birth and inheritance, are slaveholders more responsible for the crime than those who from choice make personal chattels of their fellow creatures?"

"I shall not aid you to get matter for your Quixotic history," said the old man, seemingly desirous of getting on pleasant terms again. "I wish to speak of Mr. Allen. He is an honorable gentleman, handsome, well educated and wealthy,—the wealthiest young man in the county,—and would make a most desirable husband for any lady in the land. If I had the shaping of your destiny I would ask nothing better than to see you his wife."

"Please do not say that!" said the young lady earnestly. "Mr. Allen is a pleasant acquaintance, fine-looking, affable and wealthy; but he does not possess the qualities that are needed to recommend one to my regard."

"Regard!" repeated the old man, with a shade of sarcasm in his voice. "This is no matter to treat lightly. It may mark the parting of the ways in your life's journey. Mr. Allen is rich and you are poor. In these times it is wise to look facts in the face. You are earning a salary here and I intend to remain here and keep up the full organization of the school, but it is to be expected that the political troubles will diminish the number of pupils for a time, and decrease the salaries greatly; and it may be that the school will be entirely broken up, and I be forced to seek other employment. The surplus money I have made here has been used to release, in part, the mortgage I had to put on your mother's home in New York, to raise the funds to bring us here, and if I should lose this position, we would be beggars in a land of strangers. Your marriage with Mr. Allen will be a

guarantee for the future to your mother as well as to yourself."

"Oh, sir!" said the young lady, passionately, "would you have me marry the man for his money? If the worst comes, I can support my mother myself. There are conditions a thousand times worse than poverty."

"That may be true," was the doubting reply, "and of course I would not have you marry Mr. Allen for his money; but I do not see why you may not feel the necessary amount of 'regard' for him. He loves you devotedly, and as his wife your life could not fail to be one of contentment and happiness."

"I beg you, sir, not to speak of it!" exclaimed the young lady, with deep feeling, covering her face with her hands. "I could never feel that kind of regard for him; —never! never! The very thought makes my soul shudder!"

"Umph!" ejaculated the old gentleman, wiping his glasses and replacing them upon his nose. "A shuddering soul may be bad enough, but I assure you a hungry stomach is more to be dreaded."

The young lady made no reply; and the old gentleman, after thoughtfully regarding the carpet for a few moments, added:

"I hope you have not suffered yourself to become interested in some unrepentant slave-driver."

There was no reply to this suggestion, and after a few moments of silence the young lady proudly raised her head, walked to an open window and looked out upon the lawn.

"I know," he continued, observing her closely, "that Howard Marshall was attentive to you last winter; but it is utterly impossible that you could have allowed yourself to become interested in him, bound as he is, body and soul, to the Juggernaut of slavery."

The old man paused for a reply, but the young lady seemed to be interested in something on the lawn.

"Besides," he continued, with a frown, "there are some ugly rumors afloat respecting him. His house-keeper, it is said, is a very beautiful Creole girl, believed to be his slave, but showing scarcely a trace of negro

blood. And it is said she often dresses very handsomely, wearing laces and costly attire. You are aware that the authority of the master over his slaves is almost unlimited."

Again the old gentleman paused for a reply, but the young lady was still gazing intently out upon the lawn. However, the crimson which dyed her delicate ears and the back of her snowy neck told him that she had not been an inattentive listener. After quite a long silence she turned with composure and looking a mild reproof into his eyes, said:

"I must beg you to permit me to retire, sir. It is humiliating to my self-respect to be compelled to listen to slanderous innuendoes about a friend whom I believe to be worthy of all respect." And with a formal courtesy she left the room.

"Hoity-toity; my little Lady Magnificent!" exclaimed the old man, gazing angrily at the open door. Then looking out of the window, he added:

"She is no longer a child. I have to deal with a proud, self-willed woman. Am I equal to the emergency? By the powers, we shall see!"

Turning from the door, the young lady ran lightly down the long hall, up a broad staircase, past several doors and into the *sanctum sanctorum* of her own pretty little chamber; where, throwing herself upon her snowy couch, she burst into a fit of passionate weeping, which, after the first paroxysm had subsided, gave no audible manifestation. Had she been called on at that moment to analyze her feelings, it would have been impossible for her to do so. But she had been made thrillingly conscious of one fact—that she loved Howard Marshall! Yes, *loved*, LOVED him! She recalled the fact that he had spoken seldom and timidly on the subject of love to her, but had not her own timid reserve erected a barrier on the border-line of esteem and friendship? Had not his eyes spoken? Had not his soul held converse with her own, and had not hers understood the sweet import of its messages? Was it not possible, too, that her soul had telepathed the existence of a responsive sentiment which her intellect assumed to be only appreciative friendship, but

which the two communing spirits knew to be destiny? And, lastly, could her instincts have played her false, and her heart enshrined an unworthy object? Impossible!

She had remained for a long time mute and motionless, engaged in such thoughts, and in trying to decide upon the proper course to pursue in the future, when the door was opened by Sarah, who entered humming a tune in a subdued tone, with fresh towels on her arm. Starting suddenly, on seeing the young lady, she exclaimed:

"Lawd sakes, Miss Agnes! how you did skeer me! I thought you was er sperit! And bless de Lawd, ef yo' ain't bin cryin'! What's de matter, honey; is dat ole whatsisname bin quarrelin' wid yo'?"

"Sarah," said the young lady, rising to a sitting position and shading her eyes with her hand, "you must not speak in that way of my step-father. It is not respectful."

"'Tain't, honey? Well, I axes *your* pardin'. But you has des come from dar an' you has bin cryin'! How's dat?"

"Did you never cry with the toothache?" asked the young lady, evasively, putting her hand up to her cheek. "Can you tell me what is good for it?"

"Lawd, no, Miss Agnes! All my tooth is as sound es er dollar. I'll run and call your Ma."

"No; don't do that; just bind one of those towels around my face."

While the towel was being arranged the servant ran on in her usual chatty way:

"Mighty sorry your tooth hu'ts you, young Miss;—'deed I is. Here I was prancing 'long, es lively es er cricket in de embers, an' didn't know nothin' was hurtin' nobody; an' all de time de toothache was playin' jumpin'-jack in your jawbone."

"What was making you feel so lively?" asked the young lady, feeling justified in using any means to divert her mind after her unusual turmoil of feelings.

"Why, Henry Marshall was here 'while ago, an' said Marse Howard will be at home to-morrer."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, don't you know he always gives his folks er fish-fry in de spring?"

"Well?"

"An' dey always invites our folks; an' I wants you to ax ole Marse Dr. Hindman to let me go an' stay all night."

"When does he give the fish-fry?"

"Ginner'ly when de red-buds is in blossom, for den de fust fish is runnin'. Ef dey misses dat, dey has it when de dog-wood is in bloom, for den all de fishes is jumpin' over one another to git up de creek."

"But when is the next fish-fry to be?"

"Des as soon as Marse Howard gits home an' dey kin mek de 'rangements."

"What arrangements are necessary?"

"Why, dey has to knock up er flatform to dance on, an' fix up de seines an' things, an' write to Huntsville for de ban' an' candy fixin's."

"Do you have a band to dance to?"

"Lawd, no'm! bless your inercient soul, honey, de ban' music is to listen at. Ban' music is good ernough fer white folks to dance by, but it's too slow fer niggers."

"Well, what is your dance music?"

"We dances arter de banjer an' de fiddle. Niggers wants de music quick an' lively, so dey can fling foot in er hurry."

"Do the white folks dance, too?"

"Tee-hee,—no'm. Dey ain't no white folks dar, ginerally, 'cept Marse Howard. Ef he was to get up dar an' cut de pigeon-wing on dat flatform,—tee-hee,—I 'speck de niggers would faint. He looks like he's mos' too gran' to walk on de green yearth, much less dance on er nigger flatform."

"Proud?"

"No'm; not 'zactly proud, like ole—like some folks;—des sorter gran' like. He's too much of er gent'man to be proud like ole—like some folks."

"I suppose Fount and his sister dance?"

"'Deed dey don't! Dey thinks dey's most es gran' es Marse Howard; but dey jabbers dat outlandish talk—French, dey calls it—wuss'n wild Injuns. You ought to

hear dat gal las' fall at the bobbycue when dat watsis-name Allen said somethin' sassy to her. She flung dat outlandish jabber at him in sich er hurry dat he sneaked off an' moped like er orphan puppy."

"Sarcastic, is she?"

"Yes, indeed, ef dat means pritty. She's es pritty es red roses; an' es good es she is pritty. Las' fall at dat same bobbycue, one er dem Allen gals said you was de same kind er folks like her marster, an' I said she was er story-teller,—only I said it wusser'n dat—an' she snatched off my hat an' rumped up all dem pritty flowers my own young miss give me. Well, Marmselfe—dat's her name—took an' fixed 'em all real nice again. An' den she told Marse Howard, an' he sont me er silver dollar an' said for me not to talk to dat misbehaved nigger no mo'. But, Miss Agnes," she added, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, "I never has made up my mind whether Marse Howard sent me dat dollar 'cause he was sorry 'bout de hat, or proud 'cause I took up for you."

Miss Sanford had been highly amused at the gossip, and had forgotten her troubles for the moment; but at the last remark she suddenly grew serious, and a crimson flush tinged her cheeks and brow and she said:

"That will do, Sarah. I fear I have delayed you too long."

"Yes'm; I must go now," said the girl, hiding a grin behind her hand. "I's mighty glad you's done got over dat toothache. It shows dat when talk gives folks de toothache talk can cure it. An' I 'specks it 'pends on who de talk is 'bout which one it does. Tee-hee."

This good-natured snicker, fired from the door as it was being closed, was Sarah's way of emphasizing the intimation that she had not been humbugged.

CHAPTER VI.

A SOUTHERN HOME.

"The first sure symptoms of a mind in health
Is rest of heart and pleasures felt at home."

—YOUNG.

AS the party which had gathered to welcome the wanderer, wended its way to the one little house of entertainment at the station, all seemed to have forgotten the amusement they had been having out of Mr. Longworth's patriotic desire, and Mr. Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand troops, till one of the party exclaimed:

"Well, Howard, we are all dying to hear the news. Tell us what tidings you bring from the United States."

"The United States," replied the young man, as a shade of sadness dispelled the smile, "have not for more than half a century been so nearly what their name was intended to indicate as at present. Our friends over the border are angry, and all petty differences among themselves have been swallowed up in the common enthusiasm of anger toward us. But my news will keep. Let us talk of pleasant things. Farrington, what have you to say of the 'Wood Nymph' and the 'Maid of the Mist'?"

"I would say of the latter I am 'Mist of the Maid,' if puns were not tabooed in polite society," said the young man, laughingly. "But it will interest you more to know that Allen is selling off his people for the purpose, *they say*, of marrying the 'Cynosure' and taking her back North. Excuse me, old fellow, for breaking the news so abruptly; you know 'misery loves company.'"

"Ah," replied the new-comer, with a tinge of color,

"‘They Say’ tells wonderful tales to willing ears; but you can’t have my harp, and that of several other young fellows, to hang by the side of yours on the willow, my good friend."

"Can't, eh? Well, we'll see! But here comes mine host of the ‘Rising Sun’—a ‘Northern man with Southern principles’—to welcome the prodigal who has been feeding on the husks of the ‘Glorious Union.’"

"You wrong Mr. Wilkins to class him with the demagogues of the past. Our trust in Northern men with Southern principles has brought us into trouble. Mr. Wilkins is an honest man with honest principles, and wholesome provender for man and beast."

"Well, he is going to send us half a dozen bottles of his effervescing turnip-juice to his best room, and our Sir Oracle must come to order and speak."

"I can break a bottle or two with you, boys, and then you must excuse me, and all dine with me to-morrow," replied Marshall, going up to the horse Fount had brought for him, and patting him on the neck. "No such horseflesh as that where I've been, and I'm dying for a canter on him. Come over to-morrow, and come early; and the oracle will respond to your demands as best he can."

After the friends had spent an hour in pleasant chat over their Sparkling Catawba, and had agreed to meet on the next day at "The Oaks" for dinner, the party dispersed. Mr. Marshall and Fount, mounting their horses, two fine specimens of the "Old Randolph stock" brought from Virginia and celebrated for speed and bottom in the chase, left the station in that easy and graceful canter peculiar to Southern and Western riders and indicative of thorough training on the part of both man and horse.

After cantering briskly for some time along a straight, level road and talking of business matters pertaining to the plantation, Marshall reined his horse down to a walk and asked abruptly:

"Fount, what is Bob Allen's idea in this sudden move of getting rid of his people?"

"There is a rumor such as the young men were joking

about," replied Fount, closely observing the master, "and it is said Miss Sanford objects to marrying a slaveholder."

"Nonsense! I am acquainted with Miss Sanford myself, and I know she would feel contempt for the man of dyspeptic virtue, who, under the boast of atoning for his part in the 'sin of slavery,' would sell his negroes to other people. Even the New England slaveholders, when they found slave labor unprofitable, did a little better than that. They did emancipate some of their negroes. Is Allen with us in this war?"

"It is my opinion that he is not, and in selling off his people he is 'preparing for the wrath to come,' as Major Harvey expresses it."

"He thinks we will be overpowered, and as he cares nothing for his negroes, except for the dollars they represent, he deems it prudent to change the investment. Is that it?"

"I think so, sir. He was not born a slaveholder and has no sentiment to hamper his thrifty calculations."

As Fount spoke he rode forward to open a wide gate which gave entrance into a broad, straight road leading through highly cultivated fields to a handsome mansion half a mile away.

As the two horsemen pursued their way leisurely along the plantation road, the scene before and around them was such as could not fail to elicit the admiration of even a casual beholder. The old mansion, built many years before, with more regard for comfort and the requirements of hospitality than for architectural display, looked inviting and comfortable in the surrounding grove, or park, of oak trees standing far apart and dotting with wide circles of shade the carpet of smooth, green turf. In the foreground of the lawn two high-headed colts were scampering to and fro, occasionally pausing to arch their graceful necks, give a snort and dash off again, rearing, pawing and plunging in mere wantonness of exuberant life. Upon the high arch of the gateway which gave entrance to the lawn, a patriarchal peacock, with his Argus-eyed plumage demurely drooping, perched in solemn meditation, patiently awaiting some sufficient

provocation to wake the echoes with his discordant scream.

In the background, beyond the mansion, where lay the larger portion of the grove, a broad avenue, or parallelogram between two rows of neatly whitewashed negro cabins, was alive with a troop of dusky little imps of various ages, dressed for the most part, in a single garment of stout white cotton, spun and woven on the plantation, and made somewhat in the style of an abbreviated Roman *tunica interula*. These were making the welkin ring with their shouts as they played the game, which was their prime favorite because the most noisy, "fox and hounds."

Across the field, half a mile to the right, a dozen stalwart ploughmen, having recognized the young master, halted their mules and waved him a greeting with their frayed palm-leaf hats, while nearer the house more than a "baker's dozen" of hoe-hands, women and youths, led by the patriarch and foreman of the plantation, dropped their hoes and hurried across the cotton beds to shake the young master's hand.

Without stopping at the front Mr. Marshall rode around to the Quarters to greet the hoe-hands and to receive and return the greetings of the humblest of his dependents first. After this ceremony had been performed, with many hand-shakings, and much hilarity on the part of the younger negroes, and as he stood on the little porch of the last cabin, on his way to the house, with his old "Mammy" still at his elbow, he said to one of the young men following him:

"Well, Henry, I see that you and Uncle Solomon have taken good care of Mammy while I've been away, and I have no cause to quarrel with you, but I miss the usual heartiness of your broad grin. Is anything wrong? Hasn't Fount given you the usual fish-fry?"

"No, suh," replied the negro, brightening up. "Weall put off dat till you got back. But dat ain't it. Weall feels sorry for Peter. Mr. Allen is sellin' off his folks an' we was feared he'd sell Peter's wife befo' you got back."

"Yes, I heard about that, and now that I am here it shall be attended to. How is Peter getting on?"

"He's still staying in de hospital, an' Mr. Allen is right good 'bout lettin' his wife 'tend to him. De doctor is here mos' every day; an' Mr. Allen say dat leg is done cost you more'n de whole nigger is wuf."

"Poor fellow!" said Marshall, smiling at this practical view of the matter. "If he is not greatly improved by cotton-picking time I shall take him to Nashville for treatment;—that is, if I can get there, and provided they do not take you all away from me by that time."

"Who take us away, Marse Howard?" asked Henry.

"Why, the Abolitionists."

"What is dey got to do with weall?"

"They want to set you free, you know."

"Dey wants to make er free nigger out of Henry Howard Marshall? Yah! yah! yah!" he laughed. "I 'speck Henry'll be dar when dey goes to make de 'rangements.* Dat 'minds me dat I heard t'other day 'bout one er dem folks pirootin' 'round de country tryin' to 'suade de niggers to run away an' fight, or somethin' or ruther."

"What!—Who was he?"

"I dunno, suh. Dey call him er Linkum Aberlisoner."

"Do you know that there is such a man in the country?"

"No, suh; I don't *know* it, but——"

"Young Marster," said Mammy, interrupting her son, "you'll have to take Henry in hand, I's 'feared. He's bin runnin' 'round er heap since you's bin gone, hisself; an' he come t'other mornin' wid er cock an' bull story 'bout er man wantin' to 'suade de niggers to fight agin our own white folks; an' when me an' his daddy pinned him down, he say er stray nigger told him so. De fack is, I

* It is a singular fact that the negroes in "slavery times" always had a great contempt for a "free-nigger," and the word with them was a synonym for all that was ludicrous and disreputable.

'speck he was on er spree an' dem Coclutch sperrits got arter him,—an' Sol say so too."

"Is that what the matter is, Henry? Been on a spree and got the spirits after you? I'm surprised!"

"No, suh. I's bin fishin' two or three nights, an' 'twan't no sperrits,—'twas er black nigger; an' I didn't pay much 'tention to him, nohow."

Mammy and Uncle Solomon were the patriarchs of the plantation. The former had been the young man's special nurse in his infancy, and the latter, as chief hostler at the Virginia home, had given him his first riding lessons, and taught him later how to master the wildest blooded colts bred upon the home farm. While he was, under the law, their absolute owner, they felt that they had as much ownership in him as he had in them.

The young man finished his round at "The Office." The place had previously belonged to a physician and the office, in a shady nook in the back yard, had been built for his dispensary. It was a neat little cottage of two rooms with a porch along the front of both, and had been assigned to Marienne and her brother as their home. Marienne, who usually attended to the service of the three o'clock dinner, was suffering from a headache, but came out upon the porch to greet the young master, having delegated her special duties in the house to the maid.

Seating himself upon the porch the young man delivered messages from the household in Virginia. He also gave a brief and somewhat humorous account of his meeting with the eccentric lady at Huntsville, and of her singular desire to get rid of a very valuable diamond, and to make him the bearer of it to herself.

While they were talking Fount came in from the Quarters, and seeing the young master on the office porch, approached and threw a bundle, consisting of something wrapped in a handkerchief, into Marienne's lap with the explanation:

"Something Monsieur brought for you, and in the hurry of getting off the train left on his seat. I forgot about it, Monsieur, till I saw Marienne. It might have been lost,"

The young man said nothing, but looked at Fount with a puzzled expression as Marienne unwrapped the handkerchief from around a *porte-feuille* out of which dropped, and flashed like an evil beacon, the identical diamond of which he had been speaking.

"Where did you get it, Fount?" inquired the young man, with a shade of sternness in his voice.

"The lady handed it to me and said you had forgotten it, sir," replied Fount, with a bewildered look.

Marienne looked from one to the other with a puzzled expression and then at the diamond glowing in her lap.

"Take it away, Cesare!" she suddenly and nervously exclaimed, drawing her hands back on a level with her shoulders. "Take it out of my lap! *Il est mauvais oeil! C'est l'esprit malin—de diable! Le temps est a la pluie malheur!* Oh!" and shaking her skirt as she sprang to her feet the diamond was thrown half the length of the porch.

"Marienné! Marienne!" exclaimed Mr. Marshall, kindly but firmly, "compose yourself. It is nothing. Mammy told me you were sick, and I see you are very nervous. You have suffered the loss of Little Mother to prey too much upon your mind."

"Ah, Monsieur! I have seen her!" said the girl, in awed, hysterical tones. "She told me—she warned me! It has come! It!—that haunted my infancy!—that made my poor mother weep!—my own poor mother!—who stood over me last night with her—the Little Mother——"

"Marienne," said Fount, putting his arms around his sister and pressing her into her seat, "compose yourself, my little sister. Do not surrender to morbid fancies. It is nothing—a dream!"

"See, Marienne," said Mr. Marshall, bringing the ring and *porte-feuille*, "it is only an ordinary ring with an extraordinary diamond in it, and an ordinary pocket memorandum book. The eccentric lady who imposed it on your brother is an invalid—perhaps a poor unfortunate who has been at the sanitarium of an alienist, who conceived the idea that——"

"Yes, Monsieur," said Marienne, with a harsh, hysteri-

cal laugh, "an 'extraordinary diamond'—a very extraordinary——"

"No, no, Marienne!" interrupted the young man, quickly. "Not extraordinary, except for its size and brilliancy. The poor lady is crazy beyond a doubt. Let us examine the book and handkerchief and we may learn something about her and be able to return her property. And then Fount shall take you to Virginia, if you wish, where you will stay with my mother until the war is over. She will be delighted to have you back."

"Ah, Monsieur," replied Marienne, weeping, "do not think me weak or childish. It is no dream—no fancy. It is—oh, so terribly real,—an evil talisman. *I have seen it before*,—I do not know—I cannot tell,—when, where—how,—but——"

"Mammy," called Mr. Marshall, seeing the old woman entering the yard, "send Henry for Dr. McLinn and come here quickly. Marienne is ill, I fear."

"No, no, Monsieur!" said Marienne, appealingly. "I am not ill;—do not send for the doctor;—do not make gossip!—Cesare, I will be quiet!—I am not ill! I will discard my fancies!—Give me the ring—the book!—We will send them back to the terrible woman!"

At this moment Mammy, who had disregarded the order to send for the doctor, put her arms around the fevered girl.

"Marinselle, honey," she said, soothingly, "you promised me you would sleep off dat headache, an' I done 'scused you to de young Marster. Come on," and she led the submissive girl into her room. Turning at the door she said:

"Young Marster, Sue has done put dinner on de table, an' I's gwine to set by Marmselle tell she goes to sleep, fast an' good."

The young man took the ring and book to the house, and, after dinner, carried them into the library, and gave the latter a thorough examination. On the book itself he found no letter or character which could indicate ownership. Upon the lace handkerchief he found the letters "A. B. C." embroidered upon the small centerpiece; and

in one of the pockets of the book he discovered a card and a newspaper clipping.

The card proved to be that of a private sanitarium in Baltimore which made a specialty of nervous troubles, and the clipping was a letter from a lady in Austin, Texas, giving that particular institution credit for having "ministered to a mind diseased, and plucked from the memory rooted sorrow."

Mr. Marshall sent for Fount and they canvassed the singular affair thoroughly. They were both disturbed by Marienne's nervous condition and feared that it might have some serious outcome. Fount confessed a feeling somewhat similar to Marienne's, as if the gem had aroused the memory of a distressful dream, but thought sympathy had imposed the feeling upon him, and informed the young master that he thought Marienne had slept but little since Mrs. Breckenridge's death.

It was decided that every effort should be made to discover the identity of the eccentric lady; and a little after sunset Fount said to the young master:

"Monsieur, while waiting for you at the station I made an engagement which will require me to ride ten or fifteen miles before midnight. As Selim is fresh, excepting your ride from the station, I should like to use him."

"Certainly," replied the young man, carelessly. "Take him if you wish. But what's up?"

"Oh, I'm employed in the secret service now," replied Fount, laughingly, "and have to keep the secrets. But I can tell you a small one, if you will keep it:—I am taking lessons in the art of 'plotting against the whites.'"

After Fount had left, the young man immediately addressed a letter to a friend, an attorney-at-law in Alexandria, Va., just below and opposite Washington City. After the 17th day of April, the day on which Virginia seceded, that State had established her own mail facilities and of course all mail communication between Washington and the western side of the Potomac River was discontinued. So the young man gave his friend a description of the eccentric lady, with the initials upon her handkerchief, and inclosed the card of the sanitarium, with the

request that he ascertain if any person answering the description had been treated at that institution. This, he suggested, could be readily done by mailing his letter in Washington and requesting the reply to be addressed to that city.

Early the next morning Mr. Marshall sent Henry around to his young friends, cancelling the invitation to dinner, and at the request of Mammy, sent off for the doctor, who reported that Marienne was suffering from nervous excitement, and must be kept as quiet as possible for a time.

Within a week a letter was forwarded, by his friend in Alexandria, from the Baltimore sanitarium, stating that a former patient who resided in Boston, Mass., and who had traveled in the South, resembled the description quite closely. It also stated that she was wealthy, eccentric and charitably inclined, and her name was Miss Abigail Conklin.

As the lady's name had the first and last initials found on the handkerchief, Mr. Marshall immediately addressed her a letter, using Marienne's name, and forwarded it to Alexandria to go through as the other had been sent.

A week or more elapsed before he received the forwarded reply addressed to Marienne, which ran thus:

"MY DEAR MISS CHAMFORT:—

"Your letter reached me yesterday and I read it to our society last night. We had quite a discussion over it.

"The Ruler of the Universe did not create your 'position.' God made man to be the sovereign of the earth,—God-defying man makes his brother to be his slave; and chattel bondage is the worse form of slavery. Some deny this because chattel slavery makes slaves only of an alien and supposed-to-be inferior race and type of mankind; but, on the other hand, the white slaves of combined wealth have at least the advantage that no laws forbid them to flee from their masters.

"Now, regarding the gem, it matters not whether I am the person who 'practiced a charitably intended fraud upon your brother.' Had you been reared in our land of great moral ideas, you would have seen the Great Ruler's

hand in the matter. He has intervened by a special providence to rescue you from slavery, and perhaps from other unwilling degradation. Use the means He has given you for the purpose He intended. Purchase your freedom from the creature who traffics in God's precious souls, and come without delay to me. Our society has already formulated plans for you, and we guarantee that you shall make a fortune in the lecture field. You will be a better drawing card than ever Fred Douglass was.

"Wipe the dust from your shoes,—turn your face away from Sodom, and do not look back until you reach Boston. Here your salt will not lose its savor! Come!

"Yours for human rights,

"ABIGAIL CONKLIN,

"Sec. Emanuel Abolition Society."

Before this letter was received Marienne had been on the convalescent list of the doctor for several days, and Mr. Marshall sent for Mammy to talk with her about the advisability of delivering it to Marienne. The old woman suggested that the young man take it down and deliver it with explanations, and went to the office to notify Marienne of its reception.

"Marmselle," concluded the old woman, "you must be strong and sensible, an' let de young Marster see dat you ain't gwine to let no foolishness get de upper hand er you. Dey ain't no mo' conjer in dat di'mont dan dey is in dem rocks out dar in de yard!"

The young man found Marienne sitting in an easy chair, and he observed her closely as she read. As she folded the letter, she said with a quiet laugh:

"Well, Monsieur, you have really found the poor eccentric lady. I am so glad! And she lives at the other end of civilization. What a foolish fancy I had!"

"Why do you think she is found?" asked the young man.

"Oh, there could hardly be two such crazy persons loose at the same time in this civilized land. Besides giving me a small fortune, she wants to help me make a very large one."

"There are thousands like this one loose all the time

up that way. And no doubt she could make a fortune out of you, just now particularly, if you would let her dictate the subject and the matter of your lectures. I do not believe she sent the gem. She is not a woman of refinement like my eccentric acquaintance, and is willing to receive the benefit of a doubt. If she had sent the gem she would be glad to blazon it to the world. But that letter necessarily ends the matter, and my advice to you is, practically, the same as hers: Consider the gem your own and credit kind Fortune by part payment on account current."

"How about using it to purchase my 'freedom,' as she advises?" asked Marienne, with a twinkle in her eyes.

"True," said the young man, laughingly, "'A fair exchange is no robbery!' What is the magician's formula? 'Kabal—Gavaelu! Presto—Be Gone!' See, you are as free as the zephyrs, and the gem is mine!"

"Ah, Monsieur," said Marienne, with a laugh, "you are so ready to make a trade that I fear you would be cheating me! I shall keep the gem and wear it occasionally, as a penance for yielding to silly fancies concerning it."

CHAPTER VII.

SEEKING LOVE AND FINDING POLITICS.

"If I'm a traitor, think, and blush, thou tyrant,
Whose wrongs betrayed me into treason."

—DRYDEN.

THE great bell of the Athenaeum had called the bright group of laughing girls from every part of the extensive and well-shaded grounds surrounding that popular institution, to resume their studies, after the first short airing of the morning; and Sarah, having finished her early tasks, was idly hanging out of one of the front windows and watching the seemingly busy throng of men that congregated in unusual numbers about the public square, and on the four streets marking its boundary, a quarter of a mile away.

On the previous Saturday, while in the village on an errand, she had seen a young lawyer run a United States flag to the top of the cupola of the substantial Court-house, standing in the middle of the square; and in the afternoon, being again on the street, she saw a young planter ascend the perilous height and tear it down.

Now she saw floating from the staff an unfamiliar flag—"A banner with a strange device." It did not bear the word "Excelsior," nor any sentiment expressed in words, but its meaning was well understood to be a determination, on the part of the people of the Southern States, to establish and enforce a higher degree of respect for constitution and laws than had been known for more than a generation in the old Federal Union.

The distance was too great for her to see clearly what was going on, but presently she heard the sound of a fife and drum, and surmised, correctly, that a military

company was being drilled. She watched the crowd until the five minutes she had intended to sacrifice to idleness grew into more than an hour, when she suddenly withdrew from the window, with the exclamation:

"Bless goodness! ef dar ain't Marse Howard Marshall, an' he's comin' in at de gate, too!"

"Sarah!" called Dr. Hindman from the hall, where he had been promenading and observing what was going on in the village, "Come here quickly."

"I wonder what dat ole man wants wid me now!" grumbled the girl as she reluctantly obeyed the order.

"Go up town and tell Mr. Mason——" began the old man, but Sarah interrupted with:

"Young Miss gives me my orders, suh, an' she ain't told me to go up——"

"Silence!" exclaimed the old gentleman, angrily. "Tell Mr. Mason to send me——"

"I was hired to 'tend de do'," again interrupted Sarah, beginning to count on her fingers, "fix up de parlors an' de——"

"Blood and thunder!" shouted the old man, with a threatening movement in the direction of a chair. "Leave my presence this instant and tell Mr. Mason to send me his account for the past month. Your pertness and impudence are becoming unbearable."

Sarah started immediately, but could not resist the temptation, as she passed through the door, to fire off her ever ready "tee-hee," this time in derision. She feared she had made it too pointed, however, when the old man called:

"Stop, there! come back here! I see Mr. Marshall coming—nice man—particular friend. Don't stop, but tell him to walk into the public parlor. By the by, see what the hubbub uptown is about."

Before Mr. Marshall had time to ring, Sarah met him at the door with her usual respectful greeting.

"How are you, Sarah?" said the young man, cordially. "Still guarding the portals of the temple, I see. Are all well and at home?"

"Oh, yes, suh," replied the girl, courtesying politely, "dey's all putty pyeart, thank'ee, suh, 'ceptin' ole marster."

"I's 'feared he's mighty ailin'," she added, with a snicker. "I's got to go uptown an' stop dat drum an' fife, an' make dem folks quit hollerin'—it don't 'gree wid his nerves. But he says for you to step into the public parlor."

Dr. Hindman received his guest with stately, yet apparently friendly, politeness. Mr. Marshall, after the first greetings, informed him that his call was intended for the ladies also, as he had met Frank Carlton, Miss Sanford's cousin and childhood's playmate, while in the city of New York, and had been charged with the delivery of certain messages, in addition to a letter. The old gentleman ignored the allusion to his wife and step-daughter, and asked:

"What news do you bring us of a political nature from the North and East, Mr. Marshall?"

"Only that with which the papers are filled, sir," replied the young man, glancing through the window with a hope, no doubt, of getting a glimpse of Miss Sanford. "Our brothers of the East and North, particularly in New England, are angry. They are eager for war and I have seen nothing to allay the fear that we are on the eve of a great and bloody struggle."

"Yes, it seems that we are; but the masses here do not seem to realize the fact as yet. They act and talk as if they were entirely ignorant of the great power of the North, and of its wealth and boundless resources."

"They do not give these matters proper weight in the South, sir; and New England is even more ignorant or heedless. If it were not a most solemn matter, it would be very amusing to hear the people there—even ministers and leading men, who are regarded as statesmen, speak flippantly of crushing the 'rebellion' and having a 'hanging-bee,' as they express it, on or before the Fourth of July. They think one lively little battle will put our unorganized people to flight, and end the war; and that they will have nothing to do but pursue and capture, and issue tickets to the 'hanging-bee.'"

"Do you think one great battle, with forty or fifty thousand troops on our side, will not end the matter?"

"I am sure it will not, sir. The estimate that not more than seventy-five thousand troops, and less than

one hundred millions of money will be required, has misled the masses, North and South, the former as to the great magnitude of the undertaking, and the latter as to the probable force and means that are to be resisted."

"What force and means do you think will be necessary?"

"For what purpose, sir?"

"For the subjugation of the South."

"You seem to think our subjugation a foregone conclusion," said the young man, with a nervous laugh. "And I must admit," he added, seriously, "that it is not an impossibility. The North, which now has sole control of the resources and equipment of the government, has the ships to blockade our coasts and the money to hire men from every portion of the globe. It would be folly to deny the ability of her resources to overpower us in the bitter end, but before it can be done, she will have to put into the field more than a million of troops and will need to expend thousands of millions of money."

"Oh, I guess your people are not so very formidable as that! Why, according to your calculations, it would be far cheaper to buy the negroes and pay you to stay in the Union."

"It would, indeed, sir," said the young man, as a slight flush stole into his face. "But we would decline to be paid for the surrender of our manhood. As for the negroes, the abolitionists, who now dominate the policy of your government, would rather spend those countless millions to set the mercenaries of all nations upon us, than pay a tithe of them to make the negro free."

"You are severe upon 'The power behind the throne,'" said the old man, coloring slightly. "May I ask upon what you found an opinion so uncharitable?"

"Upon the words and actions of the people themselves, sir. In a book published only two years ago, the writer, in reply to a hypothetical proposition for the government to pay for the negroes and set them free, said:

"'Shall we feed the curse of slavery to make them fat at our expense? Pay the whelps for the purpose of converting them into decent, honest men? The sugges-

tion is criminal! The demand unjust, wicked, monstrous, damnable! It is our honest conviction that they deserve to be at once reduced to a parallel with the basest of criminals that lie fettered within the cells of our public prisons.' ”*

“You seem to forget,” said the old man, “that the writer of that book was only one individual.”

“No, sir, I do not; and I should not have mentioned it had I not proof that it voiced the sentiment of the great bulk of the wealth and intelligence of New England, and of the entire political pulpit of that section.”

“What proof could you have?”

“Their writings and speeches and sermons. Besides, it was a matter proved in Congress that nearly one hundred of the Northern members of that body had given their written endorsement of the book; to say nothing of governors, judges, state legislators and so-called statesmen.”

The old gentleman seemed at a loss for a reply. He sat for a moment in silent thought, and finally said in a musing tone of voice:

“People are sometimes carried off their balance by excitement. The Southern people are hot and fiery, too—they hanged John Brown.”

“Not as a result of any hot and fiery spirit, but deliberately and in accordance with the law of the land, after a fair and impartial trial. Had we not hanged him—murderer and fanatical tool that he was—we should feel ashamed to hold up our heads and claim to be possessed of the highest civilization.”

“I imagine, Mr. Marshall,” said the old man, musingly, “that you will go into this war with your whole heart.”

“On the contrary, sir,” replied the young man, “I shall be actuated only by a sense of duty. We shall have no opportunity to fight our real enemies. They are the little fice-dogs which you have seen, no doubt, get up a fight between two noble animals and then sneak off to a place of safety.”

* ‘The Impending Crisis’—100,000 copies sold in New England in four months,

"You speak of a sense of duty—presumably to your section; what becomes of your allegiance to your government?"

"My allegiance belongs to my State first, and only through her to any superior government. True patriotism, like true charity, begins at home; and as I would shield my mother from the dagger of an assassin, even if it were wielded by my father, so will I defend my State, or any just cause at her command, it matters not who the assailant may be."

"Is slavery a just cause?"

"So long as it is recognized by the laws of my State, it is. The right to manage our domestic affairs without impertinent intermeddling from any other State or section is the just cause for which we shall fight, if we must."

"Would not a wise prudence dictate that your people submit to the sacrifice of some few rights rather than be forced to surrender all, as will be the case if your stubbornness shall force us to make any considerable sacrifice of men and money in the war we are about to wage against you?"

"Our people do not make thrifty calculations of that kind. We shall surrender all, after having been overpowered in a manly effort to defend our rights, more cheerfully than we could make the most trivial surrender that would leave upon us the stain of moral cowardice."

"It is the founding of action upon such sentiments, I presume, that makes what some people call 'chivalry.'"

The slight sneer with which the old gentleman accompanied this remark was lost upon the younger man, for the great bell having sounded the noon hour, troops of laughing, merry school-girls frisked through the halls, and out into the open air, where they could be seen through the window congregating under the shade of the spreading trees or forming tête-à-tête parties on the seats of the vine-covered arbors. To one of the latter went Miss Agnes Sanford, looking refreshingly lovely in a pale blue lawn, with a single half-blown moss-rose in the fastenings of her dainty collar; all unconscious, perhaps, that her knight had sustained a wearisome political talk

with the single hope of being rewarded by a glance into her beautiful violet eyes.

Was it accident or design that had caused her to select Mr. Marshall's little cousin, Miss Frances Howard, as her companion, and to choose as her resting place the arbor nearest the walk that led to the front gate?

The young man, as he gazed through the window, noped it was the latter, and the thought caused a flush to steal to his cheeks, which Dr. Hindman attributed to his remark just made that—

"The 'chivalry' will be brought to their knees quickly enough, when they find seventy-five thousand troops with bayonets at their throats."

But the old gentleman was astonished beyond measure, and opened his eyes in wonder as the young man replied:

"I agree with you, Doctor, bring 'em to their knees—every mother's son of 'em—seventy-five thousand, with rosebuds at their throats! Oh—ah—I beg pardon—I fear I did not understand! That is, I meant to say——"

"But," he finished, collecting himself, as he arose and offered his hand, "I fear I have trespassed too long upon your time and courtesy, sir. I shall give myself the pleasure of calling again soon, to pay my respects especially to the ladies. I see the pupils are out on the lawn, and if I chance to meet Miss Sanford I shall deliver the letter her cousin, Frank Carlton, entrusted to me; and, also, the messages."

Notwithstanding the intimation given by the young man that he desired to repeat his visit, Dr. Hindman did not invite him to do so; and he felt as he left the old man, that he had grown even less friendly than before. He felt also that there was nothing to hope from his kindly disposition, but all to fear from his unfriendliness.

Descending, with nervous tread, the broad stone steps of the front portico, the young man walked directly to the arbor in which he had seen the young queen of the curiously equipped troops, and making a playful allusion to Calypso's grotto, asked permission to enter. But the entrance was not accomplished with his usual graceful dignity, for his little cousin, seizing him unceremoniously,

called him "a handsome, vagrant old Ulysses," and dragging him in, ordered him to kneel and kiss the hand of the goddess of the grotto.

Miss Sanford, with a laughing reproof of the merry mood of the little miss, extended her hand in greeting, and the flush on her cheeks deepened to crimson as she felt the lingering pressure of the young man's fingers.

"I fear I am causing a violation of rules," he said, taking a seat beside her, "but I could not resist the temptation to see you and my little cousin for just a moment. I am lately from your home and the presence of your cousin, Frank Carlton. I have a letter from him to you, which I shall deliver, with the accompanying message, when I meet you and my little cousin at our Beaver Lake picnic next Friday."

"And how is my cousin?" asked the young lady. "He used to be a provoking tease in his boyhood days."

"He is as full of life as ever, and the best fellow in all New York."

"I suppose you and he had to live over again your college life. Where was it—in Virginia?"

"Yes, we tramped again, in fancy, the streets of Charlottesville, and lounged again amid her classic shades. He took me to your old home in New York, coerced Professor Atwood, who now occupies the house, into inviting us to dinner, and told me to tell you—but that message is to be delivered with the letter."

"Then you met Cora Atwood?"

"Yes, a most charming young lady! She says she has a plan, if the war does not—but, pardon me, I believe it will be better to deliver that message with the letter also."

"But, suppose I find it impossible to attend the picnic? When, in that case, am I to have my letter and all the charming messages?"

"Say 'never,' Cousin Howard," exclaimed Miss Frances, with playful maliciousness. "I have told Miss Agnes that every young man she knows, who is anybody in particular, excepting yourself, will go to the war on next Monday, and that it would be actual disloyalty to her friends if she let anything keep her away. And think, too, of poor Mr. Ridgeway, her special admirer."



"I fear I am causing a violation of rules."

"Yes, Ridgeway is a Second Lieutenant now. He might muster his platoon and do some desperate deed if Miss Sanford and you were not there."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Frances, enthusiastically, "Dr. Hindman just *had to* declare all school duties off for that day; the only trouble is about Miss Agnes. My plan is for her to go home with me on the previous afternoon; but Dr. Hindman has not agreed to that, and I fear he will not."

"Unless Miss Sanford makes us a positive promise to go, suppose we send Ridgeway up here to see about it?"

"Oh, that would ruin everything," protested Miss Frances. "If Mr. Ridgeway were to do that I am sure Miss Agnes would find the obstacles entirely insurmountable."

"Then I shall have to hold the letter and messages as an incentive to the overcoming of obstacles," laughed the young man.

"That is unkind of you, Mr. Marshall," said Miss Agnes, with a becoming little pout. "But suppose I propose a compromise. Give me my letter and messages now, and I will make a positive promise."

"Better not make a full surrender, Cousin," said Miss Frances, putting her arms around her friend.

"A full surrender, if any, is my usual policy," laughed the young man, "but as Miss Frances is an accomplished diplomatist, I defer to her judgment and propose as a compromise that I deliver the letter now and the messages at the picnic."

The compromise having been accepted, Mr. Marshall was a man of too much tact to linger longer. So, demanding of Miss Sanford the rose she wore as a pledge of good faith, he delivered the letter, and calling on Miss Frances to witness the solemn compact, made his adieux.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONSPIRACY AND COUNTER-CONSPIRACY.

"Mad as Christians used to be
About the thirteenth century,
There's lots of Christians to be had
In this, the nineteenth, just as mad."

—MOORE'S *Twopenny Post Bag*.

THE late afternoon of the day on which Mr. Marshall visited the Athenaeum found that young man resting comfortably in a Mexican hammock stretched across the back porch, enjoying the cool evening breeze and smoking his favorite Virginia "Highlander" tobacco from a clay pipe, which, being made of Virginia's red clay, he patriotically claimed to be superior to the famous meerschaum from Natolia.

The jingle of trace-chains and braying of mules, as the "plough gang" came in from the fields; the jokes, repartees and loud laughter of the ploughmen busying themselves about the stables; the plaintive plantation song of the "hoe gang," as they slowly wended their way homeward; the confusion of noises from the Quarters; the crying of babies, the shouts and laughter of children, the scolding of mammies or their fondling epithets, as they found time to box or caress, while busying themselves about baking the hoe cake, boiling the beans and hominy and frying the bacon for the twilight meal; the call of fowls or the flapping of their wings, as they led their broods to the usual hovering spots, or sought their early roost among the branches of the trees; the lowing of cows and bleating of calves from the cow lot, or "cup-pen"; the loud voiced and doleful call of the hog-tender,

who assembled his charge in the distant woods-lot; all these varied and commingled sounds, usual to the twilight hour on a Southern plantation, and always pleasing to the ear, acting in unison with the pleasing recollection of the short interview of the morning with Miss Sanford, caused the young man to feel that life would be worth the living if only to be dreamed away under present conditions.

As his thoughts drowsily wandered away from his surroundings, he began to doubt if there were, really, in the world such things as wars and rumors of war; if in reality mankind, which was created a little lower than the angels, could feel envy, hatred and malice toward one another; if brothers of a common ancestry, whose forefathers had marched side by side out of the dark ages into the broad light and high civilization of the nineteenth century, could seriously desire to assault and destroy each other over a quarrel which the exercise of a little brotherly love, on both sides, could so easily settle to the satisfaction of both.

He was just making the discovery that all these distressing conditions were but the vagaries of a feverish dream, and that in the beautiful reality, to which he was just now being aroused, the world is in very fact the footstool of God; and man, made in His image and likeness, is good and noble and just, and in close touch with the angels. He was just making these discoveries when the voice of Fount recalled his wandering fancies to the realities of the present by the exclamation:

"Monsieur, your pipe is burning your vest!"

"Ah, Fount," said the young master, sitting up and extinguishing the spark. "I didn't know you had come in. You recall me from pleasant fancies. I believe I was dozing."

"I think you were, sir. I want to ask if you recall one Charles H. Wheeler, who once published the 'Tusculumbia Democrat,' and whom the 'Tiptop Herald' exposed as an emissary of certain abolition societies in New England?"

"Yes, I remember him; but your question gives me a very rude recall to real life."

"And do you also know of one Walter A. Purse, a tramp evangelist, who was one of the same kind?"*

"You seem to be interested in moral perverts this evening," said the young man, yawning. "He was caught in the act and was given 'forty save one' lashes and sent out of the country a short time after we removed to this State."

"As you know the character of both, would you object to joining the Spirits of the Lost Clan, to punish them if you knew that they are engaged in the same work that brought them here before?"

"Why bother with them? Why not turn them over to the law?"

"Yes; the law would punish them after long delay, if we could afford to wait. But would it not be better to dispose of them at once and in such a manner as to give warning to their dupes?"

"Dupes? What dupes could they have here? Both of the men you mentioned tried to find dupes some years ago, and did not succeed."

"Have you forgotten Parson Elliott's man, Jerry Hunt, and Mrs. Ballard's man, Bill Smith?"

"No; they were suspected of keeping Wheeler in hiding, but they denied it, and it was never proved on them."

"But many people, including Parson Elliott, believed it."

"Yes; and it is a great pity that they did not get off with Wheeler. That negro, Jerry Hunt, is a great rascal."

"So is Bill Smith; and there may be other discontented and vicious men among the negro population."

* These are not fictitious characters. Wheeler from Concord, N. H., edited the "Tuscumbia (Ala.) Democrat," and claimed to have once edited the "The New Hampshire Patriot." The incumbent editor of the "Patriot" in 1856, responding to an inquiry, stated that Wheeler was "N. G.," and a dishonorable fanatic and malignant. He sent a copy of an abolitionist paper which W. had formerly edited, extracts from which being published in the "Athens (Ala.) Herald," caused him to abscond in the night. Purse was an occasional employee of the M. & C. Railway and left clandestinely in quest of health and happiness.

"Oh, well, if they can dupe all of that class the country would certainly gain by the riddance."

"The object is not to kidnap them. Their idea is to organize the vicious among them and have them co-operate in the rear after all the fighting men have gone to the front."

"How is it proposed for them to co-operate?"

"Simply with the torch and butcher knife. They say only a few old men and boys will be left behind—not enough to police the country. It is anticipated that the terrible condition of affairs at home will disorganize our army more quickly and thoroughly than a rout on the field of battle, and their army will have nothing to do but capture our people and deal with their leaders, they say, 'as John Brown was dealt with.'"

"Yes, I heard talk and prophecies like that while I was in the North; and some of the New England papers are making merry over the huge joke that the negroes will play on us when we march to the front.* But the negro here, as a servant or slave, has imbibed our civilization and our Christianity. His black skin does not cover a moral degenerate, and though his civilization may be only skin deep, it is more to be relied on than that of Wheeler, Purse and all of their kind, who so confidently expect him to do deeds of villainy and are so ready to lead him in them."

"As you are aware that there are those who are ready to instigate and lead the negroes into deeds of villainy, suppose I tell you that already a few, here and there, in this, and perhaps in some other sections, have been made to believe that the United States Government is about to wage a war to conquer the South and turn it over to the negroes."

"That would be too absurd," laughed the young man.

* Many of the Northern papers, particularly those of New England, prophesied that the Confederate States would not be able to hold an army in the field for any length of time;—that the terrible conditions of slaughter, rapine and ravishment which the negroes would bring upon the homes and families of the soldiers, in the absence of the men from the country, would disband the finest army ever organized.

"The negro is not the fool that he is often pictured. Yet he is ignorant and credulous, and we should protect him from the wolves of the white race. What about Wheeler and the other fellow?"

"They are here, one representing himself to be a book agent, and the other an agent for a patent churn, both hailing from Missouri. They have been led by no less a person than Mr. Allen to believe that I would make a capital and willing tool. What his object was, is a matter for future investigation, for I must do him the justice to say that all my endeavors failed to connect him with their plots any further than having a knowledge of their existence. Perhaps he hoped to get me in his power. Be that as it may, I was approached at the station on the day of your return, and that night attended a meeting of their organization, which is called the 'Fellows of the Red String Gang.' You may recollect that you let me ride Selim that night."

"And attending that meeting was the secret service you spoke of? Well, whom did you meet there, and what did you learn that is of consequence?"

"There were fourteen negroes present, and not one of them with the 'lean and hungry look' of a Cassius. When Wheeler made an address to them and alluded to them as the fierce avengers of the wrongs of their race, their efforts to look the character he was giving them were very ludicrous. The only one who has force of character enough to give his joining any significance is the leader, next to the white men, Baxter Johnston."

"Baxter Johnston!" exclaimed the young man, with some surprise. "I have always regarded him as a most exemplary and reliable negro. They have worked some hocus-pocus on him. Well, tell me all about them."

"Wheeler said in his address, and in subsequent talks with me, that the old societies of abolitionists in New England are now acting in concert to send emissaries into the South to organize the negroes, find capable leaders for them, and arrange to have them held well in hand until the two armies shall be about to join in 'the great battle' to be fought at Richmond within three months. Then the signal is to be passed along the lines

of the railways, and from county to county by runners, and the South is to arise in the middle of the night to see the land swept by a hurricane of fire and raven."

"Jupiter Ultor!" exclaimed the young man, "what a tempest in a teapot they are preparing for us, to be sure! Well, what do you propose to do about it?"

"A meeting of 'The Fellows of the Red String Gang' has been appointed for this neighborhood at the deserted Cocletz farm on Thursday night next. The dilapidated gin-house is still standing and we are to meet there. We must arrange to make it the last meeting to be held by these men. 'The Spirits of the Lost Clan' must swoop down upon them, then and there, and bear them off 'into infinite space' before the eyes of the negroes."

"And then, what?"

"That will be all. May not our camp of the Knights of the Golden Circle be used in so good a cause?"

"Kuklos!" exclaimed Mr. Marshall, elevating his eyebrows. "You are on the watch-tower; speak!"

"While you were in Tiptop I interviewed Major Harvey, the captain of our camp, and he will call a conclave of the Knights to meet here to-morrow to discuss the matter of a combination of the two organizations. I think it requires no lively imagination to picture conditions during the war, in which such a combination could work great good for the law-abiding. Besides, these two men may belong, as they claim, to an organization which may have many other men in the South. When the war shall begin in earnest it will be a great satisfaction to the soldiers in the field, and to the women and children at home, to know that there is an organization, however weak it may be in numbers, to look after such characters and to protect the negroes from their evil influences."

"Yes," said the young man, sadly, "if we are to succeed in this war, every able-bodied man will have to go to the front, and the peace and order of the country must be left to the old men and boys and negroes. For one, I do not fear the result in the least. But as the Knights will be here to-morrow we will then get a view of the matter in all its aspects."

On the next morning, after Fount had ridden out to

the fields to supervise the operations of the plantation, Mr. Marshall, as he sat on the front veranda, saw the expected party approaching along the front road at half speed, riding two and two, with Messrs. Harvey and Farrington in the lead. As they neared the house, the latter, presenting an imaginary lance, charged at full speed upon a peacock, which was perched in his favorite position upon the arched framework of the open gate. As in fancy he saw the long lance pierce the gaudy plumage of the drowsy bird, he shouted the cabalistic cry, "Kuklos!" to which the startled fowl, seeking safety in ignominious flight, shrieked a discordant echo as he alighted upon the ground fifty feet away.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRST "KUKLUX OUTRAGE."

"I am thy father's spirit,
Doomed for a certain time to walk the night."
—SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*.

THERE are many old men yet living in the South, many more in the Southwest, and not a few in the North, who are familiar with the former aims and objects of certain wise statesmen, patriots and philanthropists in the "Land of Dixie," and of certain broad-minded men in the land of the Montezumas, in joining together for the formation of a powerful secret military organization, known among themselves as the "Knights of the Golden Circle," and having for its countersign and battle-cry the Greek word "Kuklos."

It will not be amiss to state that one of the immediate objects in view, in the South, was to find in Mexico a friendly people to whose land liberated slaves could be sent without the fear of their being driven from point to point by mob violence, and a land which furnishes the soil, climate and natural products better suited to people of African descent than any other convenient and sparsely settled region.*

* It is a notable and rather singular fact that for many years previous to the war between the sections, no little colony of liberated slaves from the South, was permitted to live in peace in any Northern state; and their introduction was usually resisted by mobs. This became so notorious just previous to the war that when slaves were liberated by wills or deeds of manumission, with the usual and necessary provision for their settlement in a free state, the only safe and sure course to insure for the poor people a welcome, or even toleration, was to take them near to the state line, put their little legacies into their pockets, and make them play the trick of absconding; raise

The "Spirits of the Lost Clan of Cocletz" could hardly be called an organization. "The Clan," as the young planters forming it were generally known among their friends, was the outgrowth of a negro superstition founded upon the romantic history and final extinction of a small band of Indians, who were permitted to remain in Alabama after all the other red men had been removed to the West. This organization had probably never been heard of outside of the county, and the pranks played by it—usually as a reminder of some violated moral precept—were confined to a single neighborhood, and its members consisted only of young men of a few wealthy and influential families.

Neither of these two organizations had ever performed an act that injured, or greatly benefited, any member of the human family; but the amalgamation of the two, which was consummated at Mr. Marshall's house during the meeting referred to in the last chapter—which amalgamation was ultimately accepted and adopted by many of the officers of the Knights of the Golden Circle—produced an order which began immediately the good work of preserving peace and order, and was destined, a few years later, in the interest of the very first principles of civilization, to array itself and muster its secret cohorts in opposition to all recognized law and authority in the overpowered, helpless and apparently doomed South.

No man, who was not a member of the order, can ever know how, after the war, under circumstances which caused thousands of disbanded Confederate soldiers to feel the wild fury of outraged helplessness, it curbed, soothed and held in restraint the reckless and desperate spirit of ruined and often homeless and friendless men, during the reconstruction period. That the land from Maryland to the Mexican line was not bathed in the blood of guerrilla warfare was due—next to the conservatism, patience and superior civilization of the Southern people

a hue and cry and offer a small reward for them as runaway slaves. This trick never failed to operate as an "Open Sesame" upon the hearts and homes of those who desired a cheap pose as philanthropists, and was a practical joke which had, for the average Southerner, a very keen zest.

—to the wise policy and prompt and unceasing energy of the new order, in giving to aggrieved citizens, particularly in the lower South, such unauthorized redress for wrongs and outrages as "Nature's first law" would seem to dictate.

On the Thursday succeeding the meeting at Mr. Marshall's home it would have puzzled any one who could have chanced to be an observer of Fount's movements, to imagine what mysterious work he could be engaged in.

Leaving The Oaks before sunset and riding rapidly to the Barrens, he penetrated that region several miles and alighted in a dense forest just as the shades of twilight had begun to creep into the distant vistas. Inserting his hand in a leathern pocket attached to his saddle, he drew out two strips of the hairy hide of a gray fox, with strings attached. These he tied over the soles of his boots, and, after seeing that they were well secured, he set out on foot, leading his horse in a straight line, which he pursued for more than a mile. Then, making a large circuit, he returned in the general direction from which he had come and pursued that course for half a mile; when, making a sudden turn to the left, he arrived in a few minutes at a hedge-row of briers and brambles that had grown up along the line of an old fence which had now entirely disappeared. This growth offered no serious obstruction to his entrance into a wide field, near the middle of which stood a big screw-press, made from the solid trunk of a giant pine, which, standing fully thirty feet high, with its huge lever arms extended, looked in the gathering darkness as if it might be a colossal sentinel of those days in which there were "giants in the land."

Approaching to within about a hundred feet of this weird sentinel he hitched his horse, and keeping away from the dilapidated buildings, walked several times around them, making a circle the radius of which was about one hundred feet. Then, as he glanced at the shadows which the level rays of the rising moon were causing to hide behind the huge undressed pillars of the old house, and thought of the dark and bloody deeds which tradition said had been enacted on the theatre surrounding him, he mounted his horse, and nervously

pressing the rowels against his sides, rode rapidly away. He had completed his arrangements for the reception of the plotters, by making a drag-trail which, later, was to be hounded.

About ten o'clock Wheeler, Purse and about half a dozen negroes appeared at the dilapidated gin-house and seated themselves upon the massive levers which formerly propelled the machinery.

Within half an hour additional arrivals raised the number in attendance to twenty or more, who conversed in subdued tones and seemed ill at ease.

"Well, men," said one of the party, stepping out into the moonlight and revealing the features of a white man, "we had just as well get to work on the new candidates. Before we get interested in our work hadn't we better put out pickets?"

"Yes, suh!" "Certainly!" "In course!" came from a dozen negro voices. "Weall didn't want to meet at dis place nohow," added one:

"I don't think it necessary to put out pickets," said a voice recognized as Fount's. "We can see in every direction except to the south of us, and there is an impassable swamp on that side. That is, impassable to human beings, or anything more material than spirits."

"Now, Fount," said the persuasive voice of a negro, "you said you didn't believe in sperrits, when you was 'swadin' us to meet here."

"But the sun was shining then," replied Fount, "and we were not tramping the ground that hides the raw heads and bloody bones of the Cocletz clan."

"Hold your jaw, Fount!" commanded the indignant voice of a negro of herculean build, "you's goin' back on your principles. I was agin' meetin' at dis place, an' you made out you was mighty brave an' didn' b'lieve in no Coclutch sperrits."

"I shall not believe in them, Baxter, until I see them; and I don't want to see them on their own ground."

"Den what you 'suade us to meet here for?"

"Come," said the white man, "all that is nonsense. It was at my request that this place was selected. It is really the only safe place in the county. But I think you

ought to put a picket on the south side. I have no doubt persons can pass along the edge of the swamp."

"Yes, suh; and ole Mister Coclutch an' de boys can pass through it, hosses an' all!" said a negro voice.

"Dat dey kin!" said another. "Or over it, or under it, or any other way."

"Don't make fools of yourselves," said the other white man, getting up and walking to the side of the first in the moonlight. "Who will volunteer to stand picket on the edge of the swamp?"

"I move dat we 'pints Fount Marshall," said the man spoken to as Baxter.

"Second de motion." Me, too." "Me, too," said a dozen or more voices.

"Fount was mighty brave 'bout talkin', when none of weall niggers didn't want to come here," added one.

"But, my friends," said Fount, protestingly, "it is there that the last of the clan and their horses and hounds are said to have been sunken in the quicksand; and, besides, I have no arms."

"I kin lend you my hoss pistol," said one.

"An' I's got er yawger you kin git," said another.

"Oh," said Fount, nervously, "while I am not afraid of old Cocletz and the boys, with the Devil at the head of them, I should not like to meet even one of them with such arms as you offer me. Who's got a repeater?"

"Dat's right, Fount," said Baxter, "be brave an' stick to it, es I told 'em you would."

"I can lend you my repeater, Mr. Chamfort," said Wheeler, handing the weapon to Fount, who, after examining it in the moonlight, remarked:

"This will do tolerably well; but haven't you a larger one, Mr. Purse?"

"No," replied that individual, "mine is of the same size, manufactured by the same company, and bought at the same time."

Fount examined the other pistol, and returning it, said:

"Well, boys, this standing picket down there over the bones of the rascally Cocletz Clan is all nonsense. But I am not afraid; and if anything approaches, or moves

in this direction, without giving the proper signal, it shall have a bullet through its head, if it wears a head, be it old Cyclops Cocletz or his brother the Devil."

As Fount, taking unceremonious leave, strode around the corner of the lint-room, one of the negroes, whose eyes looked larger than was their usual wont, remarked:

"Dat white nigger is skeered mos' to death dis very minit!"

"Dat is de troof," said another. "He shore was jubous 'bout goin' nigh dat quicksand hole!"

"I don't blame him, nuther," said a third, "an' I bet he'd ruther turn es black as weall is dan to see ole man Coclutch poke his head out er dat quicksand hole."

"Hush your mouf, nigger; if you don't want to see me make er blue streak to'ds home," said another.

"Move we adjourn!" said a negro who had not spoken before. "Nobody but er fool would er come here!"

Several sprang to their feet as if to second the motion by physical action, but Wheeler and Purse, who had stepped out to see Fount take his post, turned to them, and the former said:

"What nonsense are you people talking about? What is there to be afraid of? No one is at all likely to pass about here, and no one knows anything about us."

"Ah, boss!" said the one who had suggested the idea that had so disturbed the lively imaginations of the others, "you don't know what dat old Mister Coclutch knows—him an' de boys. Ef you white folks wasn't long wid us de grass wouldn't grow under my foots 'twixt dis an' home!"

"Come, come, men; you talk like children or idiots. Let us get to business. Do you expect any more to come, Johnston?"

The negro addressed looked around the corner of the lint-room to see if Fount still kept vigil, and replied:

"I did sorter 'pect one mo', boss, but I reckon he ain't a-comin'. I has talked to every nigger dat comes to my shop—a-feelin' 'round like—an' de heft of 'em had ruther fight for de white folks dan to fight agin' 'em. It ain't 'cause dey keers particular 'bout de white folks, as white folks, but dey has er heap er nonsense in dey heads 'bout

dis ole mistis an' dat young marster, an' all dat. Fact is, er nigger is gwine to be er nigger! Ef you was to set him free, an' bleach him white, de kinks would be on his head, an' in it, too, all de same."

"Well, there are two new men," said Wheeler, encouragingly, glancing over the dusky crowd, some of whom were prying around the corner of the lint-room to note Fount's actions, and most of whom, though lounging about, were keeping a sharp lookout. "Half the number now present would be sufficient for our purpose, if there are so many among them that could be relied on with perfect confidence. Can you pick out a dozen who will follow Chamfort through thick and thin?"

"I dun'no, boss. A nigger's head ain't kinky for nothin', an' you can't 'pend on it to stick to new notions an' let go old friends, onless you makes it mighty plain dat de fust is goin' to help 'im an' t'other is goin' to hurt 'im. But es I said befo', dey don't keer 'bout white folks 'cause dey is white folks, but only 'cause dey knows 'em; an' er idee has got into my head: Ef dey was whar dey didn't *know* de white folks dey might follow through thick an' thin, es you say. See?"

"No, I don't see."

"Well; it's dis way: You'll have to sen' de niggers from dis county to de nex' county, an' swap about in dat way, so dey won't *know* the white folks dey's got to work on. You can't 'pend on none of 'em onless you does dat. An' I tell you right now, you can't 'pend on me ef you 'spec's me to lead, er follow, any gang er niggers to burn out my old mistis. Bless de Lawd, I b'lieve my own mammy would bust my head wid er axe 'fore she'd 'low me to stick er chunk er fire to my ole mistis's house; an' dat's er fack."

"Oh, well," said Wheeler, impatiently, seeing that Baxter Johnston's words had attracted the attention of a number of others who indicated approval of what he said, "no one is going to ask you to set fire to widows' houses, or to other dwelling houses, if it can be avoided. When the proper time comes it will be sufficient to fire a gin-house here and there as a rallying signal for the negroes, and as a warning to the whites that you mean business,

and are the masters of the country. Let the women and children who have been kind to you alone, and the men, too, if they will let you alone. But if they attempt to molest you show your manhood. That was John Brown's plan. He didn't desire to fight the white people of Virginia. He only wished to liberate the slaves and put them in control of the country. The pikes and spears which he had prepared for the use of the negroes were to be used in self-defense. If the white people let them alone they were to let the white people alone. That is always a fair proposition and it is one on which we propose to operate here. All that you intend to do can be done with perfect safety to yourselves—if you do not strike too soon, as Brown did—and with little or no bloodshed, and but little destruction of property, unless the few white men left in the country shall be foolishly obstinate. If the slave is ever to be free the next three or four months must decide. It is for you to solve the problem in your own favor. There is a tide in the affairs of men which comes sooner or later, and which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. A very wise man said that, and it is true. The flood of such a tide is about to come to your people. If you neglect it the shackles of slavery, with all attending curses, will be riveted upon you and your children to the remotest period of time. According to the manner in which you interpret and act upon your battle-cry, 'Now or never!' the future of time holds for you a heaven or a hell. Which shall it be? The present is your opportunity. How will you use it?"

"Ef all dat has been told to us, boss, fust an' last, is true," said a tall, lank-looking negro, solemnly, "de opportunity, es you calls it, looks good enough. But you was talkin' 'bout de white folks bein' obstinit, an' I kin tell you right now dey is gwine to be obstinit, an' don't you forgit it! Ef de niggers ever gits to cavortin' like you talks about, ef dar wasn't but one white man an' one fence rail left in de country, he'd snatch up dat an' pitch into all de niggers in sight; an' you kin bet your bottom dollar on dat!"

"The greater fool he!" said Wheeler, sneeringly.

"But we have no use for cowards in this business. You are not a member, are you?"

"No, boss; I ain't no member yit, an' I ain't no coward, nuther. I come here to jine. I wants to be free, but I don't want to hurt nobody 'bout it."

"Who vouches for this man?" asked Purse, looking over the crowd. "Baxter Johnston, has he taken the oath?"

"Yes, suh," replied the negro addressed. "Zack Bullard brought him to my shop, an' he swore all de oaths. He belongs to Mr. Grandison, on de river."

"What is your object in joining?" asked Wheeler of the new applicant.

"Well, I'd ruther be free, an' den I don't want de white folks to send me to work in de iron mines an' things, up in dat country where dey gits ice in August."

"Come aside, I want to talk privately with you," said Wheeler.

As the two and Mr. Purse started for the other side of the lint-room the rapping signals came from the direction of the swamp, startling the whole party and causing those who were sitting to spring to their feet. A dozen heads were popped around the corner of the lint-room, and Fount was discovered approaching at a rapid pace.

"What is it, Fount?" was asked by several eager voices as soon as he came within easy speaking distance.

"Nothing much, I think," replied Fount, with a tremor in his voice and a very evident effort to appear cool. "Something glided through the swamp and suddenly made a rush in my direction. In my surprise and eagerness to fire I accidently dropped the pistol in the water. I want another."

As Fount spoke he came in under the gin-house and a dozen questions were fired at him.

"How big was it?" "What did it look like?" "Did it have any head?" "Did it rise up out er de quicksand hole?" "Did it fly away or des banish out er sight?"

"I don't know; don't ask me," said Fount, with an effort to appear calm. "All at once I saw it—it made a rush, I dropped the pistol and it disappeared without

touching me. I want another pistol, if it is necessary for me to go back."

"Don't go back! I moves dat we adjourns, an' do it quick!" said the negro who had before made a similar motion.

"Never!" said Fount, suddenly growing reckless. "Let us all go together and stand around the quicksand hole and shout a defiance to old Cocletz and all his boys and dogs and imps and what not!"

"Oh, what nonsense!" exclaimed Wheeler, as if his patience had reached its bounds. "Mr. Chamfort, I did not expect it of you! Is there superstition in every drop of negro blood? Men, it was only an owl. Chamfort, here is the other repeater. If you are afraid I will go myself."

"Afraid!" exclaimed Fount, as he took the pistol and started back to the swamp. "Not of anything that can be hurt by a leaden bullet."

It was some time before the negroes could settle down to their former equanimity, but they could not so far curb their ruling propensity as to resist the temptation to have their jokes over what they imagined would be the effect on Fount if he should get a fair view of old Cocletz in the quicksand hole. They watched from the corner of the lint-room until Wheeler and Purse finished their interview with the suspected applicant, and having seen Fount strike a match and light a cigar, they felt reassured by his coolness, and responded to Baxter Johnston's call to find seats and come to order.

Purse, in opening, explained to Wheeler that he had proceeded very cautiously, and now had, with the two men to be initiated, as many as their plans demanded for that county. He also explained that the one whom Baxter Johnston expected was of no consequence, as none of the objects and secrets of the order had been divulged to him. Wheeler made a short talk to the new candidates, after which a most solemn oath was repeated by them invoking terrible and eccentric curses and punishments upon themselves should they ever divulge the secrets about to be imparted to them. Baxter Johnston then produced a roll of red tape and the novel ceremony of initiation was begun.

A short time after Fount struck a match to light a cigar, several of the negroes had noticed the faint cry of a pack of foxhounds far off to the eastward. As the oath was administered the cry of the hounds sounded nearer and seemed to be bearing in the direction of the Cocletz place, which caused several negroes to give quick glances in the direction of the white men. But it was soon seen that the chase was bearing to the left and apparently passing the vicinity of the meeting, and the attention of the negroes was again given to the work in hand. Very suddenly, however, the direction of the chase changed again and the hounds seemed to be dashing straight in their direction and not more than half a mile distant.

"It's mighty curious dat you don't hear no whoopin' an' hollerin'," said a negro, in a half whisper.

This attracted the attention of the white men and caused quite a stir among the negroes just as the candidates were invested with "The Red String," tied in the top buttonhole of their coats, and clipped with due ceremony, intended to typify "The clipping of a human atom from the loathsome body of slavery." Every word of the interesting lecture, however, was lost on the candidates, who were excited and looking from face to face, to find in each a reflection of their own uneasiness. Again the half whispering voice remarked:

"It's mighty strange dat you don't hear nobody a-whoopin' an' hollerin'."

"Ole Mr. Coclutch an' de boys never do holler," said another subdued voice.

"Oh," said Wheeler, having lost the thread of the lecture in the general excitement, "it's only some one's pack out on a free hunt."

"'Zackly; ole Mr. Coclutch's, fer instance," responded a voice.

"H-sh!" came from several as the chase which was sweeping along the old hedge-row, suddenly changed again, and the pack—two—five—ten—twenty—all white and in full cry, emerged from the forest and bore directly down upon the gin-house. Baxter Johnston got his "yawger" ready, as did the other party his "hoss pistol," while

the others felt about the ground for sticks and stones. But when the hounds got within about a hundred feet of the gin-house the pack divided and bore to the right and left, running around the building in a large circle, meeting and jumping over each other, under full cry all the while, and occasionally colliding in their mad and eager haste.

"What in the h——l does it mean?" ejaculated Wheeler, as the negroes made a wild dash for the massive pillars, which, as they could not reach more than half way round them, they made frantic but fruitless efforts to climb.

A moment later the clear blast of a horn was heard, and two horsemen in white robes dashed out of the darkness of the forest straight in the direction of the gin-house.

"Ole Coclutch an' de boys!" shouted Baxter Johnston, firing his "yawger" and making a spring in the direction of the swamp with the general drift of dusky forms. But Fount at the same instant commenced firing in that direction, and the frightened fugitives beheld six other men bearing down on them, two and two, from different points of the compass. There was an instant check-up of the dusky tide, and the voice of Wheeler was heard above the din:

"Keep together, men! Follow me, and we will meet the first two."

He sprang in that direction, but was followed only by Purse and Baxter Johnston. A shrill whistle was sounded by the horsemen, and the single word "Kuklos!" was shouted, as they dashed upon the three, who, turning at bay, prepared to receive the charge. Baxter Johnston clubbed his "yawger" and Wheeler held aloft a bowie-knife, which glittered wickedly in the moonlight. The horsemen noticing that the three were huddled too closely together to do effective work, reined their horses close together and knee to knee, dashed headlong over the party, felling Johnston as they passed by a heavy blow from the loaded end of a riding whip, and hurling the other two to the earth by the force of contact with their horses. In a moment the white men were on their feet

again and running in opposite directions, and the two horsemen, wheeling quickly, bore down upon them singly.

Purse, seeing there was no hope of escape, threw up his hands and surrendered; but Wheeler, turning upon his pursuer, prepared to spring aside as he charged and deal a deadly blow with the knife as he passed. Just as he made his spring and blow, however, the rider threw his horse upon his haunches, stopping him instantly, and before Wheeler could recover from the momentum given to his body by the force he had hurled against the vacant air, the horseman threw himself upon him, stunning and bearing him to the earth, and handcuffing him before he could rally his physical powers for a resisting effort.

The capture was effected in a few moments—indeed, it was over before the six other horsemen who had responded to the cabalistic call could come up to render assistance. The negro, who was only stunned by the blow, was tied securely upon a tall horse, brought out of the woods by an attendant dressed in black, and was taken away at a gallop with a dark robed attendant on either side. The other negroes, whom no effort was made to arrest, scattered in all directions, and could be heard ploughing through deep accumulations of leaves, and breaking their swift way through the underbrush of the dense forest, with an occasional yelp from a demoralized hound giving wings to their speed.

The two white men were marched off in a direction opposite that taken by Baxter Johnston and his guards. After proceeding about a mile, two horses were found hitched in the woods, and upon these the two culprits were hastily mounted. The whole party then rode rapidly for an hour, when they halted in a forest whose foliage was so dense as hardly to allow a ray of the meridian moon to reach the earth, and through whose silent depths came gentle murmurs as of a mighty river not far distant. Here all dismounted, and the horses being tied, the two unfortunates were placed side by side, and one of the captors, who seemed to be the leader, addressed them:

"Charles H. Wheeler and Walter A. Purse, hearken!

Forty and eight hours ago you were both arraigned before the Grand Cyclops of the Lost Clan of Cocletz on the charge of conspiracy and sedition. After a fair trial, in which you were represented by counsel appointed for your defense, you were adjudged guilty as charged and sentenced to be lynched. The decree of that august court is now about to be executed. If you have anything to say in your own behalf, your statement shall have due weight; and if you can satisfy us that you are not the prime movers in your nefarious scheme, but are merely the paid tools of others, whose names you will divulge, we have authority to lessen the punishment. Speak!"

"We are neither cowards nor fools," said Wheeler, defiantly, "and have no confession to make. If you have determined to carry your lawless instincts to the length of committing murder, we only ask to be shot like honorable American citizens, and not hanged like dogs."

"I know not," replied the leader, "what eccentric and distorted meaning you may give to the words 'Honorable American citizens,' but it is evident that you do not define the word 'Lynched' as we do. In the South, where the word originated, it means the punishment which gallant old Charles Lynch, commanding a battalion of scouts, in the rebellion which you now call the Revolution, aided by his two brothers-in-law, Captains Robert Adams and James Callaway, inflicted upon men who undertook work similar to that which brought you here. That punishment is the biblical 'forty save one,' or three dozen and three lashes upon the bare back."

"Lashes!" shouted Wheeler, making a hopeless effort to free himself. "Lashes upon the backs of free-born American citizens! You may stab me to the heart, sir, but—but, my God! lashes upon the backs of gentlemen! Where is your boasted civilization?"

"Civilization! Ah, my hysterical and misguided friend," replied the leader with a touch of sadness in his voice, "I have not applied any such epithet to our people. 'Civilization!' Is that term descriptive of our condition with the eccentric and distorted meaning it has in your vocabulary? You have added to the gravity of your offense! You are 'civilized'—you and John Brown and

others who come here to serve your master by inciting an inferior race to the crimes of murder, rape and arson—you and they, and the societies of 'Christian men and women,' who send you are 'civilized.' Surrendering that epithet to you, we prefer to be called 'gentle savages.' 'Ghouls,' he added, turning to his men, "do your duty."

After the two misguided men had been punished, and again invested with their clothing, they were taken to the margin of the Tennessee River, near by, and put into a dug-out canoe which had been carried to that lonely spot for the purpose. After being warned that if ever again caught in Alabama they would be lynched according to the New England understanding of the word, they were pushed out into the current and ordered to paddle down stream, and beware of the Muscle Shoals, fifteen miles lower down. After drifting about one hundred yards, the voice of Wheeler was wafted back to the watchers:

"I go now in weakness, but shall come again in strength. You have drawn blood from my back—I shall draw blood from your hearts. Your names shall be revealed, and all the powers of hell shall not protect you, nor any of yours, from my just vengeance."

CHAPTER X.

A PURITAN SLAVEHOLDER.

"When I was blind, my son, I did miscall
My sordid vice of avarice, true thrift."

—MAY'S *Old Couple*.

MR. ROBERT SCHERMERHORN ALLEN, of whom the reader has already heard, sat in an easy-chair in his library on the afternoon succeeding the occurrences at the deserted Cocletz plantation, reading with great interest a letter which had just been brought him from the post office. As he paused occasionally in his reading—which was the second he had given the letter—to look up at the ceiling with an expression of mingled astonishment and satisfaction, he could not fail to impress one as an unusually fine specimen of manly comeliness. His athletic and finely proportioned form, regular Grecian features, closely clipped curly hair, and silky straw-colored moustache and side-whiskers gave an impression of a modernized Apollo. But despite his comeliness and wealth and his possession of qualities of mind and heart, which, if properly governed and directed and free from his ruling passions of avarice and self-esteem, could not have failed to make him a popular man, he was one of the most unpopular in North Alabama.

He had come when quite a young man from Connecticut to take charge of large plantations and many negroes purchased by his father, who, many years previously, had been one of the moneyed men in a firm of contractors who had undertaken to do for the State of Alabama a work too vast and expensive even for the resources of that flourishing and wealthy Commonwealth; and which the United States Government has enlarged and com-

pleted within the past decade after an expenditure of many millions of money.

The sturdy independence and self-reliance of the people of Alabama, coupled with their opposition to the policy of internal improvement being made at the expense of the general government, which policy, they held, was a long step in the direction of centralization and ultimate paternalism, caused them to decline to accept aid from the national treasury in the task which they had set for themselves of rendering navigable for large steamers the Muscle Shoals in the Tennessee River below Decatur, where for more than a dozen miles that mighty stream rushes, rages and foams in alternate sluices and maelstroms, over, against and around the mighty barriers presented to its passage by the most remarkable vein of limestone in the world.

Coming out of Canada and forming the Niagara Falls, this wonderful vein sweeps down in a broad, fertilizing belt through New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia—in which latter State it forms the Natural Bridge, Weir's Cave, the Luray Caverns, etc., and separates into two branches, one passing through and fertilizing the blue-grass region of Kentucky, and the other a similar region in Tennessee, to come together again in North Alabama, giving great fertility to the valley of the Tennessee, and piling millions of boulders, great and small, in the broad cliff-boarded channel of that stream; in a seeming effort to retard the headlong rush of its tide to seek the great "Father of Waters."

It was said that Mr. Allen's father made more money by the abandonment, in a partially completed condition, of the great work, than he could have made had not the tax-payers of the State found the burden too heavy for their unaided efforts. His death about the time that the affairs of the undertaking were finally settled up, left his son and only heir the possessor of considerable means in addition to the lands and negroes in Alabama.

The young man being enterprising and ambitious, soon formed the determination to become one of the large planters of the State and thus show his equality, in one particular, at least, with the lordly planters, whose sim-

ple, unassuming and unconventional courtesy he misconstrued to be mere condescending civility.

In the pursuance of this determination other lands were bought, agents were sent East to buy more negroes, the most energetic overseers were employed and the only requirement made of them was to excel all planters in their respective neighborhoods in the number of bales of cotton produced. The one great idea to make large crops of cotton, to buy more land and negroes, to make more and larger crops of cotton, and so on to the end, seemed to absorb every instinct of his being; and, yet, when the better people of the county commenced to be more conventional in their courtesy toward him he honestly believed they were "down on" him simply because he was not "Native here and to the manner born."

His scheme to get Fount into trouble had been a sudden impulse, acted on without any previous consideration, on the night several weeks before when Wheeler had presented him a letter of introduction from a relative who was a member of the societies pledged to pay Wheeler's expenses and wages, and when the latter's plans and schemes had first been made known to him. It is but fair to state that he did not sympathize with Wheeler's objects, but extended limited "aid and comfort" solely with the view of getting Fount into his power, yet without any fixed plan for the exercise of that power when obtained.

In the early spring, he had been stopped on the public highway at night, when taking a late ride from Tiptop, by half a dozen young men playing the rôle of materialized spirits, who, in the spirit of fun, chiefly, waylaid him for the purpose of exacting a promise to correct certain conditions existing on his home plantation. Some weeks later he had received information that Fount was one of the gang which had arrested him, and he had resolved that he would give him and the others, if their names could be ascertained, a lesson not soon to be forgotten. After thinking maturely over Wheeler's plans and passing Fount's character and general reputation in review, he had come to the conclusion that there was very little probability that his connection with Wheeler would

be productive of the result he had in view, and he decided to follow a new lead which had presented itself to his mind.

There were circumstances which caused him to doubt if Fount and his sister were really dependents of Marshall, and to entertain the suspicion that they might be people of consequence hiding under the aegis of assumed slavery, or other form of dependence, for some crime committed. Acting upon this suspicion he had written to a lawyer in New Orleans offering liberal compensation for any information he might be able to obtain respecting any family by the name of Chamfort.

The letter he was reading with so much apparent satisfaction, was a report from his New Orleans correspondent. His success had been greater than he had hoped for. The young man was put in possession of facts connected with Fount and his sister, and also of circumstances of great importance to them, but entirely unknown to themselves, and, so far as he could see, likely to remain so. A gleam of something more pleasing than a mere sense of personal triumph in an unworthy undertaking flashed from his eyes, as he said musingly to himself:

"Well, Bob, my boy, you've got the whole history in a nutshell. Cesare Chamfort married a New Orleans girl in Paris—had one child, a daughter. Left 'em and went to Cuba. Slaves and sugar plantation. Took up with an octoroon. Had two children. Joined Lopez, got wounded and captured. Escaped with the octoroon and children to New Orleans. Died of wounds, and first wife sold octoroon and children to man named Marshall. Never been heard of since. Old father Chamfort died in Paris worth millions. Left half a million to be invested by trustees in New Orleans real estate for benefit of children of both families, white and black, slaves and free. White family O. K., but not very anxious to find their nigger kin. Supposed to have been emancipated and sent to Ohio—a new name for The Oaks, and a new kind of emancipation.

"I'll go over in the morning and offer Marshall to trade Peter's wife and children. I can afford to be phil-

anthropic. I'll offer full price for Fount and his sister and throw in his crippled nigger's wife. Half a million in real estate isn't picked up every day in the year, in a city like New Orleans.

"And the money isn't all. There's not a handsomer girl, North or South, nor one more modest and refined, than that little black-eyed French prude. You always did have a sort of penchant for her, my boy, and who cares if a very small part of her blood is derived from Othello's race? Haven't our originators of great moral ideas—men and women whose every thought is an inspiration—claimed for two generations that the Puritan blood is a little too blue, and needs a liberal admixture of a warmer strain?

"And then that half million turns the scale whether the strain be warmer or the idea a great moral one. So good-bye, Miss Agnes Sanford, you haughty little puss of a renegade Yankee! There is other royal game in the jungle and you shall turn up that aristocratic little nose no more at Robert Schermerhorn Allen, Esquire. But you shall not marry that high-headed, conceited Marshall, for all that. Shakespeare is quite poetic over a 'Divinity that shapes our ends,' but wait until I get in a little job of 'rough hewing.'

"As for the niggers, I'll write at once to Zeke Goodrich—good Puritan name that—to come up right away and help me off with them to his city; and once there, if I cannot sell them in families, I shall make them forget they have relatives and didn't spring like Typhon of old, directly from the earth."

With a glance at his handsome image in a mirror, accompanied by a wink of his eye, the young man opened a writing desk near which he was seated and busied himself for some time in writing. Addressing and stamping the letter he threw it upon the desk with the remark:

"Well, that's done. I shall sleep on my other plans and then go over for a business tournament with the Ogre of The Oaks. If he tries to ride me down on exorbitant demands then the game is easily mine. My first pass at him would be greatly in excess of the cash value of the two, as slaves, were it not for the fear that

the high-headed scamp might suspect a cloven hoof under the philanthropist's robe. He might even get on a high horse and refuse to sell or exchange at any price. There is no counting on these confounded punctilious people; but I cannot afford to let that happen."

The young man rang a bell, and said to his old butler who appeared:

"Cyrus, hasn't Dick returned yet?"

"Yes, suh; got back while you was writin'."

"Well, what did he learn?"

"Nothin', suh."

"Couldn't he find out whether Wheeler and Purse were put to death or not?"

"No, suh. Dar ain't no nigger dat knows."

"Haven't the niggers heard from Baxter Johnston yet?"

"Not a word, suh."

"Do you think he has been killed?"

"Well, suh, ef you's willin' to hear 'bout what dey's thinkin', dey don't think nobody was kilt—but de Cocutch sperrits has got 'em—an' dat's wuss'n killin'."

"How dare you talk such nonsense to me? Go and send Dick here."

Cyrus was not only Mr. Allen's butler but also his trusted and confidential friend, and the only person to whom he ever talked confidentially. He had been one of his father's house servants, and having served the father faithfully for many years, the son was not afraid to trust him. He had shown himself worthy of trust, and as the young man felt some uneasiness about the general outcome of the affair at the old Cocletz place, and of the possible disclosures that might have ensued, he had employed his factotum, as he had often done before, to learn what the negroes knew and were saying about the affair. What little he had just heard from Cyrus satisfied him that his name had not been mentioned in connection with the matter, and he felt content on that score.

"Saddle a horse—a fresh one," he said to Dick, when that worthy made his appearance, "and take this letter to the post office, and, I say," he added, as the servant

started, "you know there has been some nigger-talk about some foolish pranks said to have been played upon a gentleman by Fount, or Mr. Chamfort. Now I want you all to know, and let it be known, that if such a thing ever happened, the gentleman I mentioned, Mr. Chamfort, or Fount, as some call him, had nothing to do with it. Do you hear? Do you understand? You may go; but don't forget."

As the negro left the house with a broad grin illuminating his countenance, he chuckled to himself:

"Mister 'Shamfoot!' Yah; yah; yah! It's mighty cur'ous dat dese white folks dat ain't bin fetched up wid niggers is 'ternally hollerin' at 'em: 'Does you hear dis! an' does you onderstan' dat!' an' all de time dey's feared you'll onderstan' too much. I onderstan's one thing—de boss an' ole man Cy is fixin' up some game to run on Fount."

The next morning after breakfast Mr. Allen rode over to The Oaks, and after having been with Mr. Marshall in the library about an hour, left the house looking very angry and red in the face and galloped away. A little later, when Fount came in to get orders for the day, Mr. Marshall remarked:

"Fount, Allen has been here on a novel errand."

"He doesn't want to get new recruits for the 'Red String Gang,' does he?" replied Fount, with a laugh.

"I think it more likely that he wishes to recruit a chain-gang or something worse."

"Had his visit any reference to myself?"

"I think he came over for the single purpose of making plans in which you were to have a prominent part."

"Do you object to my knowing the nature of them?"

"No; you shall know them, but not yet. The man puzzles me. He is either a better man than I ever thought him, or he is a deep, despicable scoundrel. I want to have time to find out which he is. If the former I shall apologize for things I said to him to-day; if the latter, some one shall call him to account. I only speak of it now that you may be on your guard until I can see to the bottom of the matter."

CHAPTER XI.

TERPSICHORE AND CUPID.

"There's no way to make sorrow light
But in the noble bearing."

—W. ROWLEY.

THE people of the neighborhood around Beaver Lake were all astir on the morning appointed for the "Last Picnic"; the last because on the Monday following the military company, which had been formed chiefly of the society young men of the county, was to leave for "The seat of war in Virginia."

Ah, what a solemn import had those words for the timid maiden who on this day, perhaps for the last time on earth, will look with eyes that smile while the heart weeps, upon the manly form of the youth whose soul has held sweet converse with her own; for the devoted mother, who, to-day, will lightly banter her darling boy, while her thoughts brood in agony over a picture of his loved form lying stark upon the field of death.

Ah, maiden! ah, mother! vain are the prayers of your souls that the bitter cup of war may not be pressed to the lips of your beloved Southland! The hand of Fate is preparing to sow ashes over the pleasant places in your memories. Yet shall you not despair, for "Whom He loveth He chasteneth."

Elaborate preparations for the occasion had been made on the margin of the beautiful little lake whose sleeping waters reflected the surroundings of light and shade and vista with such minuteness and accuracy of detail as to suggest the fancy that it might be the entrepot of an antipodal fairy land.

In the centre of an irregular circle of spreading beech, birch and gum trees, whose twisted and tangled

roots on the side next the lake, dipped themselves into the limpid mirror, stood an ample platform and band-stand, dedicated to Terpsichore; and beyond, at the end of a meandering vista among low spreading trees, and under a natural arbor of luxuriant Muscadine vines, stood parallel tables awaiting the substantials and dainties that were to load them, while on either side and beyond, scattered beneath the shade of trees and vines, were numerous rustic seats—"Lovers' seats," so called, perhaps, because only large enough for two persons.

Handsome family carriages, elegant phaetons and light trim buggies, soon began to deposit their freights of youth and beauty with a liberal sprinkling of matronly dignity; while from every plantation came spring wagons, laden with roasted, baked and barbecued meats and delicious *patisserie* for the tables, which the happy and self-confident butlers and waiters, assisted by neat housemaids, distributed upon the linen-covered tables.

Before the noon hour many guests had arrived and many groups were chatting here and there, and solitary couples strolling among the trees or occupying the "Lovers' seat"; while upon the platform and under the inspiration of a Strauss waltz, the devotees of Terpsichore were performing the mysteries of their deity. Gray uniforms were so numerous as to make the young men who wore citizen's attire conspicuous. Among the latter was Mr. Marshall promenading with his young lady cousin, who with his assistance had exacted from Miss Sanford a promise to attend.

"I don't know, Cousin," she was saying. "Dr. Hindman opposed her coming at all; and when she told him she had made a positive promise which she could not break, he was really angry. And yesterday afternoon, when the carriage came for me and Miss Agnes was preparing to accompany me home, he sent Sarah with positive orders that she was not to go until this morning when he would accompany her himself, although, as Sarah said, he well knew that his coachman is sick and unable to drive. Miss Agnes assured me at parting that she intended to be with us to-day, but how she is to get here I can't imagine, unless Dr. Hindman should as-

sume the duties of coachman, which is an idea too ridiculous to be entertained."

While the young lady was uttering her forebodings, however, the subject of them was alighting at a distant part of the grounds from a handsome "Gosling" buggy driven by her dignified step-father and drawn by a high-stepping trotter of the "two-forty" class, belonging to a young friend of Miss Sanford in Tiptop.

Fast horses and small light buggies were at that time very popular in Alabama. Racing as an amusement, which had long been one of the passions of the gentry, was year by year growing into greater disrepute in consequence of adventurers and professional sporting men having entered the field for what was to be made out of it; and fast trotters, driven by their owners, were taking the place of racers and jockeys. Every young man in the Valley of the Tennessee felt that it was incumbent on him as a "Young Blood" to own at least one fast trotter and a "Gosling" buggy. But that description of turnout was considered as belonging exclusively to gilded youth, and there were many sly winks and smiles among the young gentlemen, who immediately surrounded Miss Sanford, as the dignified, but not very agile Doctor of Divinity felt his backward way to *terra-firma* from the high seat of the handsome vehicle.

Mr. Farrington, who looked "every inch a soldier" in his neat lieutenant's uniform, immediately monopolized Miss Sanford, and gave Dr. Hindman to understand that it was his purpose to relieve him of all responsibility for the young lady's amusement and entertainment.

Miss Sanford, however, had greetings to respond to from other beauties and their beaux before she was permitted to draw upon Mr. Farrington's fund of entertainment, so that an hour passed before she found herself seated with him at the foot of a spreading beech, whose drooping branches almost kissed the water of the lake where a curvature of the shore line encroached upon the grove, forming a secluded miniature bay. Here the two engaged in a lively chat for some time when Mr. Farrington suddenly exclaimed:

"Ha! here comes that charming little Miss Howard

dragging her complacent cousin away from the dance. I had a presentiment that she would find us out and not let me have you all to myself, and I shall get revenge by making love to her."

"Oh, Miss Agnes," exclaimed the young lady, coming forward with much animation, "I am going to win a pearl necklace from cousin Howard. He has bet me that Fulton did not invent the steamboat and you are the umpire."

"I fear," replied the lady, kissing her young friend and responding to Mr. Marshall's salute, "you have made a reckless bet. Fulton certainly did not invent the boat, and steam is not an invention."

"Oh, Miss Agnes, what a tease you are," laughed the little maiden. "I mean, of course, that Fulton invented the method of applying the power of steam to machinery, and was the first to propel a boat with it."

"I am very sorry to have to decide against you, still," said the young lady, with a sympathizing smile. "A man by the name of Fitch experimented with steam long before Fulton did his work. But before Fitch was James Rumsey of Shepherdstown, Virginia, who propelled a boat by steam on the Potomac River before Fulton had given a thought to the matter."

"Then why didn't Rumsey become famous instead of Fulton?"

"Because the world gives its applause and honors only to full success which confers a substantial benefit."

"Well, why didn't Rumsey push his invention to full success and win the honor?"

"He did, in a measure; but it is a long, sad story, which I will tell you in the class room, on Monday next."

"Well, cousin Howard," said the little maiden ruefully, turning to her escort, "I have lost the necklace and you have won the—the—what I bet."

"Which was not your heart, I hope," said Mr. Farrington, stepping before the young lady and making a gallant bow, "for I have designs upon that myself, and will bet you a jumping-rope of pearls against the—the—*what I want*, that you can't row me across the lake without boxing the compass."

"But I can't bet for things of value with gentlemen," coyly replied the young Miss, with some embarrassment.

"Do you hear that, Marshall?" exclaimed the young man, with a laugh. "The girls are already beginning to be sarcastic toward those who have not put on uniforms."

"Oh, but I made the bet with him because he is my cousin," replied the little lady.

"Oh, but you must make one with me because I am a soldier," retorted the young man, mimickingly. "So step into my gondola, Miss Frances—that is to say, into 'cousin Howard's dug-out canoe'—and we will fancy that I am old Charon ferrying you across the Styx—only you are to do the ferrying."

The banter was accepted and soon the unskillfully handled oars were fretting the placid waters of the lake, while occasional bursts of laughter from the merry couple awoke the slumbering echoes.

Mr. Marshall had desired above all things the opportunity which he now had. He had determined that he would not go off to the war until he had spoken into Miss Sanford's ear the words of one of the inspired: "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, for love is strong as death!" Yet, when the opportunity, so earnestly desired, had been made for him, he was strangely embarrassed. He spoke of the pleasure it gave him to be among his friends again; gave a brief account of his visit to New York, delivered the messages entrusted to him by the young lady's friend, Miss Atwood, and her cousin, Frank Carlton; but when he sought to speak of the sentiments and aspirations of his heart, his thoughts seemed to revolve around the subject in such mingled confusion that his embarrassed faculties failed to capture a connected one to be delivered in words. Even the half-averted face, the down-cast eyes, the flushed cheeks, the quick rising and falling of the moss-rose bud at her throat, all of which told of a sympathizing tumult in the heart of his beloved, failed to speak to his own emotions the soothing words, "Peace, be still!" But they were stilled in a very practical and prosaic manner. The voice of Dr. Hind-

man "came greeting" as he made his way among the drooping branches of the beeches:

"Hello, Mr. Marshall! I am glad to have come across you in my ramble. I have been hunting some one who can tell me something of those Indian spirits and their horses and hounds, of which the colored people here are telling such remarkable tales."

How calm was the young man then! He felt that if some benignant Indian or other spirits, with their horses and hounds, or other belongings, would only swoop down upon the old gentleman and bear him off into the antipodal fairy-forest, so beautifully pictured in the depths of the lake, he could ever afterwards bless them as benefactors, and at the present moment would pour into the ear of his beloved a rhapsody of love's soft language such as would cause even the lute-hearted Israfil to stand mute in rapt admiration. But his opportunity was gone, and feeling that he would not have another so favorable very shortly, if ever, it was in no amiable mood that he replied:

"I do not interest myself in the idle stories of the negroes, sir."

But feeling instantly ashamed of the unamiable spirit which had prompted the ungracious reply, he made haste to add:

"Indeed, Doctor, I have heard but little of any recent antics of the spirits, as the negroes call them; and to give you a history of the Cocletz clan of Indians, whose extinction furnished the foundation for the negro superstition respecting them, would require more time than Miss Sanford would care to give to the subject to-day."

"Oh, not at all," said the young lady, with animation, "the mysterious has a peculiar charm for me, and I should like very much to hear the legend."

"And there is something very mysterious about the affair, if we may believe what the colored people are saying," exclaimed the old man suggestively.

"What is the story of the negroes, Doctor?"

"Oh, the white people are talking of it, too; but no one seems to know much, and all is hearsay. It seems that a colored man of some consequence in the neighbor-

hood, by the name of Baxter Johnston, was on his way, with a number of friends, to attend some religious meeting. In passing through a field, near a deserted house, they were suddenly surrounded by the spirits with their horses and hounds, and Johnston, having been selected from the others, whom they did not molest, was bound and placed upon a horse with smoking nostrils. After being bound, Mazeppa-like, upon his horrible steed, the weird animal dashed off in the direction of the wildest portion of the Barrens, and Johnston has not been seen nor heard of since."

"Quite a remarkable story," laughed the young man as he offered his arm to Miss Sanford. "But they are sounding the dinner signal and I fear Miss Sanford is not being entertained."

"On the contrary, my interest is greatly excited," replied the young lady, "and what I have heard prompts me to ask of you a promise to give us the legend of the extinct tribe, or clan, whose spirits wander from the happy hunting grounds, and play such fantastic tricks upon mundane mortals."

The promise was given, but after dinner Mr. Marshall, seeing that other friends did not intend that Miss Sanford's society should be monopolized by any one individual, and being determined not to be drawn into a repetition of the Cocletz legend by Dr. Hindman, proposed a musical entertainment on the lake, upon a pontoon raft made of boats with lumber taken from the tables. All of the musically inclined, excepting the few from whose minds the music of harp and violins had so far charmed away the undercurrent of thought touching "The Last Picnic," as to enable them to join in the exercise and pastime of the "Merry Mistress of the Cithern," entered into the spirit of the adventure, and the party was floated over the bright water until the echoes of their tuneful voices had been heard from every part of the little lake and the declining sun had reminded unromantic parents and chaperons, on the shore, that the day was rapidly drawing to a close.

Mr. Marshall, after seeing Miss Sanford seated by her step-father behind the spirited but well-trained trot-

ter, lingered for a time in conversation with members of the military company. Finally bidding adieu to those whom he should not see again until he joined them in Virginia, he left the grounds in a quick canter accompanied by Fount.

After riding half a mile, he came in view of Dr. Hindman's buggy as it entered a small stream, and there was a pause to allow the horse to slake his thirst. As the vehicle emerged from the stream he noticed that the old gentleman had lost possession of the reins, which had fallen behind the horse's heels.

Spurring forward at full speed, and seeing him about to jump out to recover the lines, he shouted to him to keep his seat. The caution, however, was not heeded, and the noise and jar of the vehicle—as the old man scrambled out of the seat and clear of the wheels, falling on his side and shoulder—caused the horse to break into a gallop, the speed of which increased with every bound. Putting his horse at his utmost speed, the young man shouted to Miss Sanford not to jump, and to refrain from screaming. He saw in a moment that she understood his caution and had the nerve to act upon it. Placing herself in the middle of the seat and grasping the slender rim on each side, she braced her feet against the foot rest.

But the young man's heart sank as he thought of the rough and narrow causeway across a slough a short distance ahead of the now frantic animal. He knew that the slender wheels would be crushed by the violent impact with the rough logs of the causeway, even if the horse should keep the middle of the narrow track, and he saw that the only hope of saving the young lady from terrible disaster, if not a violent death, lay in his ability to overtake the horse and force him into a road which branched off sharply to the left just at the margin of the slough.

All this passed through his mind as he swept by the old man, who was lying where he fell, and though making the best speed of the fastest hunter in the Tennessee Valley, the runaway animal had come within fifty yards of the branch road before he was able to pass to his head

and seize the bridle. A succession of quick and violent jerks slackened the mad speed of the animal, but when the branch road was reached, the momentum, aided by the horse's resistance, defeated the young man's intention, and horses and rider were dashed violently against the fence in the angle made by the two roads. Mr. Marshall's horse made a gallant effort to leap the obstruction, but handicapped as he was by his rider's failure to second his intention, he sprang upon the fence of rough chestnut rails, breaking his way over and falling upon his side, the young man, fortunately managing to clear himself of the saddle and to fall a few feet away.

In an instant he was on his feet and sprang to the assistance of the young lady. The buggy horse had crushed his way half through the fence, and having evidently broken his neck, was struggling in death. Miss Sanford had not struck the fence, but was lying limp and unconscious in a corner beyond the wrecked buggy and near the dying animal. The young man tenderly removed the beautiful form beyond the reach of possible injury and resting the lovely head upon his arm spoke in a trembling voice hardly above a whisper:

"Miss Sanford! Agnes! darling friend! will you not speak to me? Merciful God! have pity!"

As if in answer to the agonized prayer, the silken lashes upon which he was gazing so intently, trembled for a few moments, and then the beautiful eyes opened. The pupils were painfully dilated and a look which betokened no recognition was fixed on his face. As he unconsciously stroked the golden hair with his free hand, he breathed a silent prayer and gazed into the dear vacant eyes until, by slow degrees, the light of intelligence stole into them, and a faint flush coming into the cheeks told him that he was recognized. Then bowing his head until his lips came almost in contact with her ear, he whispered:

"Agnes!—poor little darling!—permit me to say that—and tell me that you are not seriously hurt."

"N—no; I hope—not," said the young lady, faintly.

"Do you think you could sit erect?" he asked, caressingly stroking her hair.

"Yes—yes; I—I think—I—I'm sure I can," replied the young lady, making an effort to raise her head.

"But you shall not attempt it, my poor little darling!" exclaimed the young man, tenderly pressing the beautiful head close to his bosom. "If the pure and boundless love of an honest heart can confer the right, I have a right to pillow your head, and to soothe and sustain you, not only during these moments of suffering, but while time with us shall last!"

"While time—with us—shall last!" repeated the young lady half-consciously, and closing her eyes as tears moistened the lashes.

"Darling, is it a vow? It is a vow! Say it is!" whispered the young man so close to her ear as to bring his lips in contact with it.

"Ye—yes; I me—mean n—no; I fe—fear I—may be——" stammered the young lady, finally coming to a pause as the color faded from her cheeks.

"Speak, darling, but do not break my heart," exclaimed the young man, earnestly. "It is a sweet, sacred and irrevocable vow. What are your fears?"

"I may be ma—maimed," replied the young lady faintly, as a tremor ran through her frame.

"In that case a doubly-sacred vow, my own precious love. Let us breath it softly while the angels record it: Come joy or sorrow, come weal or woe, we will be faithful and true, loving and trusting, even unto death."

"Even—unto—death!" repeated the young lady, lying very still while tears chased each other in pearly drops down her cheeks.

At this moment Fount, who had stopped to aid Dr. Hindman, came up walking by the side of his horse on which the old gentleman was seated, evidently somewhat the worse for his tumble out of the buggy. Mr. Marshall, after learning that the Doctor was not seriously hurt, and responding to his inquiries concerning Miss Sanford, directed Fount to allow the old gentleman to ride at his leisure to The Oaks, and to hurry forward himself to send a vehicle back for Miss Sanford, and also to dispatch a messenger for his physician.

As The Oaks was less than a mile distant very



"In that case, a doubly sacred vow! Let us breathe it softly while the angels record it."

little time elapsed before a light phaeton, drawn by a pair of quiet-looking bays, and bearing Marienne with sundry restoratives, arrived.

As the latter knelt by the side of the young lady, still lying quiet and motionless with closed eyes, the soft touch of her hand, moistened with some aromatic liquid, seemed to recall the sufferer's wandering consciousness. She slowly opened her eyes and after looking steadily at the new-comer for a moment, said:

"Ah, it is you—Marienne,—I know you—I saw you in a dream."

"Poor young lady," said Marienne, bathing her face with the aromatic water. "Her mind wanders, Monsieur; let us take her to The Oaks as quickly as possible."

Mr. Marshall, with Marienne's assistance, placed the young lady in the vehicle, where she was supported by the latter, and taking the reins he drove slowly to The Oaks, sending Henry, the coachman, in search of his gallant but unlucky steed.

CHAPTER XII.

A LOST CLAN.

"Deserted in his own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate."

—BYRON.

MISS SANFORD and Dr. Hindman had been made comfortable, and the phaeton hurried off for Mrs. Hindman, when Dr. McLinn, Mr. Marshall's physician, arrived and was immediately put in charge of the sufferer. An hour later he appeared in the parlor and relieved Mr. Marshall's anxiety by assuring him that the young lady was not seriously hurt, but observed that it would be imprudent for her to leave her room for several days. He also reported that Dr. Hindman had sustained an injury of the shoulder which would be somewhat uncomfortable for a day or two.

Mrs. Hindman arrived before ten o'clock, and the Doctor having had a talk with her, gave explicit instructions for the house to be kept quiet during the night and took his departure. He was late in making his morning visit, as good old country doctors usually are, and after having been with his patients a short time he informed Mr. Marshall that both were doing well and that the young lady was recuperating satisfactorily. He had prescribed for her absolute rest of body and mind, and while she must not converse for the present, he desired that on the next day she should be entertained and amused in the library, to which room he should then order her to be removed.

"I shall send you in there to read to her, young man," he added, familiarly slapping him on the shoulder. "She needs but little physicking and I shall turn her attention to you. See? We old saw-bones can minister to a mind

diseased and to a palpitating heart, as well as to a sprained shoulder. Yes, indeed. The treatment is a little different though. We run Homeopathy on complicated cases where the heart and mind are both involved. Fact. You know the formula—'Similia Similibus'—and so on. In a case like yours, the curative agent lies in the last syllable, where that is attainable. Will aggravate the symptoms at first, but will cure the fever in good time. Never knew it to fail. Fact. Hope you'll try it. Not bad to take—and don't need anything to take the taste out of your mouth. See? Ha!"

The young man bore the banter of the old gentleman pleasantly, and on the next day he was conducted into the library and formally presented to the young lady as her mother's assistant, whose special duty would be to read to her entertaining works on scientific or philosophical subjects.

"If," added the old gentleman, with a solemn shake of the head, "his perverse instincts shall prompt him to descend to poetry, or any similar nonsense, let me know to-morrow and I shall send him into exile."

Miss Sanford was amused at the humor of the old doctor and reluctantly suffered him to depart, on the plea of professional engagements, with the promise to come at an early hour the next morning.

Mr. Marshall having accompanied him to the front door, returned to the library, and selected Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, with a view of reading that portion which speaks of seventh-heaven glances, whirlwind sighs and moments into which are crowded a millennium of bliss. As he turned the leaves, Miss Sanford, observing the title, exclaimed:

"Mr. Marshall, I cannot suffer you to read that. Have you forgotten the Doctor's threat of exile?"

"No," replied the young man, hesitatingly, "and I cannot afford to incur the penalty. The Doctor prescribed scientific and philosophical works, and I know of no work that is more transcendently philosophical than this."

"Ah," said the young lady, with a mischievous smile, "I fear you are a sad cheat. I once heard a young gentleman animadvert on a political party, which, while keep-

ing within the letter of the law, faithlessly violated its spirit."

"Pardon me," replied the young man, with animation. "I think I have not merited your sarcasm. Do you think the old Doctor would taboo this work as 'poetry or other similar nonsense'?"

"He certainly would as poetry. I hope you do not belong to that class of hypercritical critics who deny that the work is poetical as well as rhythmical and philosophical."

"Certainly not, but I hold that its philosophy greatly overmasters its poetry."

"No, I cannot admit that. There are passages——"

"My child," said Mrs. Hindman, mildly, "you forget the Doctor's injunctions."

"No, Mamma," replied the young lady, brightly, "I know the dear old Doctor said I was not to talk, and he said many other saucy things, but as you and he insist on making me an invalid, I shall exercise the time-honored right of that unfortunate class to be willful and despotic. Mr. Marshall is very kind, and Tupper is very charming, but as the Doctor made him your 'assistant entertainer,' I intend to extend my despotic control to him also. I shall insist on the usual resort to mingled bribery and coercion, to enforce the Doctor's orders, unless Mr. Marshall will agree to lay aside Tupper and give us the legend of the extinct Indian tribe, which he promised at the picnic."

"I shall gladly do so, as you prefer it," replied the young man, "and, perhaps, when I have finished you will be unable to decide whether you have been bribed or coerced into silence. However, as silence is the object to be attained, I invoke the potential Harpocrates to cast his spell upon you, and shall begin the legend at once."

Moving his chair near the reclining chair in which the young lady rested, and placing it so as to face Dr. and Mrs. Hindman also, the young man commenced in the usual "once upon a time" tone of voice:

"The story I am about to relate is not altogether a tradition, as a good part of it can be substantiated by documentary evidence. The Cocletz Indians were not a

tribe, but only a clan of the Catawba tribe, of the great Maskoki nation, which originally had for its hunting grounds all the country extending from Florida to Roanoke Island, in North Carolina, and thence northward, to the Mississippi River.

"The name was originally that of an individual belonging to the clan. It was, and is, I believe, a custom of the wild Indians, as we call those who have not learned to use the white man's rum and gunpowder, to name their children after the first thing that attracts the young savage's attention. This particular savage was named for the wolves. 'Co-cletz' in the Catawba dialect of the Maskoki language means the plural of wolf; generally, a pack of wolves.

"The Catawbas, who had their headquarters on the river named for them in South Carolina, are said to have been a very superior tribe. Like most of the Southern tribes, notably the Powhatans, Cherokees, Tuscaroras, Seminoles, Creeks and Chickasaws, they were proud, haughty, brave and valiant in war; yet generally merciful and magnanimous to a brave and manly foe. It was the custom for bands of the Catawbas to make long trips northward in the summer, to the famous salt-licks in the land of the Powhatans of the Algonquin nation, who were their friends, which licks are now known as the salt works in the Holston Valley of Virginia. Their direct route to the licks passed across a strip of country belonging to the Tuscarora tribe of the Southern branch of the Iroquois nation.

"After one of these annual excursions had crossed to the licks, there was a falling out between the two tribes, and the Tuscaroras went on the war path. The few braves thus cut off from their homes, attempted to make their way back, but they had not proceeded far, after re-entering the country of the Tuscaroras, before they were attacked and most of them killed or captured. A few, who escaped, made their way back to the licks, and among them was a wise medicine-man, who had heard a tradition that the river, now known as the Holston, flowing by the salt-licks, helped to form the great river of their kindred tribe, the Chickasaws, now known as the

Tennessee River. This decided them to make canoes and float down stream to where they would again find safety and sympathy.

"The tradition was correct, but the poor wanderers had floated many long days before they learned that the river passed through a strip of country belonging to the Iroquois, before entering that of the Chickasaw-Maskokis, and that they would still have to escape a tribe of the Iroquois nation if they were ever again to see their kindred. They had floated nearly two moons on the stream, which, of course, gradually increased in size, on account of interfluent streams—floating by night and hiding by day—before they were discovered and captured by the Iroquois. Fortunately they fell into the hands of a party of the Cherokee, instead of the Tuscarora tribe, which two tribes constituted the Southern branch of the Iroquois nation; and as it was only the latter tribe who were on the war path, the poor captives were not put to death. The Cherokees were the equals of the Catawbias in the possession of the highest savage virtues, and offered their captives friendship and aid on condition that they renounced allegiance to the Maskoki nation, and dance around the Totem-pole of the Iroquois.

"The dispirited wanderers made a virtue of necessity, accepted the proposition and were received into affiliation. Some months later, the boy, Cocletz, was born. The trip to the salt-licks had been his mother's 'bridal tour.' When he arrived at the age of maturity his intelligence, together with his great skill and daring in all manly sports, and his wonderful fleetness of foot and powers of endurance, made him a prominent member of the tribe. But, unfortunately, he fell in love with the daughter of the chief, who had been betrothed by her father to a young chief of the Shawnees, of the great Algonquin nation, the most numerous and powerful confederation of Aborigines on the American Continent, to which the Powhatans also belonged.

"Love, it is said, causes a large part of the sum of human troubles, but, as in its various forms, it constitutes the sum-total of human happiness, all healthy human impulses instinctively warm toward a lover. But

the ambitious old Cherokee chief was very far from loving the lover of his daughter, and when the two young people attempted to elope to the Indians' Gretna Green—the uninhabited wilds of the forest—they were captured; the maiden was put under a strong guard, and arrangements were made to cremate the dashing and too fascinating young brave in the usual aboriginal fashion.

"This undoubtedly would have been done, despite the angry scowls and muttered protests of the young man's clan and relatives, had not the maiden possessed heroic qualities. Springing from the guards with a belt-knife snatched from one of them, she sprang upon the pile of faggots, which was already ablaze, and avowed her determination to die with her lover and to stab to the heart any one who should lay hands upon her. There was a rush to scatter and extinguish the fire, and in the confusion she cut the thongs that bound the captive, and he bounded with the fleetness of a deer into the depths of the neighboring forest.

"The young brave was not recaptured; but the gentle savage was kept a close prisoner by her father, lest she should be spirited away. The vindictive old chief vented his spleen upon the few members of the alien clan yet remaining and they gradually disappeared one by one, until not one was left.

"The time was approaching for the young Shawnee chief to claim his bride, when, on a dark, moonless, summer night, the ominous and persistent hooting of an owl was heard near the camp, which the imprisoned maiden amused herself by attempting to imitate. Suddenly there was a rush of dusky forms upon the wigwam prison; the few guards were clubbed, the pine torch knocked to the ground and the maiden darted, like a young partridge, into the dense darkness of the forest, while her rescuers formed a flying rear-guard.

"The camp was soon astir, the war-whoop was sounded, clubs and spears seized and pursuit made, headed by the old chief in person. But it was all in vain; the limitless forest had swallowed up his child, and, like Lord Ullin, 'He was left lamenting.'

"Young Cocletz, having thus obtained possession of his

bride, fared southward with his clan until they reached the Tennessee River, which had borne his parents to that beautiful land, and beyond which his kinsmen, the Chickasaws, lived. Crossing over, he made a Totem-pole of the peeled stem of a pawpaw sapling and established permanent headquarters for himself and his small following.

"Though hundreds of miles from the land of the Catawbias, the young man felt that he was on his native heath, and that only a word would be necessary to make friends of any whom he might meet.

"For many years he and his little band were a nomadic clan, smoking the pipe of peace with all tribes, but affiliating with none. Becoming friendly with the white people who were beginning to settle in the dense forests of middle and northern Alabama, they adopted some of the habits and customs of civilization, and eventually re-crossing the Tennessee they located permanently in what is now North Alabama.

"By some means, during the early territorial government, they got a title to half a dozen sections of land in the barren regions some five or six miles from this place. They cultivated patches of corn and potatoes and sold venison and furs to the white people, to whom they were known as the Co-cletz clan.

"When the Indians were removed from Alabama, the clan declined to go, and as they were orderly and quiet and had a title to some of the soil, and as the head of the clan had learned to read and write, and showed other evidences of a desire to embrace civilization, no serious objection was made to their remaining. But the location of their settlement was unwholesome, there being a large swamp near by and to the southward; and this, perhaps, coupled with the radical change in their mode of life, caused the clan to gradually decrease in numbers. Occasionally, too, individuals would become tired of the restraints of civilization and go off to join their kindred in the regions of the wilder West.

"This continued until they were reduced to one family—a great-grandson of the original Co-cletz, his wife and their boys. This man, Clopton Cocletz, as he was called

—having been named for a Colonel Clopton, who, as surveyor and land commissioner, had befriended the clan—had more education, but was of less moral worth than any of his predecessors. The diminution of the clan left the remaining family the sole possessors of a large body of land, which, though too sterile to produce profitable crops of cotton, was covered by a heavy growth of forest timber. The increasing scarcity of timber, made this growth valuable, and Clopton Cocletz realized on several thousand acres of it and invested the proceeds in negroes to cultivate such of the cleared land as would produce profitable crops.

“About the time that the oldest boy was fully grown, the wife died, and the old man became dissipated and reckless. He and the boys engaged in such wild revels that the neighboring planters soon forbade their people to visit the Cocletz place or to receive visits from its negroes.

“In his early life the old man had lost an eye and as the policy of non-intercourse soon caused the negroes to tell wonderful tales about the off-casts, and, after a time, to grow superstitious respecting them, the young men of the country, playing upon the abbreviation of his name—Clon. Cocletz—nicknamed him ‘Cyclops’ and would tell wonderful tales of impossible exploits, by him and the boys, for the mere pleasure of testing the credulity of some son or daughter of Ham.

“In the course of time, it was whispered around among the negroes that he and the boys had murdered one of their negroes. Of course, when the white people heard the rumor, the sheriff and a *posse* went there to investigate. The wild revellers were not found at home. Their negroes stated that they went fox hunting at day-dawn, as usual, three days previously, and had not returned, nor had a horse nor hound come back to the place or been heard of.

“To make a long story short, they were never heard of again. Of course, there could be but one opinion as to what had become of them. But the forests were searched for miles around and the accessible portions of the swamp were explored, all to no purpose. The rela-

tives of the murdered negro were arrested and all the others were held as witnesses; but the most skillful cross-examination failed to elicit more than the simple tale first told.

"The proper court took charge of the property, but persistent advertising failed to bring forward a claimant, and it was finally leased for an indefinite period, pending the appearance of some kinsmen of the Cocletz clan, or a final escheat to the State.

"All these occurrences gave a wide field for the exercise of lively imaginations.

"The negroes, already half believing, became convinced as time passed, that the traditional ruler of the realms of darkness had kidnapped old Cyclops Cocletz and his boys, his horses and hounds, and had commissioned them to do deeds of evil on the earth.

"According to veracious negro authority, there is never a night when the moon is full that the blast of the horn and the yelp of the hounds of the phantom huntsmen may not be heard around the old Cocletz place, or in its neighborhood.

"In concluding this true history, I must say that Baxter Johnston is the first person, of whom I have heard, who has been honored by a visit from all the phantom huntsmen with all their horses and hounds. As they never deign to lay their hands upon mortal materiality, except in cases of unusual interest to the spectre world, I fear Baxter has a score to settle that may well appall even one of his sterling worth."

As the young man, in imitation of the heathen deity whose spell he had invoked in Miss Sanford's behalf, laid his forefinger upon his lips, the young lady raised her eyes to his with a gratified expression, which changed to one of merry rebelliousness as she noticed the pantomime.

"No, Mr. Marshall," she said, "I cannot yield longer to the spell of your heathen god of silence. The legend interested me greatly, but I want to know if the colored man, who, according to the rumor at the picnic has been carried off, has yet been heard from."

"Yes, he appeared at the negro church on Sunday,

as the congregation was about to be dismissed, and related a most wonderful story. He said he was carried swiftly through bogs and marshes, over fields and forests, until, finally, in passing a forester's cabin, a cock crew, and instantly he fell to the earth with a perfumed veil enveloping his face, and the spirits vanished. Then the earth sank away from him; luminous clouds came down and surrounded him; little angels fanned him with their wings; and the zephyrs rocked him to sleep."

"Is he addicted to dipsomania?"

"No, there is not a negro known to me who has a higher character for sobriety and general integrity."

"Mr. Marshall," said Dr. Hindman, with a prefatory clearing of his throat, "I hope you will admit that this gross superstition indicates a shameful depth of degradation for which the institution of slavery is responsible."

"I can make no such admission, Doctor," replied the young man pleasantly. "The communities, which a few generations ago, permitted the murdering of people under charges of witchcraft, were not slaves in New England, and were not considered as occupying a 'shameful depth of degradation.' Whittier says they regarded themselves as 'The champions of God's chosen people, and girded up their stout loins to do battle with the unmeasured, all-surrounding evil—the spirit of the Bad Angel which caused the meeting houses to be burned by lightning; which, speaking through the lips of Madam Hutchinson, confuted the Judges of Israel, and made ashamed the Godly ministers of Zion; and which put it into the hearts of the Indians—red devils—to love the pestilent Quakers and the Jesuit missionaries—locusts from the Pit—and to seek the scalps of God's anointed.'"

"You are quite facetious, sir," replied the old man stiffly, "but the cases are quite different."

"No, Doctor, I have only repeated what John G. Whittier said in a magazine article on the subject," replied the young man pleasantly, "and I am glad to be able to agree with you that the cases are quite different. But I want to inform Miss Sanford that my little cousin and her father will dine with us to-morrow. They and other neighbors would have been over sooner but for the physi-

cian's orders that the house should be kept perfectly quiet. He gave his consent this morning for Miss Sanford to see any intimate friends to-morrow."

"How grateful I am to the dear old Doctor," exclaimed the young lady, with animation. "And I shall see my dear little——"

"My child!" interrupted Mrs. Hindman, warningly.

"I fear that I am meriting the sentence of exile, madam," said Mr. Marshall, addressing Mrs. Hindman, as he arose and bowed to both ladies. "I must write a note to my little cousin, but shall return within an hour, and, if Miss Sanford will agree to consider herself under the spell of Harpocrates, I shall be glad to read to her the entire series of philosophical dissertations upon the subjects which most interested Mr. Tupper."

CHAPTER XIII.

A VICTIM OF EVIL SPIRITS.

"Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven, nor earth."

—SHAKESPEARE'S *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

ON the Sabbath succeeding Baxter Johnston's disappearance, it had been announced that at Bethel colored church, the respected and much beloved Parson Elliot would deliver an afternoon sermon on Christ's love for the lowly. Long before the appointed time the negroes in all the country around commenced to arrive, hoping to hear, not only the sermon, but also something concerning the mysterious fate of the victim of the spirit clan. The suggestion that he had absconded was scouted by all, but mysterious surmises and insinuations were suggested and bandied about until by three o'clock the crowd was in a state of great excitement and suspense, and rumors of the most extraordinary and impossible character were being excitedly discussed.

Baxter's universal reputation for integrity of character, and his consistency and devoutness as a member of the church, emphasized the mystification and excitement of the people; and when Brother Elliot appeared, with his saddle-bags and homely trappings, on his flea-bitten gray mare, he was astonished to find so large a crowd awaiting his ministrations. He accounted for it, correctly enough, however, as soon as he recalled the vague rumors concerning Baxter Johnston; and he determined to point out to the negroes in his sermon the inconsistency between their superstitious fears and beliefs and their belief in the Christian religion.

Before the sermon was half ended, however, the good old parson saw that when he spoke of the spirits of just

men made perfect, the thoughts of his congregation were dividing time with the spirits of unjust men which had not been made perfect. He spoke eloquently of the joys to be experienced in the Celestial City, while they suffered their minds to brood over the horrors that had been enacted on the old Cocletz place, and their eyes were ever ready to leap from a listless contemplation of his features to a startled flash upon the windows, if but the shadow of a bird flitted across the latter.

Uncle Solomon and Aunt Prudence, Br'er Joshua and Sis' Dolly and other *patres* and *matres familiarum* forgot to utter their usual responses from that portion of the building which the irreverent young bucks styled "De Amen Cornder," and a weird stillness brooded over the congregation. Finally after the declining sun had thrown the shade of the oaks, hard by, upon the old building, the faithful laborer closed his remarks, and asked his people to sing a favorite hymn of Wesley's, beginning:

"Away, my unbelieving fears."

An ambitious young man who had often longed for an opportunity to distinguish himself by leading the singing in place of Baxter Johnston, the regular leader, saw now his opportunity and raised his voice in a lusty effort to enshroud that pleasant composition in the doleful metre of "*Hark from the tombs!*" Vainly did he perform remarkable feats of vocal agility, to make metre and lines dove-tail properly, till, one by one, his venturesome backers deserted him, and overcome by the mortification of failure, he was about to sink into his seat, when the door, in the shadowy gable-end, was pushed suddenly open, and a dark form, side-stepping to the rearmost seat, sang out in a clear, full, strong tones with proper tune and pitch:

"Away, my unbelieving fears."

Ah, that voice! Who was there present that did not know its deep, rich barytone? All heads were instantly limbered to the rear, and as the unkempt form and features of the strong singer grew from the shadowy sur-

roundings into the form and likeness of Baxter Johnston, strong men groaned, hysterical women screeched and little darkies scrambled under the benches. But, undisturbed by the commotion around him, the attent singer carried the solo to the end, when Parson Elliot, seeing that his congregation were hardly convinced of the material presence of the new-comer, asked him to lead in prayer. It was then as he addressed the Throne of Grace in a rudely eloquent rhapsody of thanksgiving, that his friends and neighbors became convinced of his presence in the flesh, and the Amen corners, the worldly middle benches and the ungodly back seats vied with each other in earnest and vociferous responses of gratitude.

As soon as the congregation was dismissed, men, women and children gathered around the lost one, who had been found again, to hear an account of his remarkable adventure. Seated upon the horseblock, he gave a full account of the events of the fateful night as they had impressed themselves upon his mind, omitting, of course, any reference to "The Red String Gang" and its secret conclave, and closing with the remarks:

"I tell you, folks, ef it hadn't bin for dat rooster crowin' you never would er seed ha'r nor hide er Baxter Johnston no mo' in dis worl' for ever an' ever. I had done sold my soul to de Evil One, an' didn't know it. I has bin desput wicked an' a mussyful Providence snatched me, es I mout say, out er de very jaws er perdition. I has bin er wolf in sheep's clothin' when I thought I was er lam' er de fold. I has bin er ragin' lion when I thought I was wid Daniel in de lion's den. I has bin fixin' to light er fiery furnace 'cause dey made me believe I was erlong er Shedrick, Meshack an' t'other man *in* one. I has betrayed my hones' principles when I thought I was reachin' out arter de cross an' crown er glory. I's gwine to dem I has betrayed an' ef dey say, 'Yes, Baxter, you is er Judas 'Scariot, an' has betrayed your principles, your 'ligion an' everythin', I's gwine to—well, you all know what Judas done! Don't ax me no queshtons. Don't talk! I's gwine to know de truth, an' de truth shall make me free!"

With these impressive words ringing in their ears,

and with a feeling akin to awe in their hearts, the congregation slowly dispersed to their homes.

After twilight, as the widow Johnston was sitting in conversation with her family, a servant came in excitedly and exclaimed:

“Ole Miss, Uncle Baxter is at de back do’ an’ he says he wants ter see you.”

“Is he already recovered from his debauch?” inquired the old lady.

“Don’t know’m. He looks monst’ous flustered.”

“Well, light up the dining-room and take him in there. I am afraid to stand in the night air.”

“Well, Baxter,” said the old lady a few moments later, entering the dining-room and acknowledging the negro’s profoundly respectful salutation, “how is Aunt Hannah, and what can I do for you?”

“I stopped by home, Marm, es I come on, an’ Mammy says dat collygog has done squench de fever an’ ager for good. But I come to talk ’bout myself, Mistis.”

“Well, what is it?”

“Trouble, marm! Trouble, like I never did ’speck to git into while I had my senses and my principles.”

“In consequence of your terrible spree, I suppose. Baxter, I am surprised and mortified beyond expression at your conduct!”

“Have mercy, Mistis—no, I don’t mean dat! Tell me to go an’ hang myself, for dat’s what I ought to do. But, Mistis, dat wasn’t no spree. I wish it was, but ’twas er heap wuss’n dat.”

“What can be worse than that?”

“Oh, Mistis, er heap er things—er heap er things. I never has bin drunk, but I’d ruther have all de lick in Toler’s grocery inside er me dan dem sperrits what has bin in dar!”

“What do you mean, Baxter?” asked the old lady wonderingly.

“Mistis, didn’t your Pa an’ Ma raise my Mammy an’ Daddy?”

“Yes.”

“An’ was dey lyin’, ’ceitful niggers?”

“No.”

"An' neither is I a lyin', 'ceitful nigger; but, Mistis, I's er heap wuss'n dat."

"What on earth do you mean, Baxter?"

"Didn't I promise de ole Marster, when he was lyin' on his death bed, dar in t'other room, dat I'd be er good nigger like my daddy befo' me, an' take keer er you an' de young Mistisses?"

"Yes, and you have kept your promise faithfully, Baxter," said the old lady, kindly, as she noticed increasing evidence of deeply disturbed feeling.

"Has I, Mistis, has I? I has kep' up de fences; tuck keer er de stock an' made good crops?"

"Yes, Baxter, you have."

"I has kep' down all rowdyin' an' fussin'—made de niggers 'have demselves, an' has bin 'bejent an' 'spectful to you an' de young Mistisses?"

"Yes, Baxter, all that and more," replied the old lady, sympathizingly.

"Yes, Mistis, all dat an' mo'—*all dat an' mo'!* I has bin er Judas 'Scariot!"

"Why, Baxter!" exclaimed the old lady, surprised at the deep throes of emotion which she saw the negro was struggling against. "You shock me! Whom, or what have you betrayed?"

"I has betrayed de ole mammy dat fetched me into de worl', Mistis," exclaimed the negro, no longer able to restrain the tears that would flow. "I has betrayed my hones' principles; I has betrayed de ole marster; I has betrayed his little chil'en—his little wee lam's dat I promised to pertect; I has betrayed you, dat has done me nothin' but good all de days er my life. Dat's who and what I has betrayed!" and the strong man, overcome by emotion, knelt by the window and bowed his head upon the sill while throes of feeling, of which he restrained all audible signs, shook his massive frame.

"There, Baxter," said the old lady, kindly, while tears of sympathy filled her eyes. "Take the chair by your side, and compose yourself. I am sure you have not done anything so very bad. We are all liable to err—none of God's creatures can entirely close the door against sin in one form or another."

"Yes, Mistis," replied the negro, reaching out and drawing the chair under himself without rising, while he brushed his sleeve across his eyes in an angry wipe at his tears, "we's all lierable to err, an' I s'pose we's all lierable to be tempted; an' dat's what I has bin, an' I fell! De Evil One took de Savior up on de mountin' an' tempted Him, an' tole Him ef He'd fall down an' wo'ship him, he'd give Him all de worl'. But He knowed all de time—bless His holy name—dat it was de Evil One—an' 'sides dat, de worl' an' everything was His'n *anyhow*. An' dat same Evil Sperrit, in de form of er white gent'man, took me down in de creek bottom an'——"

"Ah, Baxter," interrupted the old lady, "I have heard of that, and of course it was a most unaccountable hallucination."

"I don't mean dem Coclutch sperrits, Mistis," interrupted the negro—"but dem wasn't no w'at-you-call-it, nuther—I mean de real Evil One. He come to me dressed up like white folks, an' took me down in de creek bottom, an' dat shows how smart he is; ef he had er took me up on er mountin' I might er s'pishoned who he was—but he took me down in de *creek bottom*, an' tole me to fall down an' wo'ship strange gods, an' I done it, like any common fool nigger might er done. An' I kep' on er wo'shippin' till I felt fiercer'n er roarin' lion seekin' whom he may devour somebody, an' meaner'n a sneakin' wolf ready ter jump in de sheep fold an' devour up de lam's. An' dat's what I was, er wolf in sheep's clothin' till de good Lawd sent dem Coclutch sperrits—mean as dey is—to 'rest dat Evil One an' snatch me from his sanctymonious, parlaverin' clutches. An' dey done it, too—all of 'em, wid de horses an' hounds—an' dey carried 'em off to'ds Decatur. screechin' an' cussin' through de a'r, like er——"

"Stop, Baxter!" said the old lady gravely, "you are a leading and respected member of the church, besides being the manager of this plantation, and what you have to say has great weight with the negroes. For this latter reason, if for no other, you should learn to distinguish between what you see 'in a vision' and what you see with

your natural eyes. Sue has told me of your alleged adventure and I do not care to hear a repetition of it."

"But, good Lawd, Mistis, I hasn't begun to tell you half de scand'lous things I was——"

"I have heard quite enough, Baxter," interrupted the old lady. "It was a most remarkable hallucination, and my very natural inference was that you had been on an outrageous spree. But as that was not the case, we are bound to consider it a remarkable dream and let it go at that. But I must request that you do not speak of it again to any one, white or black."

"Ah, Mistis," said the nogro solemnly, "dem wasn't no dreams! Ef I didn't see dem things wid dese eyes den Baxter Johnston is er lunatic nigger. But, Mistis, I wants to tell you something I has done found out. *Niggers' minds ain't like white folks' minds!* White folks' minds is like de steamboats in de Tenness'y River. Dey knows what dey is up to, an' goes right ahead, no matter which way de win' blows. But niggers' minds is like de water in de river—sloshin' along in er happy-go-lucky fashion, not keerin' er cent which way or whar; an' if some fools digs er pit on the bank, it's bound to soak in dar an' go to breedin' tadpoles an' water-scorrapins,* an' snakes an' things. But, es you say I ain't to talk no mo' 'bout de Evil One an' de Coclutch sperrits, I 'bays orders. All I wants, Mistis, is for you to have confidence in me as you used to."

"I know of no fact that should shake my confidence in your integrity, Baxter," replied the old lady kindly.

"Thank'ee, Mistis, thank'ee! An' now I wants to make all dem promises I made to ole marster over ag'in; an' I wants to swear to 'em on de blessed Book."

"I should not care for an allegiance that had to be bound by oaths, Baxter. You are an honest man and you mean to discharge your duty, as you have always done. A knowledge of that fact is sufficient."

"Thank'ee, Mistis, thank'ee, but I'd er heap ruther take my Bible oath. You's willin' to trus' me furdur dan I's willin' to trus' myself, sense I's done found out all de

* Scorpion.

meanness dat's layin' low in me—howsomever, I's gwine to keep dem promises. An' ef I don't," he added solemnly, placing his hand upon his chest and looking upward, "may de good Lawd strike me dead in my tracks, de minute I breaks 'em! Dar, dat's er oath, Mistis! Ef any mo' er dem 'social millennium' sperrits bothers Baxter, he's gwine to try his blacksmith's hammer on 'em! Has you any orders to give, Mistis?"

"No, tell Aunt Hannah the doctor will be here in the morning and I shall send him to see her."

"Thank'ee, Mistis—Sarvent, marm;" and with this usual adieu of the genteel colored man, Baxter went his way with his self-respect restored to a considerable degree.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"Love is a passion
Which kindles honor into noble acts."
—DRYDEN'S *Rival Ladies*.

WHEN Miss Frances Howard, accompanied by her father, arrived at The Oaks, the former immediately evinced a determination to "make things lively." She assisted Marienne in the usual company-day floral decorations of the dinner table, ransacked the house from cellar to garret, upset things generally, and rallied Miss Sanford, after all were seated at the table, on looking so "pale and interesting," and on being so used up by a very tame and unromantic personation of "Sol's charioteer."

Then turning her batteries on her cousin, she abused him roundly for playing the rôle of "Jupiter" to the young lady's "Phaeton," instead of stopping the horse and helping her out gallantly and gracefully, like a sensible fellow; declared that he caused the wreck on purpose, well knowing that there was no other method by which he could get Miss Agnes, or any sensible, and consequently bachelor-repudiating young lady, into his den, excepting his charitable cousin, who, out of compassionate amiability, made it a rule to look after him occasionally to see how he might be progressing in civilization; and wound up by advising Mrs. Hindman to keep an eye on the young gentleman, for she strongly suspected that this escapade was the first act in the drama of "The Spider and the Fly."

Miss Sanford laughed and blushed at the merry railery. "Cousin Howard" declared he was given over, "Horse, Foot and Dragons" to cruel massacre because

that gallant fellow, Farrington, was not present to silence the batteries of the enemy. Mrs. Hindman grew embarrassed and nervous, and the Doctor looked as solemn and woe-begone as if fearing the influence of witchcraft.

"Howard," said Major Howard, laughing at the merry mood of his little daughter, "this young lady is envious because she is only a schoolgirl and stands no chance of being invited into the traditional parlor."

"Thank you, Uncle," laughed the young man, "for coming to my rescue. That is exactly the point upon which Farrington would open his battery if he were here. By the by, Miss Frances," he added, turning to that young lady, "you didn't win the bet with Farrington."

"Well, if I didn't," retorted the young lady, "it was because I had the curiosity to observe with what degree of fortitude Miss Agnes would submit to the infliction which was so ingeniously imposed on her."

"A very likely story," said the young man, flushing slightly. "You didn't raise any such plea in bar of the debt incurred. I am glad to see," he added, glancing at her curls, "that he was a considerate savage and didn't take your entire scalp."

"Scalp, indeed! He only got a small part of one curl; and stole that with his penknife while I was plucking a water-lily."

"Oh, he got a curl, did he? How charmingly confiding you are of a secret which I am sure not even Procrustean torture could have extorted from Farrington! Now, Mrs. Hindman," he added, turning to that lady, "I advise you to keep both your eyes on a certain charming young pupil of the Athenaeum, or, the first thing you know a certain 'bold soldier boy' will come tramping back from the war, and she will be flinging herself out of the window at him."

"Thank you," said Miss Frances, "for the compliment you pay 'a certain young pupil of the Athenaeum,' and I promise when next you visit that institution the only welcome you receive shall be 'flung' out of the window at you."

"Which will be wingèd kisses, loving glances or misses' discarded buskins—which?"

"Neither, I assure you, sir! The latter might do, were it not the custom to throw them only at *successful* lovers. If we consider the fitness of things, a lady's discarded *mitten* would be the proper article to throw. So you may look out, sir!" she added, as she threw an almond and shook the nut-crackers at him.

"Uncle," said Mr. Marshall, rising and speaking with gravity, "this young lady has assaulted me a dozen times within the last two hours. Could even Spartan fortitude endure longer?"

"No," laughed the old gentleman, "enforce the law made and provided for such cases."

Before the young man could surrender the duties of host, however, to accept the commission of an officer of the unwritten law, the offender had lured Miss Sanford out upon the lawn and had enlisted her support so far as to induce her to intercede for a truce; which, as the young lady occupied the unassailable position of one of her friend's encircling arms, the young man was forced to accept.

Notwithstanding Dr. Hindman's sombre looks, Major Howard's courteous affability lured him out of his natural self, and his better-half was surprised and gratified to see the old gentleman engaged in pleasant chat with one, who, as he claimed, represented a different civilization from his own. The young people passed the time pleasantly until twilight had deepened into early starlight, when, tea having been served, the guests arose to depart. Miss Fanny, putting her arm affectionately around Miss Sanford, drew her out into the lawn to have a few final words to themselves; and Mr. Marshall, a few moments later, accompanied his uncle to the carriage and received from Miss Fanny the cousinly kiss, which, according to the terms of the after-dinner truce, was to be accepted in full payment of all pains and penalties incurred during the afternoon.

As the carriage whirled away, throwing from its polished wheels a twinkling reflection of the moonlight, Mr. Marshall, drawing the young lady's hand through his arm, sauntered out into the grove.

"Agnes, my Agnes!" said he, in low, gentle tones, "see

how brightly the 'Silent watchers of the night' smile on us. May we not, my love, accept the unobscured loveliness of this night, the first occasion on which we have spoken alone to each other since the loves of our hearts have been fully revealed, as a harbinger of the life that is in store for us, when, hand in hand, we shall begin life's journey anew, to cheer and sustain each other through whatever of good or ill may betide, and to make pleasant each other's pathway down into the 'Valley of the shadow' that lies along the boundary line of Time? See, my love, the radiant Venus smiles sweetly upon us. Here before her and in the presence of this countless host of silent witnesses, shall we not renew our vows?"

"Yes," replied the young lady, with a sigh in her voice, "it is sweet to renew our vows; but we cannot forget that as at any hour the fickle mists may obscure the brightness of the heavens from us, so may unpropitious fate overcast our future with the black clouds of sorrow. Ah, how sweetly the gentle Venus smiles upon us! Yet do we not know that the fiery Mars is but a little way below the horizon, and is only biding his time to climb up through the night and scowl upon us with his cruel eye?"

"Yes, within an hour Mars will be peering at us through the distant tree-tops; and in a very short time the 'red dragons of rampart War' will be yoked, and his eager sword will flash in the political horizon of our unhappy land. Its red gleam will not only flame in the faces of panoplied hosts, but will flash through the broken lattices of our weeping Southern homes. It is this last thought, my darling, that has given the answer to my prayer when I have asked that my great love for you may not warp my judgment respecting the sacred duties which I owe to my country. I must fight your people, my love, in an effort to defend our homes, or I must sink into a depth of self-condemnation, far below the reach of self-respect, to which death would be a thousand times preferable. Darling, must your heart stand aloof while mine is torn by a conflict so painful and embarrassing?"

"No," replied the now weeping maiden, suffering her head to rest upon the shoulder of her lover, "I have

thought of the conflicting emotions that must agitate your generous bosom and my heart has wept for you. Were the circumstances of the present trouble different—had your people wronged my people, and were they now about to invade the homes of my land—my heart would stand coldly aloof from any conflict going on in yours, and would judge you, and deal with you, according to the result. But it is your land that is about to be invaded, it matters not by whom; and it is the mothers, wives and daughters of your land who are to bear the slow tortures of an undefined and ceaseless dread gnawing at their hearts, and considering patriotism, or a willingness to die in defense of one's motherland, as the noblest instinct of which the human heart is capable, my heart could not have enthroned you as its lord and king, and have enshrined your character as the idol of its worship, if it had been possible that you could turn your back upon your people in their deep distress and sore necessity."

"Thank you, my noble, generous darling," exclaimed the young man, pressing his lips upon the soft bright hair of his beloved. "The expression of that lofty sentiment, in your sweet, brave words, was not needed to assure me that you are the best and noblest of created beings. You have dispelled the clouds that have lowered around me, and have given me blessed sunlight. Before many days I must be far away, but my heart will be ever with you, and I feel that your love will exert a protecting influence upon the field of strife, and that Heaven will return me to you and happiness."

"Ah, civil war is a terrible thing," sobbed the young lady, nestling her head closer to her lover's bosom. "If you shall escape the perils of the battlefield, and if greatly superior numbers and resources shall in the end prevail, how will your proud spirit brook to see your land despoiled, your homes desecrated, and your people humiliated and perhaps persecuted and oppressed?"

"Do not let such thoughts distress your tender heart, my sweet love. The class of people who will be drawn into the war by the cry, which has been raised, to 'save the life of the nation,' as if we had any desire to harm 'The Nation' by withdrawing from the Union, that class,

I say, are a brave people, and courage without chivalry, or a proper sense of justice and magnanimity, if that be a better term, is but a low and brutal instinct which civilization and Christianity tend to eliminate from the human character. If we shall be overpowered we shall have the fortitude to bear the adverse decree of the court of arbitration before which we are forced to appear; and the class to which I refer will have the magnanimity—if they shall control affairs as their numerical strength should enable them to do—not to make our misfortune more galling to us than necessary.”

“Ah!” replied the maiden, softly, “when angry passions fill the breast, the low, small voice of man’s better nature is too often stilled, and I fear before the passions that must be engendered by strife can be——”

“Agnes! Miss Sanford!” interrupted Dr. Hindman, whose approach had been unobserved by the young people, and who spoke in a voice of suppressed anger, “your mother desires your immediate presence in the house.”

“I hope, Doctor,” said the young man, drawing the young lady’s hand through his arm and approaching the old gentleman, “that Mrs. Hindman will pardon me for having detained Miss Sanford in the damp night air. I imprudently became interested in a discussion of the political situation, and——”

“Yes, I see—ahem!” interrupted the old gentleman, in confused anger. “By the by, the papers have come, and I find our troops have invaded Virginia. They crossed before daylight from Washington to Alexandria and tore down a flag which had been defiantly put up by a rebel hotel-keeper. Young Ellsworth was killed, however, which will give work for the first gallows we shall erect. The hotel man was shot and bayoneted to death by Ellsworth’s men, but nothing less than a hanging-bee will do justice to the event.”

“Are you not willing, Doctor,” said the young man, calmly, “to take the advice contained in Mr. Greeley’s expressive slang, and ‘let the South slide’?”

“No, sir,” said the old man, hotly. “The South cannot ‘slide’ till we have hanged a few thousand traitors.”

"But, sir, an old adage says, 'Catching goes before hanging,'" said the young man, quietly.

"Yes, the only trouble will be to catch them! The Virginians proved themselves remarkable runners when Ellsworth's men got after them."

"Oh," said the young man, lightly, "our boys were taught in infancy by their black mammies to get out of the way of 'Raw-head and bloody-bones.'"

"You are quite facetious, sir," said the old man, with a pallor that was perceptible in the moonlight. "What do you mean by 'Raw-head and bloody-bones'?"

Before the young man answered, Miss Sanford gave his arm a convulsive pressure, and, on looking into her face, he found it as pale as Dr. Hindman's. Understanding her meaning, he said pleasantly:

"I shall have to refer you to Mammy, Doctor, for a peep into the rich mine of negro folk-lore. Take a seat here on the porch, sir," he added, as they ascended the steps, "and I shall return as soon as I have delivered Miss Sanford into the hands of her mother."

As the pair passed down the long hall, the young lady again pressed her companion's arm, and looking up into his face, said in a low voice:

"Please promise me that you will not exasperate my step-father by your jests; and that you will not become offended at what he may say under excitement. He is so unaccustomed to opposition," she explained.

"Certainly, my little darling!" said the young man, as a puzzled expression passed over his face. "I would not offend any one whom you respect, particularly an old gentleman, and my guest. 'Thy people shall be my people; thy God my God,' sweet one."

"Thank you, *my noble, knightly Cavalier!*" came in a trembling whisper from the young lady's lips, thrilling her lover's heart, intoxicating his brain, and causing him involuntarily to seize her in his arms and press a devouring kiss upon her passive lips.

Leaving Miss Sanford with her mother after making suitable apologies, and returning to the piazza, Mr. Marshall found Dr. Hindman promenading rapidly to and

fro. Taking him by his uninjured arm and strolling with him, the young man said pleasantly:

"Dr. Hindman, my good friend, since Virginia has been invaded and blood has been shed, let us agree, for the future to ignore politics in our conversation."

"I think it would be better, sir," said the old gentleman stiffly, "since it pleases you to be so very sarcastic."

"Not sarcastic, Doctor. I have not spoken one word in anger about your people since you have honored my house with your presence."

"Why should you have ever done so, sir?" asked the old man, loftily. "They have ever been true to the Government and patriotic to the core; while your people are to-day traitors! Yes, sir; rebels and traitors!"

"Pardon me, Doctor; that word 'traitor' is one that our people hardly know a meaning and proper use for. They hardly applied it even to the 'Blue-light Burners,' who gave friendly signals of information to the enemy's fleet along the New England coast in the war of 1812; or to the people in New England who publicly expressed the hope that the Mexicans might welcome our gallant boys under Scott and Taylor 'With bloody hands to hospitable graves.' Not one Southern individual ever failed to give full allegiance and hearty support to the United States Government, so long as we considered ourselves a part of it. No Benedict Arnold ever breathed our atmosphere, no 'Blue-light Burners' ever lived on our coast, no Hartford Convention ever hatched treason on our soil, no leading or other citizens ever plotted with foreign emissaries against the government."

"How about Calhoun's nullification doctrine?"

"That is too broad a field for a mere chat; but nothing he ever said or did is incompatible with what I have just remarked. The spirit of the Constitution had been violated, and he and his people, loving the Union, and not desiring to go to the length of seceding from it, advocated the nullification of unauthorized laws as an unmistakable protest against unconstitutional and sectional legislation."

"Was it not the act of a traitor to nullify *any* law of the Congress while enjoying the benefits of the Union?"

"Without answering your question, I will say that many of the Northern States have done the same thing, without the excuse of sectional aggression or discrimination. Actuated by a curious blending of so-called philanthropy in one direction and the exact opposite of philanthropy in another direction, and only for the purpose of gratifying that mongrel sentiment, they passed and executed, in defiance of the Constitution, laws for the avowed purpose of nullifying laws of the government, passed in accordance with the Constitution, to protect a species of property peculiar to the South."

"The 'mongrel sentiment' you speak of was a great moral idea," said the old man, loftily, "and we are proud of all we ever did under its dictates. But I wish you to answer my question."

"With reference to South Carolina? In my humble judgment, her love for the Union betrayed her into an error. We now know that she should have seceded from the Union at that time, as should also all of the agricultural States whose people demanded a faithful adherence to the letter and spirit of the Constitution."

"You think we would have allowed you to go at that time, I suppose?"

"We should, probably, have separated without the shedding of blood, as the right of secession was then held and taught at the North as well as in the South."

"I should like to know where the right of secession was taught in the North," said the old man, with apparently incredulous surprise.

"In the law schools of all the great universities, and even in the United States Military Academy at West Point."

"I have been a teacher myself. What was the textbook used at West Point?" asked the old man, doubtfully.

"Rawle, on the Constitution."

"Who was Rawle, and what did he teach?"

"Judge William Rawle was a leader of the Philadelphia bar—'a Philadelphia lawyer,' in the original meaning of that term—learned and honest—and an eminent authority on constitutional law. President Washington appointed him United States District Attorney in 1791;

and as a statesman and patriot he ranked very high. He taught that, should a sovereign State, acting through its lawful representatives, determine to secede from the Union, the general Government possesses no power or authority to prevent such action by force. Several of the States—my native State, for one—in joining the Union, specified the right of secession as one of the reserved rights of the States, and more than once New England has threatened to secede.”

“I should like to find a copy of that book,” said the old man, with an expression of incredulity.

“I have one in my library, Doctor,” said the young man, pleasantly, “and shall send it to your room. Read a dozen or more pages preceding the 300th; but I fear you will not enjoy the reading.”*

“Why not?” asked the old man, aggressively. “Who cares for the opinion of ‘Tom, Dick and Harry’? The enlightened people in my section have been able to rise

*The work referred to is “Rawle’s View of the Constitution,” and was the textbook on constitutional law, taught at West Point up to 1840. General Lee, General Sherman, and many other prominent military leaders, on both sides, imbibed their first and truest ideas of the Constitution from its pages. Following are a few extracts from it:

“If a faction should attempt to subvert the government of a State for the purpose of destroying its republican form, the paternal power of the Union could thus be called forth to subdue it. Yet it is not to be understood that its interposition would be justifiable, if the people of a State should determine to retire from the Union, whether they adopted another or retained the same form of government.”—(Page 289.)

“The States, then, may wholly withdrawn from the Union; but while they continue they must retain the character of representative republics.”—(Page 290.)

“The secession of a State from the Union depends on the will of the people of such State.”—(Page 295.)

“The people of a State may have some reasons to complain in respect to acts of the general government, they may in such cases invest some of their own officers with the power of negotiation, and may declare an absolute secession in case of their failure; and in such case, as in the case of an unconditional secession, the previous ligament with the Union would be legitimately and fairly destroyed. But in either case (conditional or unconditional secession) the people is the only power.”—(Page 296.)

above the errors and prejudices that prevailed when the Union was formed, and to recognize the fact that 'the spirit of laws' should expand with the increasing light of learning, science and morals."

"But suppose the expansion of the spirit of laws should be so sudden and so great as to burst the ligaments of the Constitution; which, for some time, seems to have been the case in New England, and some other portions of the North?"

"Well, that would be bad for the Constitution, of course. Constitutions and laws are made to help and not to hinder the progress of the human family. If the Constitution is not high and broad enough for our great moral ideas, then we *will* burst the ligaments, if they are not already burst."

"They are already burst, Doctor," said the young man, sadly. "'The rail splitter,' as the politicians of the 'Wild and woolly West' call your new President, has succeeded in splitting the Union. Two significant and pregnant sentences served, respectively, as the 'Entering-wedge' and the 'Log-buster' of the skilled woodsman. Mr. Lincoln said, 'This government cannot exist half slave and half free.' That was a quotation which he accepted and adopted from the literature of his campaign, but it was the other sentence, spoken later, which gave to that its ominous signification: 'The North *will not secede*, and the South *SHALL NOT secede*.' There is an old adage that "'SHALL" is for the King to say,' and we are curious to know why the intellectual Samson of the West should choose to aggravate the South by giving its people a dare; and whence he derived the greatness which impelled him to issue his fiat that a group of sovereign States '*shall not*' do what they choose to do, short of violating the national compact, which they have vainly striven to induce his people not to violate. And now that some of them *have* seceded, I suppose this great *I am* of reckless politics proposes to bind the haughty and disobedient sovereigns behind the chariot wheels of his conquering hosts and lead them, weeping captives, into his camp of political Mobocracy.

"Yes, Doctor," added the young man, after a pause,

and noticing that the old gentleman was nervously twisting a button upon his vest, with a "far away" look of abstraction upon his countenance, "the ligaments of the Constitution are already burst. The call for troops to invade our land and homes, because our States found it necessary to reassume the rights and powers which they once delegated to the general Union (which supreme act of sovereignty was specifically announced as a reserved right by some of the States, both North and South, when they ratified the Constitution and joined the Union, should the preservation of peace and happiness ever demand it as a final resort), has made your people the *rebels and traitors* which they seek to accuse my people of being. They have rebelled against the political theories and principles once assented to and established by their own fathers; and are traitors to their own belief in the sovereign right of secession which they once upheld and procured to be taught as a compulsory study in the National Military Academy at West Point. We have rebelled against no law or established principle—against nothing—and are still true to, and willing to fight, if we must, in defense of every principle ever enunciated or assented to by our fathers or by ourselves."

"It is worse than useless, sir, for you and me to discuss those matters," said the old man, pale with anger. "The only proper and effective forum for their discussion is the field of battle. You are cited to appear upon that forum, and there we will discuss them with you, fully and to a finality."

"Yes, Doctor," said the young man, soberly, "unfortunately for us, we cannot escape from brute force as the final arbiter. Before any other our success would be assured. But when 'God-given judgment is fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason,' it is the only one left. The chief cause of trouble between your people and mine lies in their different mental constitutions, more than in misinterpretation or misunderstanding of any written constitution. Your people have faith in the heathen maxim: '*Vox populi, vox dei*,' and worship the power of numbers. My people have faith only in laws to govern people, and in constitutions, framed by the

intelligence and patriotism of all the people, to govern laws. In our estimation there is no despotism liable to be so reckless and treacherous as that of an uncontrolled majority."

"If majorities may change or abolish laws and constitutions, are they not superior to both?" asked the old man, with an air of sullen indifference.

"No, sir; not in the way you mean. If peace, order and civilization, and even-handed justice, are to be preserved, laws and constitutions must be obeyed *until changed by proper methods*. Your ideas were rife in the days of the Roman Consulate. I hope the human family has advanced in the science of government, as well as in 'the spirit of laws' since that day. Yet we find Daniel Webster, in 1830, plagiarizing an eloquent old *Praetor Peregrinus* who truckled to the plebeians before the days of the Roman Empire. In his reply to Hayne he spoke with a touch of demagogism, of 'The people's government; made by the people; made for the people.' Twenty years later Theodore Parker, in an anti-slavery lecture delivered in Boston, again plagiarized the Praetorian demagogue in a covert threat to emancipate the slaves and make them our political equals. His words were that the American idea is 'A government of all the people; by all the people; for all the people.' Mr. Webster, no doubt, meant the sentence to be given its best interpretation, but as Mr. Parker's threat could not have been executed under the Constitution, he certainly had in mind a more or less modified form of mobocracy or despotism of a majority."

"No; they were both advocating true Republicanism as we understand it and intend to have it at the North. Pray, what kind of 'ocracy' would please the fastidious taste of you Southern people?"

"The kind our fathers formed when they created and adopted the Constitution: *A government of laws, by authority of a Constitution, for the restraining of the strong, and the protection of the weak!* For the preservation of that government for ourselves we are willing to shed our blood, if we must. Of course, when the larger portion of a republican government comes to consider that

a majority may set aside the Constitution and laws at their will, it behooves the minority section—for, unfortunately, it is a conflict between sections—to take steps to safeguard fundamental rights and to guard against those conditions which made imperialism necessary to Rome. Hence our separation from New England, and, as a necessary consequence, from the Union.”

“Ha, ha!” laughed the old man, partly in anger and partly in derision. “We will let you know within ninety days whether or not you have separated from us.”

“Ah, Doctor,” said the young man, pleasantly, taking his guest’s arm and leading in the direction of the dining-room, where the bell was calling to supper, “you are a philosopher, and do not let any subject so absorb your feelings that you cannot laugh at what strikes you as its humorous aspects. You must let me ‘sit at your feet,’ some day, and see if I cannot absorb your philosophy while rejecting your theory of republican government.”

CHAPTER XV.

WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR?

"Policy wills some seeming cause he had
To make that good, which justice knows for bad."
—JONES' *Adrasta*.

MR. MARSHALL, having escorted the ladies to the parlor after supper, and being desirous that Miss Sanford's last evening at his house should not be made dull by Dr. Hindman's political talk, called the young lady's attention to a large portfolio of German and American chromo-lithographs lying upon a table on the opposite side of the room from the sofa on which the two old people had seated themselves.

As they examined sheet after sheet, Dr. Hindman, ignoring the presence of his better half, became absorbed in the newspapers. Soon, however, fancying perhaps, that the young people were talking more confidentially than was necessary or desirable, he folded the papers noisily and joined the couple with the remark:

"I see, Mr. Marshall, that John Sherman holds your 'great' Southern statesman, Calhoun, responsible for this war. He says that Calhoun instilled into his people the teachings which have led to the present condition of affairs."

"The words are measurably true, Doctor, though designed to make a totally false impression," replied the young man, pleasantly. "Mr. Calhoun taught that all patriots, not of the South only, should demand a strict adherence to the strict letter of the Constitution; and that no section should permit the indirect violation of that instrument, nor submit to any unjust discrimination against itself as a result of such violation. It is a reck-

less disregard of these wise and just demands, which has been growing worse year by year since Mr. Calhoun's time, that has brought on the present condition of affairs. Had the plan he advocated to insure peace and good feeling among the States and between the sections, been acceptable to Mr. Webster and his section, there could never have been such troubles as we are now having.

"But," he added, with a view of leading the old gentleman to converse on some subject that would interest Miss Sanford, "we have been criticising some specimens of the new art of chromo-lithography. Let me call your attention to this one by Prang. See what a beautiful atmospheric effect it has."

"Yes, I see," replied the old man, letting his eyes rest for a moment on a small smoke defacement which had been caused by the careless handling of a lighted candle. "But your words seem to class Mr. Calhoun among the patriots of the past."

"Yes, of course! And I also class Mr. Webster among them, although he opposed Mr. Calhoun's wise and patriotic desires so earnestly and successfully."

"Webster! Daniel Webster!" exclaimed the old man, in astonishment. "I hope you do not mean to name the two together in the same breath as patriots."

"Perhaps I should not do so, Doctor; for Mr. Webster's almost equal mental ability, and his greater power with the masses as an orator, coupled with the numerical strength and the unquestioning, if not unreasoning, enthusiasm of his backing, enabled him to ignore Mr. Calhoun's wise suggestions for the preservation of peace and just dealings between a majority controlling the government, and protesting States; and thus made possible—or, rather, left unprovided against—the conditions which Mr. Calhoun's wisdom foresaw, and which have now come upon us."

"Do you mean to say—Sir, what *do* you mean to say?" exclaimed the old gentleman in astonishment, walking across the room and returning. "Do you mean to deny Mr. Sherman's charge, and to bring the counter charge that *Mr. Webster* was the traitor whose policy brought on the present troubles?"

"At present," replied the young man, soothingly, "I only wish to bring the charge against you and myself that we are neither entertaining nor edifying Miss Sanford."

"But I wish you to explain yourself, sir! I wish you to state in set terms which was the traitor, Webster or Calhoun?"

"Certainly not Calhoun, Doctor! And about the worst that can be said of Webster is that he was willing to risk the national peace in order to hold a sectional advantage."

"What national peace? What sectional advantage?" exclaimed the old gentleman, beginning to grow angry. "Didn't Calhoun's State declare its right to annul an act of the Federal Congress? and didn't the Southern States, particularly Virginia, Georgia and Alabama, endorse that sentiment, saying that Congress, in passing a protective tariff bill, had used the constitutional right to raise revenue by means of tariff taxes for the unconstitutional purpose of hampering foreign importations, so as to increase the profits of home manufactures and add to the burdens of the people unfairly and unnecessarily?"

"It is all true, Doctor, and I will make a more extended reply at a more fitting time. At present will you not give us the news you have gleaned from the papers? It would, no doubt, interest Miss Sanford more than our political talk."

"If you admit that it is all true," exclaimed the old man, ignoring the suggestion with reference to the young lady, "then you admit that not only Calhoun and his State, but the people of the South generally, were, practically, traitors at that time."

"Doctor," said the young man, quietly, as a flush stole to his face, "I think your fresh news would interest Miss Sanford infinitely more than our stale politics."

"You pay me a doubtful compliment to assume that the conversation does not interest me," said the young lady, smiling on her lover, but giving her step-father the benefit of the smile also. "Next to the first critical period of our history, when the Constitution was formed and adopted, that period when the powers it conferred were first perverted, and when it was discussed so ably and so

ingeniously by such statesmen as Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Webster, most interests me. And having made a special study of both critical periods I will answer my step-father's charge against Mr. Calhoun and his people—if you will permit me," she added, looking timidly into her lover's eyes.

"You desire to give us a chapter from your future Quixotic history, I presume," said Dr. Hindman, a little sarcastically.

"No, sir," replied Miss Sanford, pleasantly, "I shall never write a history. There are too many histories now. The school histories and the censorship over encyclopedias and similar works are responsible for the ill feeling toward Mr. Calhoun that has been so fashionable in our section. The trouble with Mr. Calhoun's reputation is that the historical societies did not suffer him nor his friends to get a permanent hold on the public ear. While he helped to make history, they dictated the writing of it."

"How very wise and patriotic your introductory remarks are!" interrupted the old man, with increased sarcasm. "Go on and tell us that Calhoun was a patriot; will you? and that Webster was a traitor."

"One proposition does not necessarily imply the other," replied the young lady, calmly. "A serious constitutional question was involved. The government had the constitutional right to levy tariff taxes for the purpose of raising revenue to supply the treasury, and only for that purpose. So, when tariff taxes were imposed for the purpose of protecting infant industries by excluding foreign goods from competition with home-made goods in our market, thus decreasing the revenues by use of the power given only to raise them, Mr. Calhoun and his partisans held that, as the act was in violation of the plain intent of the Constitution, the States injured by the law had the reserved sovereign right to annul it. This is all that Mr. Calhoun's nullification doctrine meant. The fight against a protective tariff, while partially successful at first, grew weaker as the preponderance of political power grew greater in our section and finally seemed to have been almost abandoned as a political principle demanded by a strict construction of the Constitution. It was Mr. Web-

ster himself who originated and persistently kept alive the charge that Mr. Calhoun was lacking in love for the Union. They were both men of great ability, but very unlike in their mental and moral instincts and characteristics. Mr. Calhoun was a profound thinker, whose appeal was to the inner consciousness; Mr. Webster a brilliant orator, whose most effective appeal was to the passions or emotions. Mr. Calhoun, like the Galway mayor, of his blood, who executed his own son rather than see the ends of justice defeated, was uncompromising in his love of justice and sense of duty, and was led by these to demand strict obedience to the letter of the Constitution; and also to resent, as tending toward revolution, the respectful reception by Congress of sectional petitions which could have been granted only through a revolutionary disregard of the Constitution and laws of the land. Mr. Webster, like the politician that he was, paid court to the oracle of expediency, and being unwilling to fight Mr. Calhoun in a spirit of candor upon the broad ground of constitutional privileges and limitations, he sought to destroy the great influence of his antagonist by denying his love for the Union and charging him with seeking to destroy the government in order to accomplish some unknown selfish end."

"Upon my word!" broke in the old man with a sneer, "then it was Webster who was the traitor!"

"No," replied the young lady, quietly, "he and Mr. Calhoun both loved the Union because the section, people and civilization of each were a part of it. The difference between them was that Mr. Calhoun sought the good of his section through a promotion of the peace and prosperity of the whole Union; while Mr. Webster insisted on exploiting the prosperity of the Union for the benefit of his section."

"What a historian and political philosopher you are, to be sure!" exclaimed the old man, sarcastically. "But I want to ask Mr. Marshall to explain his meaning when he stated that Webster was willing to risk the national peace in order to hold a sectional advantage."

"Miss Sanford gave you very concisely, Doctor, the meaning of Mr. Calhoun's nullification doctrine," replied

the young man, as he gave the young lady a grateful smile, "and it only remains for me to add that Mr. Calhoun saw in the passage of a law not authorized by the Constitution—a law that decreased the flow of foreign money into the coffers of the government, and started in its stead a flow of the people's money into the coffers of 'infant industries'—he saw, I say, in the stubborn aggressiveness with which that unauthorized law was advocated and passed and that policy adopted, the beginning of trouble for his weaker section and a serious organized attack upon the Constitution, and, consequently, upon the peace and integrity of the Union.

"Therefore, he earnestly desired to erect some tribunal by which disputes between the States or sections could be decided other than the greed or the angry passions of a party or faction or section. His proposed amendment to the Constitution providing for a dual executive through which each section would have a distinct representation, was to prevent constituencies, through representation, from warring upon each other, and to prevent the minority interests from being devoured or destroyed by those of the majority. Had Mr. Webster and his people accepted and adopted that wise proposition the peace and prosperity of all the people in a harmonious union would have been assured; and no faction, nor section, nor party could have obtained undue political or financial advantage or have prejudiced the masses of one section against another.

But there can be no doubt that Mr. Calhoun's profound reasoning, in his arguments with Mr. Webster, had great influence toward clearing the latter's political vision and in broadening his patriotic instincts. It is believed that the crushing and annihilating arguments of Mr. Calhoun in his speech of February 26, 1833, on the subject of States' rights and in reply to Mr. Webster, had the effect of extending the limits of the latter's patriotism. At any rate he said in a speech delivered in Virginia during the Harrison and Tyler campaigns in 1840:

"I hold that Congress is absolutely precluded from interfering in any manner, direct or indirect, with any institutions of the States. Yes, proclaim it upon the wings

of the winds that, standing here in the capitol of Virginia, beneath this October sun, in the midst of this assemblage, before the entire country and with all the responsibility which belongs to me, I say there is no power, direct or indirect, in Congress or the general government to interfere in the slightest degree with the institutions of the States. What I believe to be the doctrine of State rights I hold as firmly as any man. Do I not belong to a State? Is not Massachusetts a State? I am a Massachusetts man—a citizen of no mean country—and has she no rights for me to defend?”

“But, alas! for Mr. Webster’s patriotic utterances! New England did not appreciate his regard for constitutional rights, and his native Massachusetts, which had been so proud of him, turned him down for Charles Sumner, a cultivated fanatic and malignant. Mr. Sumner’s constituents and their wing of the Whig party had no fear of their rights being assailed, and did not choose to commit themselves even to the extent of approving Mr. Webster’s speech in the South during the campaign. They had ridiculed what they termed Mr. Calhoun’s ‘Utopian ideas,’ and laughed at his ‘pretended’ love for the Union and fear of the greed, selfishness and angry passions of parties or factions, and an hour ago you gave us from the papers the beginning of the realization of the fears over which Mr. Calhoun’s heart had bled. The flag of a sovereign State dyed in the blood of an invading soldier of the disrupted Union within sight of the national capitol.”*

* The class of encyclopedias, etc., to which reference has already been made, close Mr. Calhoun’s biography as follows: “In 1838 C. delivered a famous speech on slavery and continued to agitate on behalf of the slave-holding interest, and for a dissolution of the Union, both with voice and pen, until the day of his death.” After uttering this falsehood, no reference is made to the last speech he ever delivered, when he knew himself to be practically a dying man, in which he reiterated his declaration of love for the Union, and his willingness to make any honorable sacrifice for it; and also spoke of the misrepresentation and vituperation that had been heaped upon his head because he was “willing to defend his section against unconstitutional encroachments.”

"Miss Sanford," exclaimed the old gentleman, running his fingers through his hair as he paced the room, "when you write your Quixotic history do not forget that Calhoun was second only to Washington; and when you make answer to the question, 'Which was the Traitor?' remember it was not Webster only, but the whole of New England!"

The sarcastic irony of the old gentleman, who was evidently keeping his wrath in restraint, was lost on the two young people, for a servant entered during its delivery with a note for Miss Sanford that had been overlooked when the mail came in, and a message for Mr. Marshall that a man on urgent business awaited him in the library. The young man excused himself and Miss Sanford found refuge in her note.

Not many minutes elapsed before Mr. Marshall returned to the parlor with the information that he should have to leave at once for a long ride on important business, but hoped to return in time to breakfast with his guests in the morning. Then turning to Dr. Hindman he said in his most pleasant tone and manner:

"Doctor, my good friend, let us make another agreement not to talk politics. We only vex ourselves by threshing old straw from which the grain, whether of good or evil, has been garnered. Webster and Calhoun are both regarded as patriots; Webster in his section, because his policy brought it financial prosperity; Calhoun in his because it is believed his policy would have promoted and preserved friendly feeling and have saved the Union. I regret exceedingly your decision that you and your family cannot remain my guests longer than to-morrow noon. After Miss Sanford's recent shock and nervous excitement it would be imprudent to trust her behind the Randolph bays with any less skilled driver than myself, and if you will persist in going, you may rely on my returning before ten o'clock."

After her lover had left the room, Miss Sanford could not resist the temptation to see him mount his steed and dash away into the darkness. This she accomplished under the pretext of going to the dining-room to request Marianne to sing her a French song.

As the steed of her Cavalier—a knight more chivalrous, in her eyes, than all those of ancient Castile—reared in frolicsome joy at the prospect of a good run, and finally sprang off with a succession of playful bounds, she almost fancied as she saw the red gleam of Mars a few degrees above the horizon and in a straight line with the level road, that the graceful figure which seemed so thoroughly at home in the saddle was that of some errant hero of the olden time about to charge upon some demon Cyclops, in the land of Myth, whose flaming eye flashed defiance on him above the distant woodland.

Marienne returned with the young lady to the parlor and obligingly sang a number of the familiar airs of her childhood. As her fingers glided over the keys of the piano, her diamond, which she wore occasionally, reflected the light of the astral lamp in the centre of the room and the two candles temporarily placed on either end of the piano, in brilliant showers of prismatic colors, which soon attracted Dr. Hindman's attention. As she finished her last song and arose, the Doctor, who had given his wife a significant look, said:

"Thank you, Marienne. I admire that simple music; and you sing unusually well. You are a native of New Orleans, are you not?"

"No, sir; I was born in Cuba, and was carried to New Orleans in 1851 by my father, who escaped after having been condemned to die with Lopez."

"Ah!" remarked the old gentleman, dryly. "That is a magnificent diamond you wear. Is it an heirloom?"

"No, sir; I am not sure—that is, I have had it only a short time," she replied, understanding the request implied by the old gentleman's outstretched hand, and placing the ring in it.

Taking the jewel to the lamp he examined it critically and handed it to Mrs. Hindman, with the remark:

"It is of the purest water and is a remarkably fine gem."

Then turning to Marienne with a hard, cold expression on his face, he said:

"That ring is worth—I don't know how much; more

than a thousand dollars, perhaps. Is it not a very costly present for a gentleman to give a female dependent?"

Marienne colored to the roots of her hair as she replied:

"It is not a present from Monsieur, sir. He was not even the bearer of it. It came in Cesare's hands, and was sent me by a lady."

"Who is Cesare?" asked the old man, bluntly.

"My brother, sir."

"And who is the lady?"

"I don't know her name. She was an eccentric person whom Monsieur met on the train."

"I thought Cesare brought the ring?"

"He did, sir."

"Did he, also, go North?"

"He did not. He met Monsieur at the depot."

"Then, how did he get the ring from the 'eccentric person'?"

Marienne flashed upon the old man an indignant glance and said: "I shall ask you to excuse me from answering any more interrogatories, sir!"

She had never thought of the possibility of any one doubting the seemingly romantic history of the ring, and as she realized with pale cheeks and compressed lips how improbable it might appear to an unfriendly person, she was disposed to confront Dr. Hindman and make him put into words the insult implied in his manner.

But, glancing at Miss Sanford, whose cheeks were as pale as her own, and seeing an expression of sympathy in her countenance, while Mrs. Hindman's expressed only extreme embarrassment, she turned suddenly to the young lady, and holding out the ring, which she had taken from the candle-mat on the piano, where the old man had placed it, said:

"Do you object to placing this on your finger by the side of your chaste and beautiful lapis-lazuli?"

"Oh; not in the least!" exclaimed the young lady, as a flush dispelled her paleness.

Placing the ring on her finger, by the side of the stone which matched the liquid blue of her eyes, she said, holding up her hand so that the stone caught the rays of all the lights:



"Do you object to placing this on your finger by the side of your chaste and beautiful lapis-lazuli?"

"See; it is equally chaste, and greatly superior in all other respects. If you will permit me, I shall wear it to-night that I may have the prophetic dreams which this combination is said to induce."

"Thank you," replied Marienne, as a moisture softened the expression of her eyes. "And now," she added, "if you will come with me I will show you a letter written in reference to the gem which will amuse you."

"Agnes!" called Dr. Hindman peremptorily, from the other side of the room, "you are overtaxing your strength. It is past eleven o'clock. I desire that you see your mother to her room."

Miss Sanford paused, looked at her mother, and then excusing herself, took a seat by the old lady and raised her colorless, withered hand to her lips.

When Marienne, in the seclusion of her own room, recalled the earnest appeal expressed in Mrs. Hindman's eyes when the young lady hesitated to yield immediate obedience to the old man's demand, she came to conclusions that were far from being complimentary to the latter.

The next morning before sunrise Dr. Hindman, having ascertained that Mr. Marshall had not returned, was up, and hurrying Henry to bring out the phaeton, expressing his intention to take breakfast at the Athenaeum. Marienne sent coffee to the rooms, and as the vehicle was driven around to the front Miss Sanford came into the dining-room, where the former was dressing the vases with fresh flowers, bringing the first magnolia blossom in her hand.

"See!" she said, "I have found the first magnolia. What a beauty! Immaculate as the snow, 'Sweet as the south wind that breathes upon a bank of violets,' and so delicate that a touch will tarnish it!"

"Yes," replied Marienne, "it is a magnificent flower, and is a favorite with all people in the South. Monsieur prizes it greatly and calls it the queen of flowers."

"Then," said the young lady, "I shall place this one in front of his plate to welcome him. I do not know its emblematic significance, but I think it ought to be 'Nobleness and Purity.'"

Taking a delicate moss-rose bud from among the flowers that Marienne had gathered, she dropped it into the heart of the magnolia and placed the latter upon a delicate lace handkerchief of her own in front of the young man's plate. Then going up to Marienne she returned the diamond with the remark:

"It is the most magnificent and costly gem I have ever had in my possession even for an hour."

"Did the combination give you any prophetic dreams?" asked Marienne, smilingly.

"Oh, I hope not!" replied the young lady, with a shudder. "If I were superstitious I should be terribly distressed by my dreams. I was boating upon a beautiful river; there was music in the rippling water, and flowers, and foliage, and sunlight, and beauty in all the surroundings. Suddenly we came upon a cataract—a maelstrom—a cataclysm! Our beautiful boat was tossed, and whirled, and battered, and crushed upon hidden boulders, and he who wildly strove to save me was throttled, and strangled, and whirled away beneath the angry waters. I lost consciousness and when next I knew that I lived I was lying helpless upon a desert shore, and he whom I had seen the treacherous waters tear, bruised and helpless from my side, was fighting to protect me from the fangs of wild beasts. Oh, it was terrible!"

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Marienne, taking the ring from her apron pocket and going up to the young lady with tears in her eyes. "I hate the miserable bauble—it is the Evil Eye! *L'esprite de diable!* Come, let us go together and crush it beneath a stone and destroy the malignant spell it has power to work!"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the young lady, discarding her troubled looks. "It is too beautiful! You must treasure it and defy the evil spell! But Dr. Hindman is calling me and I must say good-bye."

"Bless the dear young lady!" said Marienne, as the door closed behind the graceful figure. "God grant that the way may not be beset with obstacles, for she is worthy of him."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DARLING IMAGE IN PLASTIC CLAY.

"Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers."

—MRS. NORTON.

MARIENNE made only slight mention of the episode of the previous evening to Mr. Marshall, when that young man arrived a little after the usual breakfast hour. She sincerely hoped that she was in error in believing Dr. Hindman inimical toward the young man and desirous of erecting a barrier between him and Miss Sanford. She related the incident connected with the magnolia, and Mr. Marshall took the two flowers and handkerchief to his room, when he went up after breakfast to dress for a trip to Tiptop. He was much disappointed at the unexpected departure of his guests before his return, and was in the act of remounting his horse when Fount arrived and requested an immediate interview.

The business of the previous night had been to investigate the character and antecedents of a stranger who had been making suspicious inquiries about Wheeler and Purse, and had made an engagement to meet certain negroes at an old schoolhouse near Tiptop.

"Monsieur," said Fount, as soon as the two were in the library, "it is a pity that we didn't examine that fellow's carpet-bag before we turned him over to the conductor of the Nashville road. It was a more important capture than we thought, and he had papers in his bag that would have justified us in dealing with him as harshly as we did with the other two."

For more than an hour the two were closeted together, looking over the captured papers and planning the course

of action made necessary, as they thought, by the information which they divulged.

On coming out, Mr. Marshall informed Marienne, while Fount ate his breakfast, that they were both under the necessity of going immediately to Mobile, and that they would be absent perhaps a week. He directed her to send Henry the next morning, and each morning, until his return, with a basket of flowers for Miss Sanford; and Fount having finished his breakfast, the two self-appointed guardians of the peace of the country set out for the station on the Memphis and Charleston Railway.

The next morning before the risen sun had faded the sea-shell pink in the eastern horizon, Marienne was engaged in the congenial task of selecting and arranging flowers into a floral poem for Miss Sanford, with a magnolia in the centre infolding a white moss-rose bud within its creamy petals. Then, starting Henry on his errand, she told him he must ride the ten miles within an hour, as it was desired that Miss Sanford should have the flowers before they were wilted.

It was late when Henry returned, and during his absence he had exchanged the smiling face with which he had set out for one of a most lugubrious aspect.

"I don't know'm," he replied to Marienne's inquiry, "whether Miss Agnes is wuss or better. She's sick—I heard dat in de town—an' dey all acks like dey had de smallpox at the 'Theneum!"

"Why, what do you mean?" inquired Marienne, anxiously.

"Well, marm, I'll tell you," replied the negro, putting his felt hat under his arm and stepping upon the porch. "When I got dar de house was shot up an' Sarah wasn't lookin' out er de winders whar I 'spected to see her. I knocked and knocked, an' den I bumped an' bumped, an' bimeby er ole white 'oman come dar—one er dem sort wid cork-screw curls all round—an' she axed me what I was kickin' up sich er racket for. An' when I told her 'bout de flowers she turned up her nose, an' took de basket, an' told me to go 'long home. An' I told her I'd wait fer de answer to de note; an' she say dar wasn't

gwine to be no answer; an' wid dat she shot de do'. I was mighty perlite, an' waited an' waited; an' bimeby I knocked and bumped ag'in. Den she come dar mad es er wet hen, an' told me to quit dat racket and biggone. An' I told her I wasn't no animal; an' more'n dat I wasn't gwine to take my foots off er dat po'ch flo' till I got de answer an' de basket, ef I had to stan' dar tell my toes took root. An' wid dat she flounced off, she did, an' come er-prancin' back an' pitched de basket at me, an' shot de do', an' locked it!"

Marienne was much disturbed by Henry's account of his rude reception, and his failure to hear directly from Miss Sanford. The lines of her face grew rigid, and a hectic spot burned upon either cheek, as her mind discussed the probable cause, or causes, that could have produced a demonstration of antagonism so remarkable as to be entirely without precedent or parallel in all her knowledge of the ways of genteel people.

But she felt that Miss Sanford was not in any wise accountable for the incivility to Mr. Marshall's messenger; and she continued to send Henry day after day, with the choicest flowers from the garden and the conservatory, without any material change in the results of the errands.

More than a week had elapsed before Mr. Marshall returned home alone and looking much fatigued and travel-worn. He informed Marienne that Fount would probably return within a day or two. Marienne told him what she knew of Miss Sanford from common rumor gathered by Henry at Tiptop—that she was confined to her room by nervous prostration—and also gave him Henry's account of his uncivil reception day after day at the Athenaeum. The bad news caused the young man to forget his fatigue and loss of sleep, and he ordered the phaeton to be brought without a moment of unnecessary delay, while he went to his room to change his attire.

Henry required but a few minutes to harness the horses and soon the bays were speeding on the way to Tiptop, "Fairly sweepin' de dus' out er de road," as he expressed it later.

On ringing at the Athenaeum Mr. Marshall was

detained a few minutes when a demure looking female, of middle age, and with short, prim curls, drew the door half open and demanded his card.

"I left home hurriedly," replied the young man, politely. "My name is Marshall, and I wish to see Miss Sanford and Dr. Hindman."

"I will take your name up, sir," said the woman, with a bold stare into his face as she commenced to close the door.

"How is Miss Sanford?" inquired the young man, stepping into the doorway and pushing the door fully open.

"Beg pardon, sir," replied the female, with a show of confusion and ill humor, "she is very ill and cannot be disturbed. Will you take a seat in the hall until I return?"

"No, thank you," said the young man, politely, "I shall await Dr. Hindman in the public parlor. I know the way, and have no need to trouble you."

As Mr. Marshall ascended to the parlor the servant went in a different direction, evidently in no pleasant frame of mind. Some minutes elapsed before she appeared at the parlor door with the message that Dr. Hindman was engaged and desired to be excused.

"Certainly," replied the young man, as his cheeks paled slightly. "Say to Dr. Hindman that I hope I shall not disturb him. I have no need to count the hours, and I shall await his leisure. Will you do me the favor to bring me the latest papers?"

Without answering, the woman closed the door noisily and retired. For half an hour the young man amused himself with the books on the centre-table, when the door was quietly opened by Dr. Hindman, who said with formal politeness: "I hope you will pardon me, Mr. Marshall. I have been very busy with accounts—bothersome business. I hope you are well, sir."

"How is Miss Sanford, sir?" asked the young man, ignoring the perfunctory inquiry.

"Miss Sanford is very ill—so ill that we have to keep all noise and excitement out of the house. I suppose you have heard of the battle in Virginia at Great Bethel?"

"I have had an account of the skirmish at Big Bethel," replied the young man, abstractedly. "Who is Miss Sanford's physician?"

"Well," replied the old man, hesitatingly, "we have but little faith in physic for nervous prostration. Time and quiet and good nursing are the best physicians. I see that Major Winthrop and thirty others were killed at Great Bethel and over a hundred wounded. But our boys did terrible execution among the rebels."

"Yes," replied the young man, as the ghost of a smile flitted for a moment around the corners of his mouth, "my friend Magruder commanded the 'rebels,' and lost eight men—one killed outright, and seven wounded."

"Eight, indeed!" replied the old man, scornfully. "His loss was over three hundred in killed and wounded. I have it on the very best authority!"

"Your authority has erred, sir. Our force was only eighteen hundred and fifteen, to be exact, and Major Winthrop's heavy loss in the skirmish was occasioned by a panic."

"*Your* authority has erred, sir!" replied the old man, aggressively. "The rebel had over six thousand to our less than five thousand, and considering the dash and bravery of our boys, it is impossible to imagine less slaughter than that reported. The idea of eighteen hundred of your men daring to fight nearly five thousand of our men is preposterous! It would be reckless presumption in them to do it!"

"Perhaps so," replied the young man, looking out of the window to conceal a smile. "Magruder is capable of being recklessly presumptuous, in a fight as well as in a frolic. His little force was attacked by nearly three times their number, and they fought and drove the enemy back. That is what they were there for! We will have to duplicate the conditions and results of that little affair many times on great battle fields, if we are to succeed in this war. But if you please, we will not speak of our national troubles. I desire to speak of Agnes Sanford. You are, no doubt, aware that she is my affianced wife!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the old man, growing pale, and com-

pressing his lips as he leaned over to recover a pencil which he had dropped.

"It was my desire and intention to speak to Mrs. Hindman and yourself," continued the young man, "much sooner on this subject, but various circumstances prevented from time to time, and since your enforced sojourn at my house, business of the utmost importance has kept me in the southern part of the State until this morning. Miss Sanford has not rejected my suit, and I come to in——"

"I know all about it, sir," interrupted the old man in a harsh, cold voice, "and I must say it was hardly in keeping with the accepted idea of so-called Southern chivalry, for you to take advantage of a young lady when she was more dead than alive, on account of physical suffering, to make her believe you had saved her life instead of being the cause of her injury."

"Take advantage! Make her believe! What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed the young man, indignantly.

"It is not necessary to grow excited over the matter, Mr. Marshall," replied the old man, as the florid color faded in a measure from his face. "Miss Sanford has spoken freely of the whole affair. She believed you had saved her life, instead of being the cause of her injury, and believing herself bound by what she had spoken, or might have spoken, for aught she knew to the contrary, while hardly conscious of the full meaning of her words, she thought honor compelled her to yield to your construction of what had been said; and consequently she bore a part in some nonsensical talk with you the night before we left your house. She has always entertained a tender regard for her cousin, Frank Carlton, and she now knows how entirely repugnant to her is the thought of marrying any one. She desires not to see you again!"

"My God, sir! It is all as false as——" he checked himself and gazed at the Doctor with a bewildered and half dazed expression.

"I hope, sir," said the old man, with assumed meekness, "you will now *permit me* to ask what *you* mean?"

"I mean, sir," replied the young man in a low, tense tone of voice, "that you did not get one word or sug-

gestion of what you have just said from Miss Sanford."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Marshall, that—that I——" the old man hesitated, as if in want of a word.

"I mean to say, sir," spoke the young man in a less aggressive tone of voice, "that I know Agnes Sanford to be as honest and candid and guileless as the angels. And if one of those pure spirits could come and repeat what you have said, still her word would be necessary to command my belief."

"It is every man's right to believe what he chooses," said the old man, sententiously; "but if Miss Sanford should recover you can very easily get her word on the subject."

"That is what I have a right to demand now," said the young man, firmly. "I demand to see Miss Sanford in person."

"That is a demand that her mother will not yield to," said the old man, positively, and added, feelingly: "My God, sir! Would you kill the poor girl outright? Is it not enough that she is now half dead from grief and mortification? She feels the greatest sympathy for you, and censures herself for having allowed you to deceive yourself. Her mother would never permit her feelings to be harrowed by an interview. Already her mind is struggling between reason and delirium, and to discuss that subject with you now would put her in an asylum—or in her grave, in all probability."

"But I can wait, sir; indeed, I shall wait until she is sufficiently restored to see me."

"Waiting will avail nothing except to keep the poor girl's mind in its present state of restless wandering in the border land of reason. She is of a peculiarly sensitive and nervous nature, and her mother and I made up our minds some days ago that our duty, under the peculiar circumstances, demands that we shall sacrifice our interests here and take her out of the country, if you determine to persist in this matter. We should have set about preparing for this at once if Agnes had not said you intended going to the war and would call, if at all, only to take leave. If her information is not correct we will dismiss the school at once."

The latter portion of the old man's remarks opened Mr. Marshall's eyes to the ease with which the young lady could be spirited away, and revealed his utter inability to cope with him in the matter. It was with a feeling akin to desperation that he made haste to reply:

"Of course Miss Sanford's information is correct, sir. It is well known that I am going to the war. I shall leave on Monday. May I not bid her adieu in person?"

"Her mother would never agree to it, sir."

"Doctor," said the young man in a sad, half-pleading voice, "this is a matter that touches me closer than if it were one of life or death. I cannot—I will not lose touch with Miss Sanford until I have had a word or token from her. She knows, doubtless, that I am in the house. May she not write me a note?"

The old man thought for a full minute before he replied, hesitatingly: "I should like to gratify you, Mr. Marshall—but—well—perhaps—if you will suggest what you wish her to respond to it might do her no great harm. I will ask her mother to risk it, anyway," he added, in a kindly tone of voice.

As the old gentleman did not offer to procure a sheet of paper, the young man wrote on the fly-leaf of a book lying on the table at his side, and handed the book to Dr. Hindman with the request:

"Please ask Miss Sanford to do me the favor to send a reply written with her own hand."

Without reply or comment the old gentleman took the book and left the room. Many minutes passed on leaden wings—how many the young man could never afterwards form even an approximate idea—before the door was softly opened, and Dr. Hindman presented a gilt-edged missive without envelope. Going to a window and standing with his back to the old gentleman he unfolded the paper with nervous hands, and read the penciled lines:

"It is even so. Nothing is beautiful but Truth.

"Yours, AGNES—Q.B.S.M."

The young man gazed long and steadily at the words and letters, as if unable to comprehend the meaning so

delicately conveyed. His brain seemed benumbed, and he wondered how the letters "Q. B. S. M." got themselves traced upon the paper. He wondered if their caressing signification could have been intended as a sarcasm. He could not believe it—she was not capable of such cruelty! But what should he believe? Could Dr. Hindman be such a man as would stoop to forgery? He looked at the round, beautiful, unfashionable hand, every chirographic peculiarity of which he knew, notwithstanding the wavering lines which now betokened illness, and felt ashamed of the suspicion. Was he going through a wakeful experience? Or, was all this only the distressful vagaries of a dream? He noticed, in an abstracted way that the letter "s" and comma in "Yours," were blacker than the other writing, and crowded in, indicating that they had been added after the lines were written; but long years passed before the thought came to his mind that this fact could have any special significance.

Supposing this supposed correction of the hasty lines to be the part of the sheet which had received the last impress of the young lady's hand, he pressed it to his lips.

"'Nothing is beautiful but Truth,' " he quoted. "Agnes is beautiful; *and Agnes is Truth!* Ah! when I cease to believe that, I shall believe nothing to be true but Heaven. My heart bleeds for the darling image in plastic clay! It is not in her pure heart to think evil; but the serpent has come into our Eden, and only Time, the great alchemist, can show her pure gold where this suspicious, unfair and unfriendly old man has made her fear an admixture of baser metal."

Then, turning to Dr. Hindman, he said, slowly, with a sad intonation of voice:

"Doctor, do you chance to know that the Italians have a custom when they write to a very dear friend, of suffixing to the signature the initials of a sentence in their language, which means 'Who kisses your hands'? Could you stab a human creature to the heart and then hand his bleeding corpse your card with the caressing letters 'Q. B. S. M.'—'Who kisses your hands'?—traced with the point of your dipping dagger?"

"I could not stab a human creature to the heart at all, sir!" said the old man, looking curiously at his companion.

"No, of course not," replied Marshall, gazing steadily, but abstractedly, into the old man's eyes, causing him to flush slightly; "not to his physical heart with a dagger of steel. But, Doctor, there is a dagger more cruel and remorseless than that of steel, and a death more agonizing than that which results from a dagger-lacerated heart!"

"I do not see the trend of your remarks, sir," said the old man, with stiff and embarrassed dignity.

"Well, perhaps it is best so," said the young man, sadly. "I shall not seek to intermeddle between you and your conscience. Our sections are at war, and there is no reason why you and I should not put each other beyond the pale of sympathy. Farewell, sir!"

As the young man said this he left the room without further ceremony, and Dr. Hindman vouchsafed no word of reply.

As he passed into the open air an old kid glove, from which the fingers had been cut, fell on the gravel walk in front of him, and merry laughter from one of the windows above revealed the whereabouts of his little cousin, whose bright eyes he could see peering through the partially closed lattice.

Taking off his hat and dropping into it the mutilated glove, which he understood to represent the "mitten" with which he had been threatened, during the last dinner the little lady had attended at his house, he kissed his hand to her and said in a voice which he knew would carry his words to a lofty window around the adjacent corner:

"Farewell, my little darling! I leave for Virginia on Monday. May you ever be happy!"

The merry little maiden, as she quickly disappeared from the window on hearing her cousin's voice, lest she should be detected in a violation of rules, did not heed the valediction. But the poor, heart-sore victim of treachery and misunderstanding, lying near the open casement of her room, with every sense painfully acute, noticed every word and every intonation of the voice, and burying her head in the pillows, she burst into an agony of tears.

CHAPTER XVII.

OFF TO THE WAR.

"Sick of this bad world,
The daylight and the sun grow painful!"
—ADDISON'S *Cato*.

WHEN Mr. Marshall arrived at home he saw that Marienne was under the influence of some degree of nervous excitement, which she strove to conceal, and that she spoke with unconscious hesitation as she asked:

"How is Miss Agnes, Monsieur?"

"Not very well, to-day, but better than she has been, and getting along nicely, I hope," he replied, evasively. "Dr. Hindman is in vigorous health—I did not see the old lady—and my little cousin is as bright and saucy as usual. I did not take formal leave of her, and I shall ask you, when I leave on Monday, to send her a basket of flowers with a magnolia for Miss Sanford. I shall see my little cousin on Sunday, perhaps, but I want the flowers sent on Monday, anyway."

"Will you go away again so soon?"

"Oh, yes; I cannot dally any longer. The trouble is about to begin in earnest in Virginia, and it behooves all patriotic men to place themselves where each may do a man's duty."

"Will you not wait for Cesare?"

"Oh, Fount will be here to-morrow or the next day, no doubt; but he will not go with me. He can do the cause better service here, looking after matters which now engage him, than he could in Virginia. But I have promised Henry that he shall accompany me, and he is quite overcome with joy. By the by, please see that

Mammy nas his clothes ready by Monday. As to-morrow will be Saturday, she will have no time to lose."

"Monsieur," said Marienne, with illy concealed embarrassment, "will you allow me to pack the diamond with your valuables? I feel that in my possession it exerts talismanic influences for evil, and I desire to rid myself of it."

"Oh, no," said the young man, seriously, "you must not yield to such morbid fancies. Have you superstitious beliefs?"

"Perhaps so, Monsieur; I half believe all human creatures have. And while I know it to be silly, I cannot rid myself of a desire to cease to be the owner of the diamond. It has become hateful to me, and if you will take it to the war——"

"No, no," interrupted Mr. Marshall, kindly, but firmly, "I cannot permit you to do that. Keep your gem, but hide it away, and forget, for the present, that you have it. If this war shall assume the proportions which I anticipate, the time may come when its money value may be of inestimable service to you. To my view, the future is full of dark portents for the South, and God only knows what may be in store for our unhappy people."

Without replying, Marienne left the room to begin preparations for the departure on Monday. Going to a large closet in the upper story, where many odds and ends, not needed for constant use, were packed away, she hunted up an Indian hunting blouse made of thick, well tanned buckskin, and ornamented with porcupine quills of various gaudy colors, which Mr. Marshall had worn on the last Mardi-Gras masquerade in New Orleans. Appropriating the substantial garment, she hastened down to Mammy's cabin, where the two commenced preparations by converting it into a doubly-reinforced jacket for Henry.

Mr. Marshall spent the next day in leave-taking visits to his neighbors, and went on horseback the following morning to spend the quiet Sabbath afternoon and to take dinner with his uncle and cousin. After dinner the two gentlemen rode together to attend the afternoon services for the negroes at Bethel Church as was their

custom occasionally, for both had great respect for Parson Elliott and enjoyed his earnest, homely sermons.

After the close of the exercises many of the negroes of the better class came to have a few words with Mr. Marshall and to express their regrets at his intended departure. When they had given full but generally unworded testimony to the popularity of the young man among them, he walked with Baxter Johnston to the spring from which the church was supplied with water, for a private talk. The subject of conversation may be gathered from the latter's last remark:

"Young Marster," he said, taking the young man's hand in both of his, "I thanks you for de good words you has spoke. Ef white folks was like niggers an' I had stood under judgment befo' 'em, I don't know what dey'd er done wid me—an' done right, too! But it ain't 'cause niggers is 'specially mean. Dey don't know how to think an' is always ready for excitement and hooray. But I promise you dat dar shan't be no rowdyin' an' hoorayin' 'round here while Baxter Johnston's head is above ground."

On returning home Mr. Marshall found Fount already at home and visiting the negro quarters. Late in the afternoon he called him to the library and spent the evening, and many hours of the night, talking with him over plantation and neighborhood affairs and writing letters.

When the sun gilded the tree tops the next morning no sturdy laborers were heard going to the field with lusty shouts and loud-voiced songs; and the few who were passing about wore solemn countenances as if Sunday were holding over and they were getting their minds in training for another sermon. As soon as breakfast was over they began to congregate in the front yard, lounging about in squads on the grass, having quiet jokes among themselves, and making quite a hero of Henry as they watched for the coming of the young master.

After Mr. Marshall had taken leave of the household servants and had received Mammy's tearful and sobbing vale-benediction, he was met on the front porch by Henry, going to take leave of his mother and those in the house.

"Why, Henry!" he exclaimed, as he saw the negro

clad in a buckskin jacket, looking as if it might have been reinforced to save the bones of a toreador, "where did you get that fearfully and wonderfully made garment?"

"Well, suh," replied the grinning and abashed darkey, "Mammy an' Marmselle made it out er dat fine Injun huntin' shirt er your'n, an' dey say it's got to last me endurin' er de war. Marmselle say it's de coat er many colors from Mammy, but she's done gone an' ripped off all de colors."

Uncle Solomon, the foreman, met the young master at the foot of the steps, and, as spokesman for all the others, expressed in homely but heartfelt phrases, profound sorrow that he was called away on so perilous an undertaking, and gave fervent utterance to the hope that He who preserves the just and upright, would take him into His holy keeping and return him in safety to his home and friends.

The young man thanked him and all for the kindly feelings and wishes expressed; bespoke for Fount the same kindly consideration and regard that had always been extended to himself; besought all to keep quiet tongues and cool heads, no matter what the future might have in store, and addressed a few pleasant words of advice, especially to the dusky girls and young men. He then went around and shook hands with each individual amid a babel of tongues, and was conducted to his horse by Uncle Solomon, who claimed the honor of holding his stirrup.

"Young Marster," said the old man, holding on to the stirrup after the young man had mounted, "I wants to say one mo' word 'bout Henry, suh. My brother what fit wid your pa in de Mexikin war, said dat er nigger is mighty lierable to git hit by dem cannon balls. Once he went wid de amberlanch so'jers to fetch out your pa, when he was shot, an' all de cannon balls come so straight for him dat he had to keep hoppin' an' dodgin' about all de time to keep from bein' kilt entirely; an' all dat time de white so'jers wid 'im didn't have to dodge nary time; an', as er nigger is so lierable to git hit, suh, I hope you'll keep your eye on dat boy."

"All right, Uncle Solomon," said the young master, gravely, "there will be danger, and I shall keep a good lookout for Henry."

"Good-bye, Daddy!" exclaimed Henry, riding up at the moment, evidently much pleased at the attention bestowed on him by the plantation belles. "You needn't be oneasy 'bout us. We's so'gers now—me an' Marse Howard is—an' we has to 'bey orders. Marse Howard is gwine to 'bey de boss ginerel, an' I's gwine to 'bey him. Ef he say, 'Lay low, Henry!' I's gwine to burrow in de groun' same es er groun'hog. Ef he say, 'Up and skelp dem aberlishoners, Henry!' I's gwine to snatch ha'r wuss'n woolin' er scalded pig!"

Uncle Solomon watched in silence the two "so'gers," accompanied by Fount, as they galloped down the east road, until his eyes grew dim. As he mopped them with his red cotton handkerchief he summed up the result of his thoughts in the half-grunted ejaculation:

"Huh! I wonder ef dat young nigger thinks dem aberlishoners is gwine to hol' still for him to skelp 'em!"

"Ole 'oman!" he called across the yard to Mammy, who had come out on the front porch to wave her white apron in adieu to the disappearing horsemen, "ef dat young nigger er your'n don't git kilt, or else come back here totin' er cannon ball inside of him, it'll be 'cause de young marster beats mo' sense into dat cymlin' head er his'n dan he's got in dar now!"

"What 'pon de face er de yearth is you talkin' about, Solomon!" exclaimed the old woman, arresting the apron in mid air and gazing at her lord in indignant astonishment. "Is you done los' what sense you is got? Did you ever hear talk er de young marster beatin' anything—even er suck-aig dog—let 'lone his ole Mammy's own bawn chile?"

"Oh, dry up, ole 'oman!" replied the old man in a mollifying tone of voice. "Don't you talk 'bout beatin' sense into folkses heads an' den, when I tell you 'tain't Christon-like to talk dat way, you say it's er figger er speech?"

"Well, s'posin' I does!" replied the old woman, showing no symptom of mollification, "does dat give you any

right to be flingin' yo' figgers er speech at dem blessed lam's? an' maybe we won't never see nary one of 'em no mo' in dis world!" Then, seeing that they had already disappeared from sight, the old woman covered her face with the apron and burst into a storm of hysterical weeping.

Uncle Solomon looked on a moment, doubting if another word from him would mend or mar the matter, and fearing the latter result, he turned to those in the yard, whose ever ready sympathies he feared might cause them to join in with Mammy and make a scene, and exclaimed:

"Well, folks, dey's all done gone out er sight; an' it ain't no use to be er-moanin' an' er-groanin' no longer. We's all in de han's er de good Lawd, an' He will take keer er His own, bless His holy name! Dar mus' be wars an' rumors er war, an' folks will fight an' kill one another till de merlennium comes, an' de Prince er Peace comes down to rule de worl'. An' do de lan' may sweat blood, an' de rivers may run wid blood, an' de sun an' moon an' stars may weep blood, dem dat lives has got to eat an' w'ar clo's all de same. An' for dem the good Lawd is gwine to make de sun to keep on er-shinin', de rains to keep on er-fallin', an' de fruits er de yearth to keep on er-growin', blessed be His holy name! An' dat min's me dat de grass an' weeds an' briers is growin' dis blessed minit, an' we a-standin' here idle all de day! So, boys an' gals, let's 'forred march,' as Henry says—po' boy—an' go to killin' grass an' weeds an' briers; an' I'll be bound dat's er heap safer an' profitabler a business dan skelpin' dem aberlishoners—dad blast 'em to dingnation!"

This outlandish oath was Uncle Solomon's one besetting sin. Over and often he had vowed to Mammy that it should never pass his lips again; and its use had become so unusual, and the old man had grown so dignified and devotional, that its indulgence, of late years, never failed to excite the ever ready risibles of the young gang. On the present occasion many sly winks and snickers were indulged in, as the industrial soldiers prepared to renew the war upon the agricultural pests. They were not sentimental "Philanthropists," and had never asked themselves why, in the "struggle for the survival of the

fittest," between the civilization of cotton and the savagery of weeds and briers, the latter should not be given "Equal Rights."

On reaching Virginia, Mr. Marshall, after spending a few days with his parents in the home of his childhood, proceeded immediately to Richmond, and learned at the War Department that the Ninth Alabama Regiment, of which Captain Harvey's company formed a part, had been sent to join General Joseph E. Johnston's half-armed but well organized citizen-soldiery at Winchester. Repairing immediately to that point he enlisted for "Three years or the war," and assumed the regular duties of a private soldier.

A close inspection of the situation increased the sadness of the young man's heart. Being not very far from Washington City, there was little difficulty in procuring papers from the North, and he saw that passion in that section had attained a white heat and that all opposition to "The supreme will of the people"—meaning the sinister designs of the South-hating abolitionists—had become as feathery down in a fiery furnace.

As he fully realized the position of affairs and saw how entirely unprepared his people were in arms alone—to speak of nothing else—to meet the ample equipment, unlimited means and overwhelming numerical strength on the other side, his heart sank within him. But the time had come for action. The political dreams and hopes of the past were dead, and he joined the half-armed, genteel mob of citizen-soldiers with a thrill of enthusiasm such as can never be known to the full extent of its maddening joy save to him who has joined a forlorn hope to participate in deeds of reckless and almost hopeless daring.

The day after his enlistment he went into Winchester and found the town wild with excitement. Every few minutes farmers' boys came dashing in on mules and plough-horses, some in the hot haste of alarm using their felt hats to lash their blundering charges, bringing the news that General Patterson was advancing on the town with an army "Ten miles long." Old men seized fowling pieces and flint-lock souvenirs of the Mexican war, and

went "to the front"—a large wheat field one mile east of town—while schoolboys ran up and down the streets offering all their worldly wealth for anything more deadly than a gravel-shooter.

On the next morning orders were issued to cook three days' rations, and before twelve o'clock the little army, to the great surprise of themselves and the citizens, had turned their backs on Patterson and his "Ten miles of troops"—leaving them, presumably, to the mercy of the excited plough-boys, angry old men and enthusiastic urchins—and were soon double-quicking on their way to reinforce General Beauregard, who, near Manassas Junction, was about to be attacked by the disciplined and well-armed forces of General McDowell.

As the little force wended its way, silently but swiftly over the rugged hills and vales, those whom they were to meet were marching forward from Centreville with fierce shouts of exuberant valor, and giving utterance to patriotic songs and hymns, one of the latter having the remarkable refrain:

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,—
His soul is marching on!
Oh, Glory Hallelujah!
Oh, Glory Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory Hallelujah!
His soul is marching on!" *

In the rear of that noisy and confident army followed wagons laden with wines and delicacies for a "grand blow-out," as Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, elegantly expressed it—to be held in Richmond in celebration of "The crushing of the slave-holding power," and in rear of these extraordinary commissary supplies, followed numbers of carriages filled with high public officials, including United States Senators and Representatives, also influential and wealthy private citizens, gentle society women and tender maidens, who did not seek

* Letter of Mr. William Russell, war correspondent of the "London Times"—issue of October 19th, 1861. That impious "Hymn" was heard in every portion of the South, during the war, as the prime favorite of a class in every Federal army.

the vicinity of anticipated carnage in the capacity of ministering angels, but with opera glasses, to see enacted a real-life drama to be styled, "The Humbling of the Haughty South."

The Ninth Alabama Regiment had made half the distance to Piedmont Station on the Manassas Gap Railway, their immediate destination, and were passing, tired and footsore, over the low spur of a mountain when Henry, regretting that he did not have the bays and phaeton, or Selim, or even a "shave-tailed mule" to help the young master along, came to him and begged permission to carry his gun—a clumsy Mexican war relic with a smooth bore and a range of only eighty yards that had been changed from a flint to a percussion firing apparatus.*

"Why, Henry!" laughed the young man, hardly recognizing his factotum through the dust which perspiration had caked upon his face, "why don't you get out of that thick jacket and cool off?"

"No, suh," exclaimed the negro, earnestly, "somebody might grab it an' take to de mount'ins!"

"Couldn't you stand the loss?"

"No, suh; Marmselle say ef I gits kilt I has got to git kilt in dis jacket, an' I wants to 'bey orders. But dat 'min's me, ef I gits kilt I wants you to find me, 'cause I's got er letter fer you."

"What!" exclaimed the young master, turning pale as

* Previous to and during Mr. Buchanan's administration the government was engaged in the manufacture of an improved long-range arm called the Enfield Rifle. These had been stored in Northern armories until storage room became practically exhausted, and in December, 1859, it was ordered by the Secretary of War, that room be made by shipping the obsolete smooth-bore, flint-lock arms that remained in them, to Southern armories, which were empty, except that the similar arms which had been used by Southern soldiers in the war with Mexico, were already stored in them. Under this order, 115,000 old muskets were shipped South.

At the beginning of the war between the sections the South would have been without arms but for these obsolete blunderbusses, and the outfits of uniformed militia companies. After the war began the charge was made that the old arms had been "stolen" by the ex-Secretary of War, who was a Southern man.

he thought of a possible message from Miss Sanford. "Why have you not delivered it?"

"Well, suh," apologized the negro, "you's not to have it onless I gits kilt."

"And how can you deliver it then?" asked the young man with a sombre smile, "unless you are in league with the 'Spirits of the Lost Clan'?"

"No, suh; but you's got to find me an' rip it out er de breast pocket er dis jacket, whar it's sewed up."

"But suppose I get killed?"

"Den I's to rip it out myself—me an' de boss ginerel—an' take you home to ole Miss', here in Ferginny."

"Has it money in it?"

"No, suh, nary cent? Not es I knows on."

"Who wrote it?"

"Well, suh, Mammy an' Marmstelle sort er fixed it up betwixt 'em. Dey ain't let me know nothin' 'bout it."

"But why may I not have it before either one of us shall be killed?"

"Dem's my orders, suh. Ef I gits kilt, you's to rip er out. I know dat's all dey wants you to know, suh; an' I wouldn't er told you now but I's feared it might happen to-morrow, an' you'd bury me wid dis jacket on. But ef you gives de order, suh, in course, I knows my duty."

"Oh, no," replied the young master, with an amused expression, "I have no wish to interfere with their orders. I fancy I can allay my curiosity by assuming that it is a 'cunjer-bag,' which is to bring us good luck and ward off Yankee bullets."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FIRST GREAT SHOCK OF BATTLE.

"When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of war."
—LEE'S *Alexander*.

ON arriving with blistered feet, weary limbs, and dust-covered body at Piedmont, on the Manassas Junction and Strasburg Railway, where the infantry were to take the cars for Manassas Junction, Mr. Marshall saw that the means of transportation were not adequate to move the majority of the troops in time for them to take part in the opening engagement, which rumor at the station said had already begun. He knew that long hours, in which history was being made, must elapse before his regiment, or any part of it, could be moved, and, therefore, disregarding the strict requirements of military discipline, the absolute necessity of which he had not yet learned to recognize fully, he determined to go on ahead of his command, and found sitting room on top of the last coach of a train which took a part of the brigade to which his regiment had been assigned, and which was commanded by Brigadier General E. Kirby Smith.*

* This thoughtless disregard of the strict requirements of military discipline, on the part of the gentry—which composed a large part of nearly every regiment—was extremely annoying, and sometimes exasperating to former officers of the regular army. Cadmus M. Wilcox, the first Colonel of the Ninth Alabama Regiment, a West Pointer and a native of Tennessee, who, as Kirby Smith's successor in command of the brigade after the latter's quick promotion for gallantry at Manassas, made it famous as "Wilcox's Alabamians," said in 1861: "I don't know whether I can ever make reliable soldiers out of these *gentlemen*. They seem to think the only duty of a soldier is to go in and fight whenever and wheresoever a fight may

After the passing of this train, an unfortunate collision and wreck, east of Piedmont station, blocked the road until night and stopped the transportation of troops. This unfortunate circumstance goaded almost to frenzy many a gallant fellow, who, ignorant of the wreck, listened with his ear to the rail, for the sound of moving cars, but heard instead the hardly audible boom of artillery from the field of Manassas.

Mr. Marshall had ordered Henry to remain with the regiment, despite his earnest protest, but he, too, had caught the contagion of excitement, and as the train was about to move off with all sitting, standing and hanging-on space fully occupied, his voice was heard above the din as he gesticulated wildly from the top of a pile of empty goods boxes in an effort to attract the young master's attention:

"I say, Marse Howard! Dar's er man in de sto' here, got er sode widout no she'th to it, an' he say I may have it for six dollars. Can't I buy it?"

But the laughing answer was lost in a bedlam of advice from the young wits on top of the coaches as the train moved off.

"Git a meat-axe, Black-hawk!"

"Hunt up a pitchfork, Red Jacket!"

"Grab a grubbin'-hoe, Thunder Cloud!"

"Snatch up a mowin'-blade, Othello!"

With a blended expression of injured innocence and offended dignity, Henry watched the merry mob of devil-may-care humanity until the train turned a bend in the road. Then, as he climbed down from his perch, he grumbled indignantly:

"Who ever hyeard of anybody goin' to war wid er mowin'-blade, er meat-axe or any er dem sort er things! It 'pears like dis is gwine to be er mighty po' war anyhow! Dar's Marse Howard ain't got nothin' to fight wid but er ole yawger dat er nigger in Alabama wouldn't tote, an'

be going on." A year later he admitted that, in a stand-up fight and in manoeuvring, they were as steady and orderly as regulars; "but," he added, "when it comes to a charge every d—d one of them tries to get there first."

half de odder white folks ain't got nothin' but shot-guns an' such like; an' I s'pose ef er nigger wants help 'fend the land he's got to hunt up de farmin' tools! Huh!"

History has related how the passengers on that last train, on that quiet Sabbath day, as they neared Manassas Junction, heard the roar of battle off to the left before reaching their destination, and, stopping the train, dashed across the country over hill and dale, through forests, fields and brambles, directly to the point from which the heaviest roar of conflict proceeded; and how they came at the eleventh hour to aid and inspire the thin lines of weary and half-fainting patriots and to join in the last desperate effort, which crumbled, disintegrated and swept away the last grand array of the gallant foe and sent it, confused and reluctant, to the rear in a sullen retreat, which soon became a demoralized rout.

Mr. Marshall had taken the position of volunteer color-guard in the regiment to which he had attached himself.* A short time after General E. Kirby Smith was shot down, as then believed, mortally wounded, a discharge of grape, at close range, brought down the color-sergeant and several around him. But scarcely had the banner touched the ground when it was seized by the young volunteer, who bore it through the remainder of the fight, and in the short pursuit which the exhausted troops were able to make, as soldiers, Congressmen, Governors and women, abandoning guns, champagne baskets, "pie-wagons" and handboxes, choked the roads and spread over the fields in their mad haste to find an unobstructed bee-line back to Washington City.

On the next day, when his own command arrived, Mr. Marshall displayed to the covetous eyes of his company a bright, new Enfield rifle, which he had secured for himself in the general rush for abandoned arms after the battle, and made Henry happy by entrusting to his

* It was the custom of Confederate officers and soldiers, when absent from their commands, to go into battle or a skirmish with any command to which they could attach themselves. It was in this way that the gallant Major Pelham lost his life.

care a new cavalry sabre with a highly polished "she' th."
"Golly, Marse Howard!" he exclaimed, delightedly, "ef weall ain't got no shiny guns an' sodes we know how to git 'em cheap; don't we?"

It is fair to assume that his ideas of cost did not coincide with those of the young master.

What a fateful battle was that First Manassas, or Bull Run, as it is more properly called—for it was fought several miles from the town of Manassas. What a lucky defeat for those who lost! What an unfortunate victory for those who won! It cleared the eyes of the former and dazzled the vision of the latter. It taught one the unreliability of the alleged aphorism that "Two are better than one," and deceived the other into a half-belief that gallantry need not take serious account of superior numbers, arms and equipment.

Henry, catching the spirit of the hour, felt that the "Rebel yell" shouted by a few thousand voices could put to flight "an army with banners," and even the young master viewed with lessened apprehension the subsequent gigantic preparations being made at the North, and the apparent absence of vigorous activity in his own section.

In the early spring of the next year, while the country was full of rumors of the impending advance of "The Finest Army on the Planet," upon the camps of the Confederates around Manassas and along Bull Run, Wilcox's Brigade was hurried from its winter quarters and sent by long and hasty marches through Richmond and beyond to the Yorktown peninsula. When the few troops first ordered to move turned their backs on the comfortable log cabins which had been their homes during the winter, the members of the Ninth Alabama Regiment believed the movement to be the beginning of a general withdrawal to defensive lines around Richmond.

But when, without a moment of delay, they were hurried through that city and on to the vicinity of Yorktown their hearts thrilled with joy as they recognized that they were being used as a "pawn" in a wise and bold defensive move in the "On to Richmond" international game of chess.

During the preceding winter, Captain Harvey had been

promoted to the office of Major, and Mr. Marshall was elected to the brevet-second lieutenancy, made vacant by the advancement of the company officers. Being unable to procure for love or money, even an old-fashioned dress sword, with which holiday side-arm many officers were armed, he had to deprive Henry of the cavalry sabre and make him the custodian of his treasured Enfield rifle instead. As this rifle was the only improved arm in the whole regiment of over eight hundred men, and the only one that would carry a ball with accuracy further than David's sling would throw a stone, it was the envy and admiration of the entire command, and came to be regarded as regimental property, to be used in action by the most skillful sharpshooter.

General Wilcox's advance column found in the rifle-pits near Yorktown, and along the Warwick estuary, less than eleven thousand troops, under General Magruder, holding a defensive line of more than twelve miles, extending from the vicinity of that ancient and historic town to James River. In their front and rapidly arriving and extending their solid lines, were three Federal Army Corps, comprising ninety thousand infantry, ten thousand cavalry and four hundred pieces of artillery.

The necessity of making a show of strength along this lengthy defensive line, until additional troops could arrive, compelled the hasty formation of temporary battalions. Companies were divided into independent platoons, platoons into sections, and all scattered under commissioned officers to guard extra vulnerable points.

A full platoon was put under the command of Lieutenant Marshall, and he was sent to occupy a peninsula jutting out into the salt marsh, which lined the Warwick estuary on the Confederate side, and which marshes made the crossing of troops impracticable except at such points. He was given two well-mounted couriers and ordered to open fire and dispatch a courier with the tidings, if the enemy were heard to come down to the margin of the stream during the darkness of night; and in case an effort should be made to throw a force across, he was ordered to dispatch the other courier and fight until reinforced.

The shades of twilight, under cover of which the little force crept into position, had not given place to full darkness for more than an hour or two when the crackling noise of dead twigs under foot, and the occasional click of a canteen against a bayonet, told of the silent and cautious advance of troops to the opposite margin of the stream, whose tide was on the ebb. The men, who had already made progress in opening rifle-pits by the use of bayonets and tin cups, in the absence of picks and spades, made ready their guns, while the Lieutenant dispatched a courier.

A few minutes later the young officer heard the accidental fall of an oar upon the bottom of a boat, and assuming that a crossing was about to be attempted, he ordered his men to open fire, and in a moment the simultaneous roar of his forty-two Mexican-war blunderbusses burst upon the fog-laden air. The noisy croaking of thousands of bullfrogs was instantly hushed as the resentful echoes hurled back the uncivil salute from the opposite heights. Excepting this, there was no response from that side. Not even the click of a gun-lock answered the unroarious salute, but the men kept up an irregular firing.

After a time a pleasant voice came across the water:

"Hello, boys! I thought you claimed to be civilized? Don't you know civilized pickets don't fire on each other?"

There was no reply, but the young Lieutenant ordered the firing to cease, and ordered his men to do the best they could toward opening rifle-pits with their bayonets and tin cups. After a short time the pleasant voice spoke again:

"I say, Johnny Rebs, what in the h—l were you shooting at, anyhow?"

"Lieutenant," said a loose-jointed hero of many a fist-cuff bout in the Alabama Barrens, "just let me open my 'gab battery' on him for a minute," and having received unconsidered permission, the belligerent Barrenite responded:*

* This conversation occurred under circumstances exactly as described, and is as accurate as memory can make it.

"Shootin' at you d—d red-mouthed abolitionists! What did you think we were shootin' at?"

"Well, I'm not a good guesser. Have you got balls in your guns?"

"Of course not! We're only tryin' to skeer you home without hurtin' you!"

"Good boy! Come over to-morrow and join our Sunday school. Who's in command over there?"

"Me!"

"Name and rank, please?"

"Colonel Thomas Wildcat."

"What regiment and brigade?"

"Just wait over there till daylight and I'll send the army *bullet-in*."

"Oh, I don't want to get light through a hole in my body."

"Ha, ha! You're no fool! What's your name?"

"Major-General Bengal Tiger."

"Glad to know you, Tige. Hope you mayn't 'live long and prosper.'"

"Same to you and all your tribe. Sorry I can't call over and give you the strong grip of the tiger's paw!"

"Mighty sorry myself! I'd like to show you how I'd keep the flesh on my bones long enough to see the Acacia wave over your head!"

"Tom Cat, my boy, you'll do. You know where the Master hangs his hat! Say, I want to come over there. What kind of welcome will you fellows give me if I bring a haversack of coffee?"

"The same kind you New England fellows wanted the Mexicans to give our boys when we went to whip the sassy 'Greasers' and make glory for that durned old flag you've got over there! You wanted them to welcome us 'With bloody hands to hospitable graves,' and all the people, except Frank Pierce and a thousand or so more, shouted 'Amen.'"

"Yes, we were a little off that time—we didn't want Texas or any more territory. But you ought not to talk like that about the old flag! You fellows helped to make its glory and we only want you to keep your share. That's brotherly and magnanimous, isn't it?"

"Awfully! You want all the stars for your share and want us to have the stripes for ours; you want to fatten on the grain while we feed on the husks! We have soured on stripes and husks, and if you don't let us alone we're goin' to paint that old rag red all over!"

"Oh, I'm no politician. But we don't want you to destroy the life of the Nation!"

"Do what? Well, that's cool! You've been sayin' for a generation that we were a set of drones, and a clog to your prosperity; and now you talk about peggin' out because we want to leave you in peace and let you prosper! What sort of people are you, anyway?"

"But you insulted the old flag at Sumter!"

"Did we? Seems to me we only did what you forced us to do in order to help you 'Fire the Northern heart.' But we were smart enough not to have done it if you hadn't bamboozled us, and then flirted it in our faces and dared us to bat our eyes. You were dying to make the big North fight us, but I never heard of you New England fellows fightin' very much for the honor of the flag that you want to make so much fuss over now."

"Oh, well," responded the other, with a quiet laugh, "if we have been a little backward in that line heretofore, we are going to make up for it now."

"Exactly! That's business! There is no profit in fighting a foreign foe for the honor of the flag. It pays better to stay at home and make tooth-picks, wooden nutmegs and notions for the South; but the good fat thing you've been making out of us through your protective tariffs and such like you want to hold on to like grim death to a dead nigger!"

"Ha, ha! Wild Cat, my boy, you're a regular fire-eater! I can see your eyes shining!"

"Right you are! So, dry up and get behind a tree! I'm going to shoot!"

"Oh, I say, don't do that! I want to cultivate pleasant relations, as I have to be your neighbor, and you can't hurt anything but frogs in the marsh. Besides, it's contrary to the laws of civilized warfare for pickets to fire on each other."

"Well, I haven't recognized it as civilized warfare yet.

We can hear you, in your prayer-meetin' hymns, singing glory-hallelujah to John Brown's soul, and we didn't think civilized Christian folks would make a saint out of that old outlaw and cutthroat. The laws of old Virginia hanged him for his crimes, and we are going to shoot his armed disciples whenever we find 'em! So get behind your tree. Fair warning! One, two, three!" and the report of the noisy blunderbuss, held at an angle of fifteen degrees to avoid danger to the frogs, rang out upon the air, and the soldier prudently got into his shallow rifle-pit.

As soon as it was fairly light on the following morning the Federal sharpshooters opened fire on the little platoon, and a few casualties caused the enthusiastic Barrenite to regret the time he had wasted during the darkness, and to resolve to be more wise when he got another chance to deepen his pit. On the succeeding night, and for several succeeding nights, the same voice called over for a chat; but the Lieutenant, fearing that some idea of the position of affairs might be unwittingly conveyed, forbade response. This order severely tried the discipline of the irrepressible Barrenite politician, especially when jeering remarks were made about his bill of fare, and he was invited to go over and have beef and coffee for breakfast, instead of wild onions and sassafras tea.

In the meantime, troops were daily arriving from Manassas, and on the foliage-crowned heights beyond the Warwick marshes there was reason to believe the pick and spade were changing the topography of the country in the construction of great earth-works.

CHAPTER XIX.

GRIM-VISAGED WAR.

"Ah, me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron."

BUTLER'S *Hudibras*.

ON a pleasant evening as the shades of twilight were gathering between the sharpshooters on the Warwick Heights and their targets on the little peninsula, a loud-voiced song was heard from the hills immediately in rear of Mr. Marshall's position, which gladdened the heart of the young Lieutenant and awoke pleasant anticipations, for it foretold the coming of Henry with his breakfast, dinner and supper all in one.

Henry had acquired among the soldiers the sobriquet of "Colored Sergeant" from his frequent allusion to deeds of gallantry performed at Manassas by—well, his memory had become cloudy as to whether it had been himself or the young master, or both together. On the present occasion as he stepped forward at a lively gait, proud of a "treat" he had secured for the young master, which he carried in a rough basket fabricated by himself out of hickory bark, the dinginess of his buckskin jacket, and an embrasure in the rear of his pants, told that he had seen hard service; but his unsubdued mien indicated that he still had "A heart for every fate." In addition to his proud military title, he had won a prouder and equally well merited literary distinction—that of being "Poet Laureate to Company F." As he neared the post and knew he could be heard by the men on duty, he changed his homely, cotton-picking song to one of his own composition, his latest:

"Buckwheat-flour battercakes an' 'possum fat is fine,
Likewise a mess er 'taters, ef you bakes 'em well wid chine;
Hog-jowl biled wid turnip-greens—I can't go back on dat—
But nothin' fills de bill er far' like cake an' 'possum fat.
Oh, Lawd, Mammy! watch ole Uncle Sam!
Keep your eye upon de meat dat's fryin' in de pan!

"Bacon meat is gittin' sca'ce an' t'other meat is gone,
De flour dat we has to bake—dey makes it out er co'n;
Little pone er co'n ashcake, an' little chunk er fat—
An' de Commissary quarrels 'cause we eats too much er dat!
Oh, Lawd, Mammy! Look at Uncle Sam!
Eatin' all de rashuns up, an' soppin' er de pan!"

Mr. Marshall met his faithful purveyor at the upper end of the little copse that lay to the rear of his rifle-pits and praised him as a famous forager when he produced his treat—a fine, large baked fish, with "sassafax tea sweetened wid sorghum 'lasses," together with the usual ration of corn bread and "Nassau" bacon; accompanying which the Commissary had sent, with his compliments, a flask of persimmon brandy and a bunch of spearmint.

While the young man regaled himself on these unusually sumptuous viands, Henry sauntered down to the rifle-pits to learn the news. He had been there but a few minutes when the voice that seemed never to grow weary of making witty and taunting inquiries and suggestions, called through the fog:

"Hello, over there, Wild Cat! Won't you invite us over to tea—sassafras tea?"

Receiving, as usual, no reply, he hummed a snatch from an opera, and called again:

"Say, Tom Cat! Our Captain-General thought he heard the name of Marshall over there last night. Have you a fellow named Marshall with you?"

"*Feller* named Marshall!" exclaimed Henry, indignantly. "He means me. He wouldn't have de imperdence to call Marse Howard 'er feller.' I's gwine ter ax him to let me jaw dat feller. I 'speck I kin fling as much slack jaw es he kin."

Saying which he ran off and soon returned with the information, to the sergeant, that he had the desired per-

mission, under certain restrictions; and, going to the edge of the water, he called:

"Who's dat wants to hear 'bout er 'feller' named Marshall?"

"Here's your man!" replied a voice with animation. "Do you know him?"

"Well, I wears his britches, an' totes his munny-puss!"

"Does that mean that you are Mr. Marshall?"

"Dat's what de gals calls me, when I's at home in Alabamer."

"Are you an officer?"

"You bet I is! I's de Colored Sudent!"

"Are you acquainted in Tiptop, Alabama?"

"Great snakes, man! I knows every ole rooster dat ever crowed in Tiptop!"

"Do you know Dr. Hindman?"

"De ole school boss? Well, I wish I had es many dollars es I knows dat ole rooster!"

There was a pause here, and talking was heard across the stream, interspersed with a good deal of laughter. Presently the voice came again:

"Say, Mr. Marshall! Are you not a contraband?"

"No; I's got nothin' to do wid no ban', but I's de Poit Lawret!"

"I mean, are you not a colored brother?"

"Well, I dunno 'bout dat! I's er nigger; an' I won't 'spute 'bout bein' er brother; but wether we niggers is colored or you white folks is bleached I never has found out!"

"What are you doing in the army?"

"Who? Me? I's de Colored Sudent, an de Poit Lawret, an' I cooks for Marse Howard Marshall! Dat's what!"

"Is Mr. Marshall from Tiptop, Alabama?"

"Yes; an' er mighty long ways from dar, too!"

"He's the one we want! Where is he?"

"Back yonder, settin' on er camp sofy, eatin' of er poun' cake, an' drinkin' Chiny tea sweetened wid loaf sugar!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the soldier. "He's living high! Is he an officer?"

"Well, you'd think so ef you could see dat fine sode he's a-totin' 'round here!"

"Tell him Lieutenant Frank Carlton is over here, and ask him if he will come over."

"No, suh! nary time! You don't ketch Marse Howard wid no sich chaff es dat!"

"Well, ask him if he will receive a visit from Lieutenant Carlton."

"No, suh! Youall shinny on your own side! We's got er cannon over here, an' it shoots er cannon ball dat busts! Ef you comes over dis side we'll——"

"Stop, Henry!" exclaimed the young master with a laugh, coming up at the moment. "Say I shall be happy to welcome Lieutenant Carlton."

"But, Marse Howard, s'posen dey brings dey guns! Dar powder shoots er heap harder'n our'n do; an' ef we was to get into er scrimmage——" But before Henry could finish his protest another voice called out:

"Hello, Marshall! are you over there?"

The young man, recognizing the voice of his friend, gave him a cordial invitation to come over.

After a few minutes the bottom of a small skiff grated on the sand at the point, and a tall, handsome young man stepped ashore. While the two officers exchanged cordial greetings, Henry's peering vision penetrated the darkness sufficiently to assure him that only one man was left in the skiff, and that he had a paddle instead of a gun in his hands.

The young Confederate invited his friend directly to "Headquarters," and remarked to Henry that, as the camp sofa, pound cake and China tea had mysteriously disappeared, he might serve upon the log, which, fortunately, was left for a seat and table, a couple of Confederate juleps made of the persimmon brandy, which, he assured him, was more potent than the enemy's extra powerful gun-powder.

The two friends chatted for several hours over their pipes, and the fiery liquor made from the indigenous fruit of the Virginia fields and forests, which Captain John Smith, the hero of the Pocahontas rescue, described, in a report to the English Queen, as a peculiar "Plum

with several seeds, called by the natives 'putchamins,' which is good for food, but if eaten green is liable to gripe the g—ts." As the alcoholic spirit made from this peculiar "plum" did not have the effect attributed to the green fruit by the plain-speaking first explorer of the Virginia forests, the officers familiarized themselves with its flavor as a new and peculiar gustatory sensation, and the moments sped swiftly.

Of course, Mr. Carlton, who wore a very handsome First-Lieutenant's uniform and "looked every inch a soldier," was exceedingly desirous to learn all that his friend knew about his aunt and cousin at the Tiptop school. Mr. Marshall's information, however, about Tiptop matters, after he left the state, was very meager, in consequence of his friends in Alabama failing to refer to Dr. Hindman and his affairs in their letters to him. But he gave his friend a lively description of the scenes at the last picnic; and told of the serious accident to Miss Sanford, which had shattered her nerves to some extent, but from which, he had learned, she had fully recovered.

He succeeded so well in concealing the fact that a secret sorrow was gnawing at his heart that his friend said lightly:

"Marshall, I am surprised that my beautiful cousin has not captivated some of your young bloods in Alabama."

"Of course she has done so!" replied the young man with forced animation. "More than one of them. But a person who is in a position to be well informed says she left her heart in New York."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the young friend with an embarrassed look which his friend perceived, notwithstanding the dim light arising from the bottom of the fire-pit which Henry had constructed to give heat without light. "That was Dr. Hindman. The old schemer wants her to marry a great statesman or a millionaire—the latter preferred,—and that ambition, no doubt, is causing him to treat the dear girl unfairly; for I am sure she has no such notions—it would be so unlike herself. Do you remember Miss Annabel Lee?"

"Do I?" exclaimed Marshall, glad of an opportunity to get away, as he thought, from an embarrassing line of

conversation. "And I remember how woebegone you used to look when you would repeat Poe's lines:

"And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of my beautiful Annabel Lee."

"In those days you were a puzzle to me. At the very beginning of our fourth year I felt that there was, somewhere in your heart, a chamber in which I was not an honored, nor even a permitted guest. I did not believe you were in love, but I came to the conclusion that you had seen some fair face which had inspired your poetic fancies; and as we occupied the dormitory which had once been Poe's, I imagined that you had taken the name of his Annabel Lee for your unembodied model of perfection and beauty, and, like Poe, had half convinced yourself that your fancy was not a mere creation of your own brain."

"No," replied the other with earnestness, "my Annabel Lee really existed;—really exists now as an embodied model of perfection. I could not talk to you upon that subject at the University, for then I thought my heart was torn to tatters. But now that I have learned better, and have entered upon the serious affairs of life, and find them suddenly so terribly serious and perplexing as to cause one to feel that he is groping in the dark, I can tell you, as a simple incident of the happier life, that which seemed to me then to involve all that was of any worth in all the universe: *My Annabel Lee was my little cousin, Agnes Sanford!*"

Marshall was standing over the dim glow of the fire-pit, replenishing his friend's glass from the flask of per-simmon brandy, and a tremor of his hand caused some of the spirit to fall upon the embers below, and flame up in a blue alcoholic blaze.

"Marshall!" exclaimed his friend with a laugh, "that must be almost pure alcohol we are using as a beverage, judging from the blaze it makes! It is so weirdly blue that it made you look as ghastly as a corpse!"

"Yes," replied the young man with an effort to assume a humorous tone; "our boys call it 'Rifle Brandy,' and

declare that it shoots straighter, carries farther, and hits harder than our muskets. So, look out, old fellow;—you are at the mercy of the enemy!”

“Even though he slay me, yet will I taste the delights of his persimmon brandy!” replied the young man laughingly, and resumed:

“I gave Agnes that pseudonym because, like Poe and his love, ‘I was a child and she was a child, in our kingdom by the sea,’ and I thought ‘We loved with a love that was more than love,’ until she—wise little body that she is—discovered that it was not love at all, but only warm cousinly affection.”

The young Federal stopped to take a sip of the diluted brandy, flavored with mint, and to relight his pipe. Between puffs of smoke he continued:

“That discovery broke my heart, as I thought, and filled my brain with wild fancies. It was also the cause of the awful spree I got on at the University,—my first and last,—when you nursed me like a brother for more than a week. I could not tell you, and yet I had to talk; and I hid what I regarded as the tragedy of my life in Poe’s tragic romance. It was a critical period with me, and it was you who, by your plain, common-sense talk and example, saved me from myself. I have never intimated this to you before, but I want you to know the extent of my obligation now that, though we are sworn friends, the mere circumstances of environment have made us political enemies.”

The young Confederate made no interruption, but struck a match to relight his friend’s pipe; and the latter, after taking a few hasty puffs to insure against its immediately going out again, resumed:

“But Agnes was right, as she always has been from a child. I learned later that our feelings for each other were too pure and unselfish to be what is usually called love;—‘We loved with a love that is *purer* than love!’—and I have often wished that she would marry some noble fellow whom I could love as I do her. I thought it possible that she might meet her destiny in Alabama. Has she never shown any symptom of being captivated down there?”

On hearing the direct question Marshall suddenly discovered that his own pipe was out. After consuming some time in relighting it, he replied with adroit evasion:

"Young ladies, as wise and prudent as Miss Sanford is known to be, do not show 'symptoms.' There was a young gentleman whom Dr. Hindman wished her to marry, and who was accomplished, handsome and wealthy; but, to the old doctor's great disappointment, she showed no 'symptom of being captivated.' It was the old gentleman's disappointment in that matter, possibly, that caused him to intimate that she was not heart-whole."

"No; it is more likely that he did it," replied Carlton, "to discourage some timid suitor, as was done in the case of Jim Batts at the University,—'Dandy Jim,' we used to call him, you recollect?"

This remark gave the young men a start in the wide and inviting field of college reminiscences, and the foot of time, bearing the unheeded hours, fell softly, until Henry came up from the rifle-pits and announced that it was nearly time for day to dawn.

"Well, Marshall," said the young visitor, rising to his feet and brushing the tree-moss from his uniform, "I must 'shinny on my own side,' as your right-bower, Henry, so inhospitably advised. I shall send the skiff for you to-morrow night, if it be possible. In the meantime, I shall write a letter to my cousin which I shall get you to mail inside your lines. But I shall write you a memorandum now."

Taking a small note-book from his pocket, he wrote, despite the darkness, a few lines, and tearing out the leaf, folded it and handed it to his friend with the remark:

"Do not fail to read it in the morning!"

The young Confederate accompanied his friend to the skiff, ordering Henry to replenish the fire in his absence. As they passed beyond the rifle-pits he paused and said:

"Carlton, we expect to meet to-morrow, but may never meet again in this life. As my friend and Agnes' cousin, I cannot let you go without telling you that I love Agnes 'With a love that is more than love,' and that she loves me. But the serpent has come into our Eden, and she

desires that we shall never meet again. I can say no more."

"God bless and prosper you, my dear old chum!" exclaimed Carlton, impulsively throwing his arms around his friend. "Would that I might be permitted to plead your cause there and here, too. Ah, what a world is this! You and I, who have slept in the same bed, studied from the same books, felt the same lofty impulses and aspirations, doomed to draw our swords and fight as mortal foes! You have not forgotten the teachings of our political textbooks—nor have I! Often that teaching rises before my mental vision like a reproachful spirit! Often in the quiet hours of the night, when the pomp and circumstance of war have become a nightmare, I am conscious of a feeling, deep down in my heart, that my people have no right to wage this war;—that I am almost guilty of fratricide when I order the people of my state to fire upon the people of yours! But what can a simple citizen do? He cannot suffer his own people to class him as a poltroon, and he cannot rebel against the commands of his own State. Right or wrong, his allegiance and loyalty belong to his Sovereign State. To act upon any other theory would be for one to make a political and social offcast of himself! But, my dear friend, I feel that somehow all will come right in the end;—that somewhere in the future we shall again be a united and happy people, loving and respecting each other more than ever before. As for Agnes, rejoice in your heart that she loves you! There is no atom of fickleness or frivolity in her nature. She loves you! That is sufficient! Time will bring all things else right; and if you live to meet again, she will be yours."

With a feeling of sadness too deep for words, the young Confederate returned his friend's embrace; and with bowed heads the two political foes returned to duty.

Mr. Marshall felt that it would be useless for him to attempt to get a wink of sleep, and promenaded the line of rifle-pits till the dawning day gave him sufficient light to read the memorandum left by his friend. Assuming that it referred to his intended visit, or to the letter he was to mail, he was disappointed when he read:

"If I do not send the skiff, or if you hear the sound of many axes, take your men to a less exposed position."

The young man had believed for days past that beyond the fringe of trees and undergrowth that crowned the heights on the opposite side of the estuary, the pick and shovel were disfiguring the face of nature in the erection of great earth-works, and had so informed Major Harvey. Feeling now that his little force could not live twenty minutes under the well directed fire and plunging shots of a single battery stationed upon the frowning heights, he mounted a courier's horse and repaired to battalion headquarters to obtain, if possible, some modification of his original orders. But finding Major Harvey without authority to make any change, he returned to his perilous post and directed his men to deepen and extend their pits as much as possible without exposing themselves.

After twilight he urged earnest and unceasing work with bayonets and tin cups, and as he walked restlessly from end to end of the line, his ear caught the faint rumbling of heavy wheels and he knew that artillery was being placed in position. He listened to the ominous, muffled sounds until fully satisfied of their meaning, and was in the act of writing a dispatch to Major Harvey, when a courier from him arrived with orders to repair immediately and noiselessly to battalion headquarters with his entire force.

When he arrived at the barn which had been headquarters, he found the camp-fires burning as usual, but the camp deserted except for a single courier, who, upon his impatient horse, was waiting to give him directions as to his route. Pausing a moment to get items of news or of surmise from the courier, he heard the distant rumbling of wagon trains on his own side, and knew that the movement, whatever it might be, was a general one. As he gave the order to forward, he heard from across the fog-veiled chasm of the Warwick the faint sound of many axes, and realized that the change of base had come in the nick of time to save his little command.

A quick march of a couple of hours brought him up with his battalion, and all night the march was kept up,

the only command being, "Close up, boys; we will rest in the morning."

As the sun was about to rise the battalion emerged from a forest into a wide field containing two newly-constructed redoubts. Many broad acres were already covered with weary troops cooking, eating, smoking, joking; but the great majority seeking in profound slumber the rest so greatly needed by all.

Major Harvey was handed written orders that his battalion was to resume the march at noon, and was to perform the duty of rear guard to the army, and he immediately gave his own orders that his men should lie down for a six hours' rest.

CHAPTER XX.

ONLY A SKIRMISH.

“How fair arrayed
They file from out the hawthorn shade,
And sweep so gallant by!”

—SCOTT'S *Marmion*.

LIEUTENANT MARSHALL, having had no sleep for two nights, hushed the drowsy demands of Morpheus until he appeased the pangs of hunger with a piece of corn bread and a slice of fat Nassau bacon from Henry's home-made satchel, which he called a “Haversnack.” Then, lying face downward on the damp ground, to avoid danger of taking cold, he had a refreshing sleep and peaceful dreams, which took him far away from scenes of strife.

At the first roll of the battalion drum he sprang to his feet to find the wide field deserted, except by his own detachment and a few members of other commands who had slept too soundly, and as they seized guns and accoutrements, were eagerly inquiring the direction taken by their respective commands.

As the battalion, now constituting the rear guard of the army, ascended the long hill rising to the plateau on which stands the ancient town of Williamsburg, founded one hundred years before the birth of George Washington, a solitary scout, who had come from beyond the forest, now nearly a mile to the rear, dashed by without deigning to notice the witty inquiries as to the cause of his haste, fired at him from the ranks. The command had entered the town, and finding the balconies, doors and windows filled with enthusiastic ladies, had commenced a rendition of the melodious and patriotic song of “Dixie,” when a rider from the rear, evidently a courier,

dashed by. To the shout from the ranks "Don't run, Bud; we'll not let them hurt you!" etc., etc., he only responded over his shoulder, "Where's General Johnston?" In the midst of the shouts of humorous information: "Huntin' up the Buttermilk Rangers!" "Tryin' to catch up with the Fried-chicken Squadron!" etc., etc., a staff officer coming from the opposite direction, halted the courier for a few hasty words and sent him speeding on his way again as he himself spurred his horse forward and shouted to Major Harvey:

"Right about! Double-quick!"

At the same moment a shell, that had evidently come from a long distance, as the sound of the gun which sent it had not been noticed, burst in the air. In an instant everything was changed. The men wheeled in their tracks and set out on the double-quick, changing the musical strains of their song to the wild, discordant shout which had already been noised around the world as "The Rebel Yell." Ladies wept and laughed alternately, wringing and clapping their hands hysterically, while a few, more impulsive than the majority, ran out on the pavements and waving handkerchiefs, scarfs and Confederate sunbonnets, added a musical mite to the hoarse roar from the masculine lungs.

Soon a cry came from the rear: "Clear the way for the artillery!" and the rushing mass drifted to the left as a battery of four field guns with their caissons drawn by six and four horses respectively, came thundering down the street at a full gallop. As the guns mounted the slight elevation southeast of the town a similar battery, belonging to the foe, dashed out of the forest beyond the field that had been the resting place of the troops, and bent its swift course toward the same redoubt which was the objective point of the Confederates.

Then commenced a desperate race between the two batteries with the advantage, so far as distance and a smooth way were concerned, in favor of the foe. The staff officer, who had posted himself on the elevation to await the coming of the battalion, shouted to the captain of the battery as the guns swept by:

"Drive into the redoubt! Lock wheels with 'em if you



"Drive into the redoubt, and fight 'em hand-to-hand till the infantry get there!"

must, and fight 'em hand to hand until the infantry gets there!"

But the wild shouts of the twenty drivers and the thirty cannoneers, as the former lashed their straining horses, told that they comprehended the situation and had already determined to stake all on the race. Leaving the road which, in order to lessen the steepness of the grade makes a wide detour to the right, the battery dashed down the hill in a straight line for the redoubt, over obstructions of briers, bushes, stones and gullies which it seemed, considering the speed at which they were moving, should have appalled the hearts of any human creatures not daft from excitement.

A few moments after the battery left the road the battalion arrived on the hill from which the race could be seen, and kept up a continuous shout that was a spur to their own speed and cheered the artillery, as the guns floundered swiftly along, swaying from side to side in crossing gullies diagonally, as first one wheel and then the opposite one would plunge half out of sight in a gully, and instantly spring aloft scattering showers of red earth and gravel while spinning for an instant in the air free of contact with the ground. Every moment one looked to see the gunners on the limber-chests and caissons hurled from their seats, or the misleap of a horse bring all to instant wreck.

The opposing battery, probably appalled by such dare-devil recklessness, and seeing that a continuation of the race would result in a hand-to-hand struggle, gave up the contest, and sweeping around in graceful curves they formed battery, unlimbered and delivered a round before the Confederate battery could rush its detached horses out of and behind the redoubt. The rapid firing and bursting of shells from the Federal battery made a quick tattoo to the rhythm of which the Confederate gunners unlimbered, loaded and delivered fire.

But instead of firing at the opposing battery they sent their shells over their heads to demoralize a blue line of infantry which was coming forward at a lively pace, and was apparently forming for a charge. The Federal battery immediately adopted the same idea and training

their guns on the battalion racing pell-mell down the hill, with Mr. Marshall's platoon in the lead, and looking very unlike the soldierly command which less than an hour previously had marched up the hill, they sent shot and shell screaming and bursting overhead.

"On the left by file into line!" shouted Major Harvey; the order was repeated by company officers, and at the word "March," a sergeant, who was leading the race, sprang to the left, bringing his gun to a "Present" with his back to the approaching tide of humanity, and stood as rigid as a statue. This action brought instant order out of apparent chaos. The human statue, which one might fancy had been turned into stone by a gaze at the Medusa of War, seemed to act as a hook upon which the drifting mob had caught. They whirled by, but halting in quick succession and facing to the left, an orderly line grew out from him, as a tangled streamer is straightened by the wind, and every man and officer was in his proper place.

The order was given to lie down and was obeyed with at least the customary alacrity. The battalion had been lying for a few minutes, with the shells passing overhead, when Henry crawled up to the young master and said, in excited tones:

"Marse Howard, dar's er outlandish man what can't hardly talk 'Merican, done jined our company an' he ain't layin' down."

"What are you doing here, Henry?" asked the young master, in surprise. "Why didn't you stay in the town?"

"Lawd, suh; I didn't know whar to stay," replied the negro, confusedly. "I thought de inimy was comin' t'other way an' we was runnin' *from* 'em; an' I——" he cut the sentence short, and made a motion as if to dive into the ground as a shell burst twenty feet above his head. Hearing some one snicker, he looked up and exclaimed:

"I does nachelly 'spise dem cannon balls dat busts!"

"Where's your gun?" asked the young master, unable to repress a smile.

"Yes, suh!" responded Henry, with his mouth still in the dust, "I ain't 'feared er dem aberlishoners, but I does

nachelly 'spise dem folks dat shoots cannon balls dat busts!"

"I asked what have you done with the Enfield rifle, Henry," said the young master, keeping a straight face.

"Suh? My gun? Yes, suh!" responded the poor darkey, turning his head but not neglecting to keep himself as flat upon the ground as possible. "Dat man,—dar he is now, tiptoin' tryin' to git higher'n he is,—he said his company left him an' he give me er dollar to len' him my gun."

Lieutenant Marshall turned on his side and saw a tall, slender young man approaching slowly with occasional pauses to stretch himself to his full height in order the better to see over the slight rise between himself and the Federal battery.

"*Guerre a mort?*" he exclaimed to himself. "Ha! ha! *C'est peu de chose!*"

"My friend," exclaimed the young lieutenant, addressing the stranger, as he came nearer, "what is the matter?"

"*Je ne sais a quoi, m'en tenir!*" replied the stranger, gazing around. "*Je suis*,—vat you call him?—*Perplex? Bouleverse—eh?*"

"Marse Howard," said Henry, volunteering as interpreter, "he's one er dese furrin folks, an' is tryin' to say 'Bully fer me!' like dem aberlishoners."

"What command do you belong to?" demanded Lieutenant Marshall.

"*Tantôt l'un, tantôt l'autre. Quelquefois le corps de l'artillerie,—La Louisiana batterie,*" replied the stranger, carelessly.

"Do you know where your battery is?" demanded the young lieutenant.

"Where?" exclaimed the stranger with a shrug of the shoulder. "*Qu'est-ce qui me dit re? Perdu!*—got lost!"

"Your battery was sent with the advance forces to clear the peninsula and drive the enemy back upon their gunboats," said the young officer; "and now you must lie down."

"Eh? Lie down!" exclaimed the young Frenchman,

indignantly; "*Pour rire? A faire moi-même un risée! Ha; Je ne craindre pour sa personne!* not afraid to die!"

"What is your name, sir?" demanded the lieutenant with a slight degree of sternness.

"Cesare D'Elfons Chamfort."

"Eh! The deuce, you say!" exclaimed the lieutenant in surprise. "Was Cesare Chamfort, who was captured and condemned to be shot with Lopez in Cuba, a relative of yours?"

"Ha! You know him? He was my *cousin—issu de germain*," replied the young Frenchman, with interest.

"I know his son and daughter," replied the young officer, hurriedly but impressively. "They live at my house, and I want to see you as soon as this skirmish is over. But you must lie down now, or I shall have to put you under arrest."

"*Aux arrêt!*" exclaimed the indignant man. "*Me! Moi-même! C'est triompher insolément!*"

"No, my friend," said Lieutenant Marshall, kindly, but firmly; "you are here as a Confederate soldier; the order is to lie down and must be obeyed by all."

"*Sans rimé et sans raison!*" said the stranger, intending the words as a sarcastic suffix to the officer's remark.

Drawing his lithe form together the self-willed Frenchman sat down upon the ground and glanced down the line at Major Harvey, who, fearing to dismount, lest at the proper moment he should be unable to quickly remount his fiery charger, sat as erect as a centaur. As he looked a shell burst near the horse's head, causing him to rear and plunge fearfully.

"*Sacrebleu!*" exclaimed the delighted foreigner. "See Monsieur le Colonel! He is *one* brave man!"

This remark caused a laugh at the young lieutenant's expense, which was joined in by himself and others who knew that he was only a victim of the usual French habit of substituting the numeral adjective for the indefinite article.

A few moments later Major Harvey galloped along the line and said to the men:

"The infantry are about to charge, boys,—they expect

to drive us and get our battery;—if we repulse and drive them we shall get their battery.”

As the major spoke, a line, apparently one full regiment, was seen advancing at a quick-step, evidently with the intention of charging. The Confederate battery in the earth-work, seeing the danger, commenced to throw grape and canister, but the angry swish of the small missiles seemed only to add to the speed and determination of the advancing foe.

At this moment Major Harvey called “Attention!” and in an instant every man was on his feet and the order given to advance. As the men sprang forward a fragment of shell struck the major’s horse in the head, causing him to fall upon his rider, who, disengaging himself in a moment, ran forward on foot with his naked sword, leaving the scabbard and one coat-skirt under his dying steed. The officers cautioned their men to reserve their fire for close range, as their guns were but little better than pop-crackers, and rely chiefly upon the bayonet. The color bearer was shot down, but he had hardly touched the ground before the guard seized the colors, and as he raised them the bearer clung to the staff, coming up with it shouting, or attempting to shout: “Hurrah, boys! the Barrenite isn’t dead yet!” but only an unintelligible jargon came from the ghastly grin which a fragment of shell had cut upon his features.

But the men had not noticed the fall of their flag. Their eager gaze was fixed upon the banner that was being so gallantly borne against them, and whose folds, straightened by a stiff breeze, reached out in front of its bearers, as if in an effort to span “the bloody chasm” and give glad greeting to the gallant youths whose fathers had so often borne it to glory, and who would have sacrificed all but honor to protect it from the suspicion of a stain.

“Fire and charge!” shouted the major; and the noise from over four hundred blunderbusses, and yells from as many throats, mingled with the din.

The advancing masses of the enemy reel and stagger; a starry banner falls; a gallant officer is unhorsed; military cohesion is lost; friends and foes mingle and strug-

gle for one brief moment, while the iron-throated monarchs of battle are awed into silence.

Amid the din a shout is heard "Rally on the battery!" Blue and Gray commence a headlong race for the Federal guns, but there is to be no rally for the Blue. To the rear is heard the thundering tramp of horses, and a squadron of Confederate cavalry that has ridden five miles in twenty minutes, on the return track, dashes upon the scene, sweeps the field, and with wild yells carries the pursuit to, through and beyond the forest, until the angry front of heavy columns of infantry compels a halt and necessitates a reconnoissance.

Soon returning columns of Confederate infantry on the double-quick, begin to arrive and to form a hasty battle line eastward of the redoubts, while squads of prisoners are brought in from beyond the forest, where the sound of skirmishing by the cavalry is still heard.

"Boy," exclaimed a general officer who had ridden ahead of his returning brigade and was standing upon a parapet of the redoubt, as he observed a youth with his arm in a sling place his tattered boot under a prostrate Federal banner, which had been left upon the field, and hurl it angrily from him,—*"Boy, how dare you do that! Furl that banner, sirrah, and deliver it to your adjutant!"*

While the youth was sullenly obeying the peremptory order, Henry came up, and after watching the operation until it was completed, said with a persuasive grin:

"Boss, I'll give you er dollar fer dat flag."

"What do you want with it?" asked the angry youth.

"I wants to send it to my old mammy. Marse Howard is done sent his Ma one for er trophy—whatever dat is—an' me an' him is sort-er pardners in dis war."

"All right," said the young scapegrace, seeing that the General was no longer observing him, "but you must say that you captured it."

"Yes, suh," agreed Henry, as he received the flag and paid the dollar. Looking up, a squad of prisoners fixed his attention, and he ran to meet them with the cry:

"Bless gracious! ef dar ain't Marse Cyarlton! Howdy-do, Marse Cyarlton—howdy, suh. Is you seed Marse Howard?"

"Hello, Henry! No! Where is he?" exclaimed the young officer, shaking hands. "Where is Marshall?"

"De last I seed of him he was chasin' youall's folks."

"Hello!" exclaimed the young officer observing the flag. "Where did you get that banner?"

"Dis here flag?" responded Henry, uneasily. "I done captured it, suh!"

"What! Captured it? You! How?"

"Well, suh; I gin dat boy in company 'A' er dollar for it."

"A new and dangerous method of attack upon the Star Spangled Banner!" laughed the young officer as the corporal intimated that the squad must move on. "Well, Henry, here is a dollar to reimburse you on the flag deal; and I shall ask you to do me a good turn. This letter I hoped to deliver to Marshall last night in my camp to be mailed for me; hand it to him, he will understand; and, as the corporal has been so modest as not to demand my sword, you shall take it to your master to be worn until I capture him."

As the squad moved away Henry examined the ornamented silver scabbard and the beautifully embossed blade of the gift, and elated at the thought of the young master wearing so fine a sword, he slapped his knee with delight as he exclaimed:

"I knowed from de fust dat Marse Cyarlton was er gent'man, same es ef he'd been borned in Alabamer or even in ole Ferginny itself!"

When the battalion returned to the redoubt to collect the wounded who were able to march, they were ordered to move forward and camp in a large field five miles beyond Williamsburg. As they ascended the hill they met General Longstreet and his staff, returning ahead of his Corps to the scene of the skirmish, there to hold three Federal army corps in check for forty hours, and to teach them in a bloody battle on the next day, what terribly destructive power an outnumbered Confederate force could put into a Parthian blow.

As the battalion passed through town still meeting Longstreet's people, Henry was discovered investing a

part of Lieutenant Carlton's dollar in ginger-cakes, and the ranks immediately opened on him:

"Fall in, Colored Sergeant!"

"Crawl out from under the banner, Black Hawk!"

"Unbuckle yourself from that sword, Red Jacket!"

"Bless gracious!" he ejaculated, gathering up his cakes, "ef dar ain't weall! Whar's Marse Howard?"

The young master having been found, the sword, letter and message were delivered, and the sable warrior, waiting for the banner to be claimed by his company, filled his mouth with ginger bread and fell in behind the battle-flag, where the two emblems marched together as quietly as if over half a million lives and thousands of millions of money were not to be sacrificed to furl the one and unfurl the other in the South.

As soon as the command arrived at the point where they had been ordered to camp, Lieutenant Marshall took his French acquaintance, who had fought by his side throughout the skirmish, to an adjacent farmhouse, where he wrote a letter to a friend in Richmond, bespeaking kind offices for his captured friend, Lieutenant Carlton. On the reverse side of the latter's letter to Miss Sanford, he wrote:

"May 4th. Captured at Williamsburg, Va. Unhurt. Address reply to Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., care of Hon. ———."

After a lengthy interview with Monsieur Chamfort, he was convinced that the young gentleman was a cousin to Fount and Marienne, and gave him a sketch of what he knew of their lives. The young Frenchman was greatly interested and also greatly puzzled, for he insisted that the widow and daughter of his cousin were residing in the Chamfort mansion in New Orleans, and were living in great wealth and luxury. He stated positively that he had spent several weeks in the Crescent City, as the guest of his cousins, the widow and daughter of Cesare Chamfort deceased.

Mr. Marshall found the young Frenchman a man of

education and refinement, and of rank and consequence in his own country. He was a member of the military establishment of Louis Napoleon and had been given an indefinite leave of absence that he might study American military methods. He had attached himself to Prince Carlos Polignac and his suite, accompanying them to New York and thence to Washington in the spring of 1861; and had witnessed all the exciting scenes and incidents at the Federal capital previous to and after the First Battle of Manassas.

Something more than a month after that battle, while the Confederate army was still encamped around Centreville, they passed through the Federal lines along the Potomac River and, under their own flag-of-truce, entered the Confederate lines east of Centreville on a visit to the Confederate army and their countryman, General Beauregard. After visiting Richmond, and being presented to many civil and military notables, Prince Polignac determined to unsheath his sword in behalf of their cause.

M. Chamfort, not being in a position to enter the Confederate service, determined to serve his Emperor by studying the South's brilliant play at the game of war, as a volunteer from time to time, with different arms of the service.

He assured Mr. Marshall that as soon as the campaign was over in Virginia, he would go to Alabama to see Cesare and Marienne Chamfort and inquire into the family mystery which now seemed to him entirely beyond the possibility of solution.

As M. Chamfort intended to visit Richmond for a day before rejoining his battery, Mr. Marshall entrusted the two letters to him to be mailed in that city, something over fifty miles distant; and put him under the care of a squadron of cavalry which was to set out as soon as day dawned for the railroad bridge across York River at West Point, where he could take a train to the Confederate capital.

On returning to camp the young officer found the detachment under orders to move at sunrise to join the advance forces, which were outnumbered by the masses

of Federal troops which had passed ahead of the Confederate line of march by means of transports and gunboats on the York River.

The next morning as the battalion moved out of camp the men heard the heavy roar of artillery, five miles in their rear, where Longstreet was commencing his brilliant battle which was to be a desperate struggle for nine mortal hours; and miles ahead they heard the boom of heavy artillery from gunboat batteries, on the York River near Barhamsville, where the Federal commander was making an earnest effort to block the only line of march available for the Confederates, and thus cut them off from Richmond.

CHAPTER XXI.

LOVE AND LUCRE.

"Dissembled love is like
The poison of perfumes, a killing sweetness."

—SEWELL.

ON the morning of Mr. Allen's departure to New Orleans, with his negroes, he had sent Peter's family over to The Oaks with a polite note to Fount stating that he could not get his consent to take the woman and children away from the husband and father, and they were sent over to be under his control for the present.

In New Orleans he found that he could not dispose of his negroes for cash, on account of the scarcity of money, but he could get full price in cotton and sugar. This fitted in with his plans nicely, for he intended to invest largely in cotton to be held until the close of the war. The sugar which he got in exchange, he traded for cotton, so, when the Federal army occupied that city, they found an Alabama ex-slaveholder its largest cotton-holder, and the one representative, or supposed representative, of that rare class in the South (after the war was actually begun) who had not the courage of the traditional worm.

Being possessed of a fine personal appearance, a fair education, a good address and ample means, the young man soon made the acquaintance of some of the best old families. Among them was a wealthy family by the name of Chamfort, consisting of an aged widow and an invalid daughter of uncertain age, who interested him greatly. He became a frequent visitor at their house and seemed to take much interest in the scraps of family history which from time

to time fell from the lips of the younger lady. Her mother, he learned, had in early life separated from her father, who had subsequently married a mestizo in Havana, who became the mother of two children. His father cast him off and he joined a party of revolutionists, was wounded and escaped to New Orleans with his family. Here he died in abject poverty, and by some means a wealthy gentleman, said to be from Virginia, got possession of the woman and children. The grandfather, a wealthy and aristocratic Frenchman, relented before his death and left a large part of his fortune to be equally divided between his son's children, "Whether white or black, slaves or free." Only the very delicate health of her mother, whose violent feelings regarding the other family amounted to monomania, had prevented the younger lady from seeking her half-brother and sister and putting them in possession of their rights.

When the Federal troops entered that proud, unhappy city, Mr. Allen welcomed them with open arms, and his relations with the officers were friendly and cordial until the promulgation of General Butler's infamously celebrated order of May the 15th, known as "The woman's order." Mr. Allen imprudently characterized that order as a brutal exercise of military power, and in consequence fell under the displeasure of those who were responsible for thus foolishly advertising to the civilized world their fanatical and unmanly resentment of the proud scorn of helpless beauty.*

Still his sojourn in the Crescent City might have been without unpleasant incident had it not happened that in

* The following is General Butler's remarkable order:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF GULF,

New Orleans, May 15.

As officers and soldiers of the United States have been subject to repeated insults from women calling themselves ladies, of New Orleans, in return for the most scrupulous non-interference and courtesy, on our part, it is ordered hereafter, when any female shall by mere gesture or movement insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman about town plying her avocation. By command of Maj. Gen. Butler.

Geo. C. Strong, A. A. G.

passing along one of the fashionable residence streets about twilight, he came upon a young lady whom he had met in society, struggling in the arms of a drunken soldier in a frenzied effort to prevent his bloated lips from coming in contact with her face. Whatever may have been the faults of the young man, a lack of one of the most common instincts of manhood was not among them, and in an instant the uniformed brute was hurled, by a blow in the face, across the pavement and against the iron post of a gateway.

"Run!" he shouted to the young lady, as he stooped and drew the fallen man's bayonet to defend himself against another soldier and half a dozen negroes who had been looking on in glee at the execution of General Butler's order in the mild manner rendered necessary by the earliness of the hour and the publicity of the place. The sight of bright steel in the hand of a determined and aggressive-looking man, was sufficient to put the negroes to flight, and the soldier, too, as if all manhood had been taken out of him by the unmanly deed he had not prevented, walked away with a crestfallen air.

Mr. Allen made a hasty examination of the fallen soldier, and finding a froth of blood on his lips he took the advice he had given the young lady and disappeared without unnecessary delay.

During the night he ascertained that the soldier, who had fallen with his head against a sharp corner of the iron post, could not live, and feeling confident that he must ultimately be recognized by some of those who had witnessed the affair, he determined to put his cotton into safe hands to be shipped to his agent in New York. Having arranged his business affairs satisfactorily during the next day, he passed through the Federal lines during the night and made his way back to Alabama, there to enter quite a different field of speculation.

On the next morning after his arrival at the plantation where he had left Cyrus, and his wife, the cook, in charge, he rode over to The Oaks and inquired for Fount. On being informed that he was absent but would return in a few days, he asked for Miss Chamfort.

"Ef dat's Marmselle you's er talkin' 'bout," replied

Mammy, looking at him curiously, "she's out at de greenhouse and you can see her dar."

Walking down to the greenhouse he found Marienne looking after her tender plants not yet transferred to open air. The surprise expressed in her countenance at his warm greeting put him under some constraint, and the novelty of the situation so disconcerted him that he floundered for some time in a vain effort to commence a pleasant, chatty conversation; until finally, in sheer desperation, he plunged recklessly into the midst of his subject, causing her soon to gaze at him in undisguised astonishment.

"You have never heard of my proposition to Mr. Marshall?" he exclaimed, now regretting that he himself had made it known. "I am surprised that he did not mention it! Of course, my object was not to keep you and your brother in bondage, but on the contrary, to unlock your fetters and make you as free as the life-giving air that fans your cheeks. You may ask why I did not free those who belonged to me before setting out to do missionary work in behalf of others. My answer is that they are of inferior blood and have not the same claim upon my sympathy. If this answer shall be deemed insufficient, I have another and a better one, which will lay bare the soul of the matter.

"Once, at a barbecue, you thought I presumed on my position to speak words to you which you deemed insulting. Those words would have been regarded as the very opposite of insulting had they been addressed to any other lady in the land. My only fault lay in forgetting for the moment, under a sudden impulse of feeling, that you were in bondage. Since that day my desire has been to see you free, that without the fear of giving offense, I might speak again those words;—might multiply them a thousand-fold, and tell you that I love you with my whole heart and soul."

When the young man ceased speaking, Marienne, who was leaning against a bench of the greenhouse, gazed at him with that peculiar expression which betokens an entire absence of self-consciousness, until his flushed face and embarrassed manner recalled her thoughts to her-

self. Then, speaking with an air that suggested bewilderment, she replied:

"Your manner, Mr. Allen, is such as should assure me that you are dealing candidly with me. Such being the case, I have no right, perhaps, to assume that you are not. Assuming that you are, candor on my part compels me to say that I do not wish you to interest yourself in my welfare. Besides, you seem to be laboring under a strange hallucination. My brother and I are under no involuntary bondage. In our childhood extreme poverty caused our devoted mother, who was a stranger in a strange land, to implore Colonel Marshall, of Virginia, to take us all as his peons, which is a form of servitude peculiar to our native land. He would not, and could not do that, but he took us, and gave us a happy home in his own family, who nursed my mother in her last illness. That is the nature of my bondage, and I have no desire to change it for a different form."

"You have put yourself under a noble form of bondage," said the young man, warmly, "but marriage, in which loving hearts are united, is a far nobler. That is the ideal condition of life, in which contentment and happiness, in this world, can alone be found. I offer you a heart overflowing with love, an honorable name and lineage, and a home in any portion of the world that you may choose. I know of the haughty family from which you are descended on one side, and who cast your father off. Only become mine and you shall live in their ancestral halls in Paris, if you so desire; for I am wealthy,—vastly more so than is supposed here,—and wealth has power in Paris as well as here."

"Mr. Allen," said Marienne, very seriously, "considering your position and mine you have paid me a compliment which has few parallels, and I should consider myself unworthy of it if I could deceive you. You have won my admiration, but I should be unworthy of yours if I did not tell you that I can never give you a more tender feeling. I regret to have to say so, but the poet who said '*Love gives itself*' knew the human heart, and knew that it could neither be urged nor restrained by the human will."

"I thank you for your kind words, dear lady," said the young man, feelingly. "Admiration is the starting point of love, and perfect admiration is its goal. I ask you to receive me in the future as a warm and true friend; and if Fate shall decree that you can never give me what my heart so passionately desires, your friendship shall be a substitute compensation for my constancy."

Without waiting for Marienne to reply, the young man pressed her hand and left the greenhouse. During the short hour he had spent within its doors some of his feelings and sentiments had been entirely revolutionized.

* * * * *

Three moons have waxed and waned since Lieutenant Marshall's command moved out from its camp above Williamsburg with a battle raging five miles in its rear and the enemy massing, by means of gunboats and transports, many miles in its front and uttering threats of direful disaster through the steel and iron throats of heavy floating batteries.

To-day, his detachment having joined the other portion of the Ninth Alabama, is quietly resting with a large portion of the army, near the Chickahominy swamps, disdaining Nassau bacon and luxuriating in a profusion of Federal commissary dainties and army sutler's luxuries.

Between the two periods the young lieutenant had seen "The Finest Army that ever Trod the Planet," as Federal newspapers proudly named it, hurled, defeated and dumfounded, from the front of Richmond, to cower, dazed and demoralized, under cover of Federal gunboats on the James River many miles below; and this after a week of strenuous and enthusiastic struggle in the wild fury of battle, which tried to its utmost limit the metal of both armies.

He had also seen—what was a matter of very great importance—scores of thousands of old smooth-bore muskets (the odds and ends of previous wars, and now dangerous only at short range, or on account of the bayonet) exchanged during the seven days of charge and counter-charge,—mix-up, confusion and scatteration,—for the finest rifled arms that the Federal government had

been able to procure for its troops from its own armories or in the markets of the world.

As there was no immediate prospect of any portion of his division being engaged in battle, Lieutenant Marshall obtained a leave of absence for two days to visit his friends in Richmond, particularly his Federal friend in Libby Prison. On arriving in the city he felt a degree of selfish disappointment that the friend to whom he had written in Lieutenant Carlton's behalf, had been so active and influential with the military authorities in the Capital City, that the young Federal officer had already been paroled and sent within the lines of his own army, which was sulking at Harrison's landing.

At the home of a relative, who received and forwarded his mail, he found among other letters, one from Lieutenant Carlton. He was surprised on opening it to find in addition to an epistle from his friend overflowing with expressions of gratitude and personal regard, a sealed envelope addressed to himself in Miss Sanford's smooth and graceful hand. He read and re-read his friend's letter, but an indescribable feeling of alternating hope and fear made it impossible to break the seal of the other in the presence of unsympathizing friends. Placing it in his breast pocket he walked to Capitol Square, where, after promenading its shady walks for some time, he threw himself upon the grass in a secluded spot and with trembling hands opened the precious envelope.

"Only a short poem!" he ejaculated, as he glanced along the lines and recognized in them a free translation of a plaintive German song which had often caused a thrill to steal over his heart as he listened to its soul-saddening melody from the lips that he loved:

"The long, long weary day is passed in grief away,
And oh! I'm sadly, sadly weeping!
When from my window's height, I look out on the night,
I still am weeping, my lone watch keeping!

"For he alas! is gone, whose heart was mine alone,
And oh! I'm sadly, sadly weeping!
Ah! will he ne'er come more and love me as before?
And say, 'Cease weeping—thy lone watch keeping?'"

That was all, and the young man sighed to see so much virgin space which bore only the ghost of unworded messages to his imagination. Ah! the cruel, compassionate, unbelieving believer! The darling image in plastic clay! Lying at full length upon the greensward he closed his eyes and remained motionless until the numerous half-tamed squirrels about the park had ceased to fear him as an animate creature, and proceeded with their frisking flirtations without regard to his bodily presence.

Like a weary traveler being called during the darkness of night to resume a wearisome journey, came the voice of Captain Farrington recalling his wandering senses to present realities:

"Hello, Marshall, old fellow! Playing dead soldier, on a pleasant battle field, eh? 'Rise, shine, and go where glory waits you!' Lively times in camp!—Three days' rations to be cooked, if the cooks can find the rations! Long marches, hard fighting and plenty of fun ahead! Another 'Greatest Captain of the Age' in the field!—Got to turn him out!—Up on the Rappahannock, this time, pawing the ground and bellowing!—Doing the china-shop act!—Got to have another 'Bull Run'!—The 'Fearful Forager Pope' is after us.—Never saw any part of a Reb. except his gray back!—'Headquarters in the saddle!'—Never studies lines of retreat!—Only solicitude is to get at us before we show our gray backs and get out of his way!"

Sad as had been the young man's thoughts and feelings he sprang to his feet with a smile at his friend's humor and accompanied him on the long tramp back to camp. As he passed through a business part of the city he procured a Northern paper the patriotic and civilized instincts of whose editor had not been hypnotized. In it he read:

"Pope has thrown all the country, occupied by him, open to unlimited spoliation. Rapid strides toward villainy have been made within the last two weeks. Men, who at home, would shudder at the thought of touching another man's property, now appropriate remorselessly

*whatever comes within their reach. Thieving, they imagine, has now become an authorized practice."**

Alas, for the haste of impatient spleen to taste the sweets of vengeance! Within less than one short month from the busy frying-bee of rancid salt pork, the overworked and battle-soiled little army of Northern Virginia had lain Mr. Pope's fame forever "To rest in Honor's truckle-bed," while his "head" and other "quarters," all now in the saddle and seeking safety, sought with bewildered eagerness lines of retreat which there was no time to "study," but which were pointed out to him by instinct.

* Reprinted in the "Lynchburg (Va.) Republican," from a Washington paper—name not remembered.

CHAPTER XXII.

UNCIVIL WAR.

"To vice industrious, but to noble deeds,
Timorous and slothful."

—MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*.

SEVERAL mornings after that on which Mr. Allen commenced his novel courtship, the little town of Tiptop was thrown into a fever of excitement by the news that a brigade of Federal troops under command of the famous Brigadier General Turchin,—famous alas! like many who were his superior in rank, if not in manhood and civilization, for no deed of legitimate war—was coming to occupy the town and "put to rights" all that portion of North Alabama lying on the north side of the Tennessee River.

As Turchin's fame had preceded him, and as it was not known precisely what his method of putting things "to rights" might be, or what there was that needed righting, there was a feeling of anxious apprehension on the part of all the people who owned treasure and other movable property.

The portion of the State lying north of the river had been held by the Federal troops since the fall of Nashville, during the preceding February, but as it was not regularly occupied by a post garrison, independent squads of Confederate soldiers, from the south side of the river,—generally men on furlough and rarely more than half a dozen at a time,—would go to see their families and friends: Often merely for the fun of an adventure, but more frequently for the purpose of terrorizing marauding bands of military bummers, they would deploy as skirmishers, thus making the impression that they were backed by a larger force, and causing a hasty stampede back to

camp. Occasionally the whole sub-district was thrown into a fever of apprehension by these daring tricks of the reckless young "rebels," which were very annoying to the dignity of the Federal military commanders, to say the least.

As many of these young raiders had sisters or sweet-hearts at the Athenaeum, the town of Tiptop was the Mecca to which they turned their faces before re-crossing the river; and in its vicinity some of the most startling practical jokes had been perpetrated. It was General Turchin's high resolve to stop this courting and joking business, if it lay within the power of the military arm of the Federal government to do so.

At the beginning of the war-excitement there had been a strong Union sentiment among a few of the town people which had prompted them to nail the United States flag to the highest point of the cupola of the Court-house, and, it was thought afterwards that the existence of such a sentiment (the fact of which had been advertised and made much of at the North), ought to have prompted the Federal military authorities to show some discrimination in their very harsh treatment of the people.

But it was sadly amusing, in the light of subsequent events, to see the difference in the effect of the news of General Turchin's approach, upon the two little factions. One retired to their houses and the rumbling of furniture and other household goods being hastily moved about, and the jingle of spoons and forks and other silver being roughly handled, told of an emergency call to prepare for the worst. The others left the doors and windows open, and went out on the streets with smiles and flowers and such caricatures of Union flags as could be hastily sewed together.

When General Turchin and his staff galloped through the streets, on their way to the public square, the "Gal-lant Avenger of Treason"—and jokes—rewarded only with a cold stare the doffed hats and other manifestations of respect and sympathy from the Unionists. As he had seen nothing of the kind before, even from the great majority of the negroes, it is likely that he believed the

tokens of welcome and good will were offered in a spirit of sarcastic irony. Be that as it may, he had mapped out his course, and was not to be humbugged out of it, whether the humbuggers came as skirmishers or as friends of the Union.

After forming his brigade upon the public square, he dismissed the men with the promise that *for two hours he should keep his eyes closed, and would see nothing that might occur.**

The author will not describe the scenes as they were described to him, for some of the men were American born.

While General Turchin was giving a sample of the civilization which the Christian religion had taught to himself and his men, Dr. Hindman sat in the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of his bed chamber, holding a family council with Mrs. Hindman and Miss Sanford. He had heard something of Turchin and his command, and seen something of other commands, and his sympathy and welcome did not go out to the new-comers with quite the enthusiasm that greeted the first comers. Miss Sanford was looking pale and sad, but as beautiful as when flushed with health and spirits. The subject under discussion was the propriety of inviting General Turchin and the officers of his staff to dinner on the next day; which proposition both ladies opposed.

* Gen. Turchin's treatment of the people was disapproved by all the Northern papers that came under the notice of the author. *But he was never reprimanded by authority.* The following, clipped from a New York paper—name not remembered—is about the harshest that was said of him by the Northern papers:

"Gen. Turchin informed his troops that he would shut his eyes for two hours and turn them loose upon the citizens of Athens, Ala., the very same citizens, who when all the rest of the state was disloyal, nailed the National colors to the highest pinnacle of the courthouse cupola. Houses and stores were broken open and robbed of everything valuable; and what could not be transported was destroyed. Safes were broken open and robbed of thousands of dollars. Wives and daughters insulted, and husbands and fathers arrested. In a word, *every outrage was committed, and every excess indulged in, by means of which a brutal force could disgrace our arms.*"

The rough hand of war had as yet made no impression upon the Athenaeum and its surroundings. The grass was as green, the trees as umbrageous and the shrubbery, foliage and flowers as beautiful as when warmed and watered by the sunshine and showers of beautiful nature in her happiest mood amid the joys of peace.

The family council had been in session less than half an hour when it was adjourned without formality, by the sudden thrusting open of the door, and Sarah, whose complexion was usually a glossy ebony, rushed in looking ashy from the violent effort of nature to depict fear upon her countenance.

"Oh! Lordy! Marse Doctor!" she exclaimed, trembling with excitement, "dar's a whole lot er dem Linkum so'jers in de back yard, and one of 'em is done hugged an' kissed an' rumped up Miss Alice Brandon; an' den he slapped her down 'cause she spit in his face!"

Dr. Hindman sprang to his feet and throwing up a sash, saw a soldier assisting the half-fainting girl in question up the back steps and heard him say:

"Run to your room, sissy, and lock the door;—some of our men are mighty tough fellows."

At a little distance stood five others, one of them looking flushed and angry and the others were evidently laughing at and quizzing him.

"Which of you men," he demanded, angrily, "insulted and struck that child?"

"What have you got to do with it, you d—d old blear-eyed rebel?" exclaimed the one who seemed to be the butt of ridicule. "If you don't pull in that ugly mug and attend to your own business, I'll come up there and pitch you out of that window!"

"I shall report you to General Turchin!" shouted the old man, in a towering rage. "You are a disgrace to the service and to your country; tell me what your name is, sirrah?"

"Ha! ha! boys!" exclaimed the man, with a fierce laugh, "the old sniveller wants to know my name! Well, old Daddy Sanctimonious," he added, starting up the steps, "wait till I get there and I'll shout my name into

your ear and then cut the d—d old gristle off and make you eat it.”

“Agnes!” exclaimed the old man, as he slammed down the window, “where is that butcher knife I had made in the shop last month?”

“You do not want the knife, sir,” replied Miss Sanford, snatching it from the drawer of the bureau and resisting his efforts to obtain possession of it. “Remember ‘A soft answer turneth away wrath,’ and also that you are the only protector of a house full of females.”

Dr. Hindman had not time to seek, through the powers of persuasion, what his physical powers had failed to give him possession of, before the quick strides of the man were heard in the hall leading to the room. Miss Sanford, imploring her step-father in hasty words to sit down and become speechless, went to the door with the dangerous looking weapon in her hand and looked quietly at the man as he approached. When within a few feet of the door, he drew his bayonet and Miss Sanford said, quietly, but firmly:

“Beware what you say or do, sir. We are Northern people and have friends in the army. General Mitchell, commanding the District, with headquarters at Huntsville, less than thirty miles from here, is a relative of mine. You know his authority and power. Put up your bayonet, sir!” she added suddenly and authoritatively.

Seeing the man make an involuntary motion to obey the command, which he instantly checked, she felt that the danger was virtually over, if she could strike the happy medium between too much gentleness and exasperating censure, and added:

“This old man, the Rev. Dr. Hindman, who so greatly excited your anger, is a native of Connecticut and a friend of the Union. What you have done certainly merits punishment, but if you will go down and send away the men who are tramping through the house and grounds, I will see that the incident shall not be reported at Huntsville.”

“Well,” said the man, doggedly, looking at the young lady with an expression of indecision upon his sensual features, as if a struggle were going

on within him between a reckless will and a timorous nature, "as you claim to belong to our country and to be a pet of General Mitchell's, I suppose I'll have to let you pass; but you tell that d—d old wooden-nutmeg in there to keep a civil tongue in his head hereafter when gentlemen are around." And without further parley, the "Gallant Avenger of Treason" put up his bayonet and stalked sullenly away.

The excitement and apprehended danger had caused Mrs. Hindman to swoon, and the enforced acting of a passive part in the emergency had unnerved Dr. Hindman. Miss Sanford rang violently for Sarah, and applied proper restoratives to her mother. As Sarah did not appear she went to the window to see if the soldiers had left the grounds. All seemed quiet and orderly below, but glancing across the town she saw columns of black smoke rising from several different localities and knew that houses were burning. But no one in the town appeared to have noticed the fact. The Court-house and church bells seemed to have forgotten to "Shriek out their affright," and not even the voice of a child honored the besom of destruction with so much as a cry of "Fire!" But a hoarse, dull sound of shouts and "ungodly glee" was borne upon the calm, warm air.

Falling upon her knees before the window, as if appealing to the "deaf and frantic fire," she sent her pure spirit upon the wings of prayer to the Father of all, in a devout petition for the suffering people about her, and for confusion upon these unworthy representatives of her people.

Sarah had heard the summons, but was engaged at that moment in a determined effort to rescue a handsome watch and chain, belonging to one of her favorites in school, from the possession of the kind-hearted soldier who had shown sympathy for the insulted and abused little Brandon girl. He had taken a fancy to the "thing of beauty" and desired to make it "a joy forever" to his sweetheart at home. But Sarah decreed otherwise, and despite the rough scuffle she held on stubbornly. Being of equal strength with her adversary she was about to win, when the soldier, unwilling to use the most violent

means, changed his tactics and commenced hugging and kissing her furiously.

"Oh, Lordy!" exclaimed the girl, startled, but gaining full possession of the watch, "dat ain't gwine to hurt me! I ain't so screamish es de young ladies is. I kin stan' it ef you kin; but ef Henry was here he'd bust your head open!"

At this moment the soldier whose inclination ran in the direction of beauty rather than booty, came from the floor above and seeing the position of matters laughingly exclaimed:

"Oh! let the girl keep her watch, Phillipps. We didn't come down here to rob niggers;—and what would Hannah Stevens say if she heard of you hugging and kissing another girl in that fashion?"

The mention of his *dulcinea's* name caused the soldier's arms to drop, and Sarah rushed from the room, stopping at the door, however, to fire, instead of her usual "tee-hee" of amusement or derision, the best sarcasm that her mind could frame:

"You mean, low-down, white-face slink! Folks' says dat niggers' slobber is pizen to white folks, an' ef you is white folks, I hope you's got er dose dat'll give you de hyderfoby!"

With this farewell shot she went immediately to Mrs. Hindman's room, where she found Miss Sanford still on her knees before the window. In a few minutes most of the larger girls came in from the library, in which all had locked themselves, and Sarah was sent in search of Adolphus, the butler, to take a note to General Turchin, requesting that a guard be sent to the college. But Adolphus could not be found, and several of the larger girls suggested that a dozen of themselves be sent under a white flag, with a note written by Miss Sanford. But that young lady intuitively understanding that a black skin would be a better safeguard than all the white flags the linen of the college could furnish, directed Sarah to take the note. Within half an hour she returned, bringing only a verbal message.

"Miss Agnes," she said, fanning herself with her pink calico sun-bonnet, "dat pizen Yankee General is er Dutch-

man, an' es frisky es de balance of 'em. He says he's gwine to put er guard round de town an' you needn't be oneasy, 'cause dey'll keep off de Rebels. Now, dat's what I calls de pink er sassyness an' imperdence, but I was afeared to tell him so."

On the next morning, a staff officer called on Dr. Hindman and informed him that the college building was needed for prison and hospital purposes and that, if he desired it, he should have a military escort for his pupils to Nashville. As for himself and family, he was offered transportation by way of Nashville to the North, which, it was suggested, was the proper place for them if they really sympathized with that section.

It was not without deep regret and a feeling of humiliation that the old man was forced to turn his back on the pleasant home and profitable employment that had been his in the quiet, easy-going South, and to face the prospects of a precarious living among the bleak hills of New England.

Whatever Miss Sanford's feeling may have been, she gave no sign to those around her. Miss Howard and other intimate friends had left the school after Nashville had fallen into the hands of the Federal forces, and as there was no one to whom she cared to confide her feelings, she wrote a hasty letter to Miss Howard while her neat little chamber was being denuded by some of Turchin's men and its belongings were being removed.

It was with copious tears of sympathy and sorrow that Miss Frances read the last words of her dearly loved and broken-hearted friend, whose sorrows had previously been confided to her.

"I wish," she wrote, "that my last words in this loved and beautiful land, shall be to one whose gentle heart will always hold me in loving remembrance, as mine will ever hold her.

"My 'prophetic dream,' of which I told you, is being fulfilled,—oh!—with such heart-crushing accuracy! except as to the one consoling feature. The cataclysm has come; the maelstrom has engulfed me; he has been torn away and swallowed up in an unfathomable chaos; I am lying helpless on the desert shore; but, alas! he

cannot raise his arm to protect me from the fangs that are tearing my heart!

"Oh, my darling Fanny! can it be that the one consoling feature in the fearful dream is to be changed in its fulfillment! Merciful Heaven! is it that *he* is to lie helpless and dying on the field of battle, of wounds inflicted by my people, and is never to know the truth in this life—how he has wronged me, and how I have forgiven him?

"Pardon me, dear Fanny! I should not write to you in this way, but you are such a wise little woman that I forget your age. I am not superstitious—my sad heart is only sporting with shrouded fancies. But the world is so different from what I thought it only a few short months ago! Can it be that civilization is a lie;—religion a pretense;—Christianity a fraud! And that the mighty ones of the earth use them only to control the simple minded?

"Pardon me again, my little woman! I am not skeptical. Civilization may be a lie, and religionism a pretense—I fear I have come to believe they are—but the blessed Jesus Christ died for fallen man. Was not He reviled and persecuted and beaten and crucified by such base human creatures as we still have upon earth, and who are now making a pretense of following Him? Ah! if my agony of sorrow should cast Him out of my heart then it were better that life had never been.

"Farewell, my precious little child-woman! The mighty and the wise ones may oppress and persecute, but we simple-minded ones have a wisdom that they know not of, and though we may meet no more here, it will surely bring us together in the great Hereafter!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

EXTENDING MILITARY OPERATIONS.

"Lay not the flattering unction to your soul
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks."
—SHAKESPEARE.

A SHORT time after the military company of which Captain Harvey was in command, had left for the seat of war, it was found that several public blacksmith shops had been closed on account of the enlistment of the smiths, and Baxter Johnston had prevailed on his old mistress to allow him to take one of them and accommodate the neighborhood by working for the money of any and all comers.

He proved himself a careful and intelligent business man in a small way, and accumulated a good deal of cash and a great deal of political information from those who frequented his shop. The former he turned over to the mistress but the latter he treasured in his mind and turned over and over, for his own use and benefit, until he came to regard John Brown, the great apostle of negro insurrection, murder and arson, as the Anti-Christ, and the people who were now marauding through North Alabama as his fit disciples.

A few days after the bold dash of the gallant Turchin upon the mothers, sisters and sweethearts of the raiders who had made the Union soldiers in the sub-district around Tiptop unhappy, the sable Vulcan was alone in his shop, earnestly hammering on a repair job, when five soldiers on horses, evidently "borrowed" after the usual soldier fashion, from the plantations, rode up to the door.

"I say, mister," said one of them who wore a sword and was evidently posing as an officer, "can you direct us to the Marshall plantation?"

"What does you want dar?" questioned Baxter, resting his hammer on the anvil and closely scrutinizing each individual of the party.

"Oh, nothing in particul.r. We heard there was a pretty girl there and that they live high."

"Well, s'posin' 'twas so; what of it?"

"Ha! nothing much; but we like to see fine folks and fine doings. They say the girl wears diamonds as large as filberts and as brilliant as stars. Is that so?"

"Is what so?"

"Does she wear diamonds?"

"I don't know what di'munts is. Ef its home-spun linsey, it's es true es preachin'."

"They're mighty rich, ain't they?"

"Dey's got ernuff bread an' meat an' home-spun clo's, ef you call dat richness."

"I imagine they've buried all their gold and jewels long ago."

"Yes; dey's done buried all dey had. I seen 'em buryin' bushels an' bushels."

"Holy Brown!" ejaculated the officer, or pretended officer, jumping from his horse in eager expectation. "Show us the place, my good friend, and we'll go snacks with you!"

"You kin find de place mighty easy widout any er my showin'," said Baxter, resuming his work.

"No, we can't! Other fellows have luck, but we never have found a place yet. Show this one to us and we'll give you a uniform, a sword and a horse, and make you a rich man and an officer."

"You kin fin' de place. 'Twas corn and cotton seed I seen 'em plantin' all over de plantation; an' dem dat says dey's got any other sort er gol' an' jewels tells er lie."

"But the girl's eyes are jewels," said the officer, with a disappointed look; "we want to see them. Will you direct us to the place?"

"Do you see dat road?" replied Baxter, stepping out of the door and pointing up the road.

"Yes, we came down that road."

"Well, dat's de road. Go straight along dat road 'till you comes to er mill five miles from here; dar you takes

'de lef' road an' five miles mo' will bring you to Tiptop, an' you'd better stop dar an' go to 'tendin' to your business, ef you has any business, 'specially ef it's er healthy sort er business."

"Oh, you're a d—d black secesh rebel, and playing pranks on strangers, eh?" said the officer as he mounted his horse and rode off in an opposite direction from the one recommended. "Maybe we'll look after you later and pay you out," he called back.

"Dem John Brown fellers is arter some sort er devilment, an' I's gwine to notify Fount ef he's got home," said Baxter, talking to himself as he threw off his leather apron, put on his coat, and picked up and tried the heft of a four-pound hammer.

He set out in a brisk walk, and after passing through the cleared space in rear of the shop, he struck out on a trot which he kept up until he had passed through the forest and was in sight of the broad, level fields of The Oaks plantation. Seeing no soldiers on the only road the men could have reached by that time, but only Uncle Solomon with his force, quietly pursuing their peaceful labors in the distance, he slackened his pace again to a quick walk.

Arriving at The Oaks he found Mr. Allen sitting on the front porch in earnest conversation with Marienne. Calling the gentleman out he narrated what had passed at the shop, and expressed the opinion that the soldiers would not be a great while in finding their way to the place.

"There they are now, I imagine, coming in at the east gate," exclaimed Mr. Allen.

"Dem's de men!" said Baxter, looking in the direction. "Five men, an' one wid er sode on er white hoss. Dey ain't los' much time, an' I's feared you's gwine to have trouble wid 'em. Niggers don't know how to parlayer, an' I 'speck I'd better go 'round to Aunt Prudence's cabin an' wait till de parlarverin' is over an' de trubble begins. But any minute dat you wants dis hammer des fetch one holler an' Baxter an' de hammer'll be dar."

As Baxter went around to the quarters, Mr. Allen went into the house,—Marienne having retired from the porch

during the consultation,—and advised her to retire to her room and lock the door; assuring her, however, that there was no cause for alarm, but that the men would doubtless pillage the house, as was usual with them.

Marianne did as suggested, taking the precaution first, however, to go into the parlor for a silver-mounted Mexican dagger of small and delicate proportions, which Mr. Marshall had bought for its artistic carvings.

As the men, after hitching their horses, approached, the officer, staring at Mr. Allen, who had stationed himself at the head of the steps, exclaimed:

“Hello, Johnny Reb! Is your name Fount?”

“My name is Allen,” said the young man, pleasantly, “and I am a countryman of yours. I am from New England.”

“From New England, eh?” remarked the officer, insolently. “Well, that’s funny! New England is getting popular down here as a place to hail from. There’s that anatomical museum’s ticket-of-leave specimen at Tip-top, from New England, and now here’s this fine gentleman! Are you afraid of the Yanks, Johnny Reb?”

“I don’t think I’m capable of being afraid of anything that wears clothes,” replied the young man, quietly. “Will you please state your business?”

“Hello, boys,” exclaimed the officer, turning to his men, “this is a business man, and this has to be a business meeting. The secretary will please read the minutes of the last meeting,” he added, as he took an old letter from his pocket and handed it to the nearest man.

The latter evinced a high appreciation of the joke as he went through the form of reading: “At a called meeting of the ‘Five Fearless Friends’ it was resolved that a visit be made to the Marshall plantation; that a rebel named Fount Marshall be arrested, and that houses and persons be searched for arms and concealed weapons.”

“You cannot search persons here, sir,” said Mr. Allen, growing pale, “without a written order from General Turchin presented by a commissioned officer.”

“Can’t, eh? Well, that’s cool,” exclaimed the officer, with a rude laugh. “Boys, he’s depending on them colored people we saw across the field to back him. But

they are a mile away and I could scare the whole lot out of their skins by one shot from my pistol. But as he ain't the man we want, we'll let up on him and two of you can watch him while we search for arms."

Mr. Allen, seeing that only diplomacy could avert serious trouble, said nothing, but he did not intend to be guarded as a submissive prisoner. As the officer and two other men went into the house he followed them and was followed by his two appointed guards.

After examining the first room, which chanced to be the dining-room, and pocketing the few battered spoons that had not been buried with the other silver, the officer ordered the two guards to keep the "conscript dodger" in that room as he did not intend to be dogged over the house by him.

"Before proceeding to the extreme measure of breaking into the ladies' apartments of a private house without any authority," said the young man earnestly, "let me assure you that I am friendly to the Union and am a Northern man. I shall follow you through the house, and if you offer any indignity to any in it I shall report you to General Mitchell at Huntsville, who is a gentleman possessing some military authority, and have you punished."

"Punished, you impudent rebel! we are here as punishers!" exclaimed the officer angrily, giving his men a quick glance. "Seize him, boys!"

In an instant the young man was pounced upon and overpowered by the four stalwart men and was locked in with two of them as guards. This made the situation extremely embarrassing. He felt that he was now virtually as helpless as the one he desired to help, but he determined if Marienne cried for help to go to her or sacrifice his life in the attempt. In her supposed peril he felt his heart go out to her with an enthusiasm immeasurably more creditable than the impulses which had actuated him a few days previously.

He heard the men go noisily through the rooms on the lower floor and then heard their noisy tramping up the front staircase. Soon he heard them overhead, heard the forcible opening of bureaus and wardrobes and heard

what seemed to be an aimless tramping to and fro through the rooms. After some time a loud knocking came to his ear, accompanied by a civil request, in a loud voice, to open the door, followed by an angry demand. Soon there was a pounding and then a crash, a shuffling of feet, a masculine yell, with the words, "The little devil has stabbed me!" Then, suddenly, a succession of piercing screams from Marienne.

With the quickness of thought the young man dealt one of his guards a blow under the ear that brought him limp to the floor and warding off the bayonet thrust of the other, he seized him by the throat in a desperate struggle for mastery. As the contest grew furious the soldier called lustily for help and Mr. Allen heard Baxter Johnston's shout from the back porch and the next instant the door was burst open as if by a battering ram, and his antagonist was hurled against the adjacent wall by a blow from Baxter's ponderous fist.

"Follow me!" said Mr. Allen, not in words, but by a quick motion as he sprang across the hall and up the steps three at a bound. Running at full speed he threw the weight and momentum of his body against the closed door bursting it in but falling on the threshold from a sabre stroke which stunned him and laid bare several inches of his skull. He had hardly touched the floor, however, before Baxter Johnston sprang over him and seized the officer. A pistol fired from behind him and aimed at his head, singed the negro's hair and sent a bullet crashing into the officer's brain. Instantly turning upon the two others, Baxter felled them by two quick blows before they could gather their wits for concerted defense. Being now master of the situation, he found Marienne lying across the bed in a swoon and seizing her in his arms he ran rapidly down the steps calling for help. And help was at hand.

When Baxter told Mammy of the approach of the soldiers and of his fears regarding the result of their visit, the old woman had sent half a dozen juvenile runners for Uncle Solomon and his stalwarts, and a dozen dusky and excited forms met Baxter as he descended the steps. "Clear de way," he shouted, "an' let me take dis

chile to de ole Mammy! Uncle Sol, 'tend to Mr. Allen upstairs; I's feared dey has done kilt him! Thank God, I drapped my hammer, else de floor would be greasy wid brains."

Mammy, who had hurried into the hall, seeing that Baxter was becoming very much excited, put her hand over his mouth and calling attention to Marienne, pushed him along into the room formerly occupied by Mr. Marshall. As soon as Marienne was placed upon the bed the old woman locked the door and put the key in her pocket. Baxter waited until restoratives had been used and he saw signs of returning consciousness, then he said:

"I onderstands dat key business, ole 'oman; but let me out er here. I's feared dem young niggers'll do somethin' desput now dey blood's up."

"An' I's feared *you* will, Baxter, an' I's gwine to keep de do' locked till you quit drawin' your breath like er bellows; so dar."

On the outside nothing was known except that Marienne had been brought down apparently lifeless, and that Mr. Allen was lying upstairs with a part of his skull laid bare. Surmises among the young negroes were whispered until they grew into facts, and assumed facts were amplified until they grew into an enormity of crime that made the young men hunger for vengeance.

In a few minutes the voice of a young negro penetrated into the room:

"Bring out de devils; we's gwine to burn 'em in de fodder stack!"

"Dar! You hear dat?" exclaimed Baxter, excitedly. "Let me out er here, ole 'oman. De old nigger is done ris in dem boys, es I 'spected. Ef Marmselle has bin—bin hurt—I's gwine to kill dem men. But we ain't no wild Injuns, an' dey shan't burn 'em."

Just as Baxter left the room Fount galloped into the yard and was given a hasty account of the affair. Hurrying a man off for the doctor and finding that Marienne had come out of her swoon, he went among the men, and said:

"Boys, we will send these man back to Tiptop. We don't want our houses burned and ourselves hounded.

A couple of you get the jersey wagon to take along the dead officer."

The men were painfully bruised but not seriously hurt. Their arms and horses were returned to them and they rode soberly away, followed by the body of their dead officer, who in addition to the mortal wound one of his men had given him, had a serious dagger wound in the neck.

When the men had left and Fount had thought deliberately over the occurrences, he again mounted his horse and set out for Tiptop to see General Turchin in person lest the soldiers should falsify facts.

Dr. McLinn responded promptly to the call which had been sent to him, and after sewing up Mr. Allen's scalp wound and leaving medicine for Marienne, he took Mammy aside and gave her a long talk, closing by instructing her to tell the people that they had best resist nothing except actual assault from the marauding squads of Federal soldiers.

Fount had always been a rapid rider and was expected back in the early afternoon, but the shadows of the oaks had grown long toward the east and longer, till they finally reached across the plantation and were lost in early twilight, and yet he had not appeared. Twilight grew into darkness and darkness displayed the countless stars until the queen of them all stood upon the meridian line, and still Fount had not returned, nor had the jersey and driver.

Mammy did what she could for Mr. Allen's comfort, and leaving Baxter Johnston and another man to watch over his delirious slumbers, she repaired to Marienne's room to watch the remainder of the night in an effort to soothe and quiet the poor, half-crazed girl. Long after midnight there was noise and confusion at the quarters, and soon a dozen men on horseback swarmed into the yard and around the house. The doors were assaulted and a stentorian voice shouted:

"Death to all who resist! Deliver up Baxter Johnston, Bob Allen and Marienne Chamfort! Then clear the houses and get out of the way!"

What ordinary persons with black skins, startled in the

dead of night by a cry so ominous, would think of combined action of resistance or even of remonstrance?

Soon the jersey wagon that had carried the corpse to Tiptop in the forenoon was loaded with a male and female form, both apparently insensible, and Baxter Johnston was forced to walk tied with a rope to the rear of the vehicle. What though Mr. Allen made a delirious fight in defense of Marienne and Baxter Johnston's terrible fists felled more than one before he was overpowered. So much the worse for them!

Again, as at Tiptop, columns of smoke ascended into the vault of Heaven, from which the eclipsed stars refused to look down upon "Man's inhumanity to man." The stately mansion and the negro quarters flamed, but there was no outcry made, no effort put forth. Men and women gazed in silent awe, while the little negroes hid their faces in their mothers' skirts to shut out the awful sights.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"PASS UNDER THE FLAG."

"I have smote in vain
The waves that compass me about, and gain
Upon me in the darkness."

E. S. GREGORY'S *De Profundis*.

PASS under the flag!" this command was given and repeated every few moments to passing troops by one of a bevy of young girls who had come out of a roomy building in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, on the left-hand side of the street leading southeastward. To all appearances the building was devoted to school purposes and had a wide, well-shaded lawn some six feet above the pavement, along the line of which was a heavy stone retaining-wall surrounded by a substantial railing. The pavement was crowded with soldiers tramping steadily and quietly forward, over whose heads the handsome young speaker waved a flag of the United States.

Only a glance at the bright muskets and homely garments, the alert eyes and hunger-pinched features of the troops was needed to assure one that the famous little Army of Northern Virginia—"Les Miserables," as one of the witty young ladies who had been reading Victor Hugo's novels, humorously characterized them—has for the second time become an invader, and is again about to demonstrate to the unreceptive intellects of "A peculiar and heterogeneous civilization," as a florid tatterdemalion facetiously expressed it, "the truth of the axiom" that the adjective "Ruthless" does not belong to the noun "Invader," provided the noun "Invader" belongs to the "Highest Civilization."

The said tatterdemalion claimed that, of all America,

only the Confederate States had advanced to that fundamental rule in the Ethical Grammar.

On this bright 29th day of June, 1863, Lieutenant Marshall was sick and by order of the surgeon of the regiment, was being conveyed in one of the regimental ambulances. As the vehicle entered the southwestern section of the suburbs there was a long halt in that portion of the line, which prompted him to leave the conveyance and saunter forward for the purpose of amusing himself by noting the deportment of the citizens.

The people had not retired to their homes and closed doors and blinds, as would have been the case in the South with a Federal force passing. On the contrary, the ladies seemed to be making a gala day of it. Many were on the sidewalks and others crowding porches, doors and windows along the thoroughfare, all with flags in miniature for head and bosom ornaments and for pin-afores. Many assured the modest-looking youths that it was the flag they should fight under, and indulged themselves in witty suggestions and sarcasms. There was never a rude reply, but frequently a quiet smile with a wink of the eye suggested a spirit of sauciness in the young fellows.

Many amusing and some ludicrous incidents came under the observation of the young Lieutenant as he sauntered leisurely forward. In a vacant lot on which were scattered piles of lumber, a lady primary teacher with gray curls had stationed her school of neat, bright-eyed little girls, and when he approached they were all singing a patriotic song with the refrain, "We will live for the Union, we will die for the Union!" The lady seemed to be addressing the sentiments of the song to the curious stragglers who had paused to feast their eyes on the fresh, young faces of innocent childhood, and would now and then mount a pile of lumber while the children carried on the song, and invite the audience to "Come over and join in with the children." The song being ended, she assured the crowd that they were fighting on the wrong side, and if they would come over she would find them good homes, with good pay for work, and a plenty to eat of the best in the land. Then, raising

her voice, she added in a style that proved her a fairly good elocutionist:

"Why should you fight for the slaveholders? They treat you worse than their slaves! You are dirty and ragged and half starved! They do not suffer their slaves to go so! Have you no independence of character? Do your ragged jackets cover the bosoms of slaves? Let them do their own fighting and starving! Our money is better than theirs; and you can get more of it! Come right over;—don't be bashful;—come right along!"

Just at this moment a mounted Commissary's sergeant, who was hurrying some supplies of his department ahead of the passing troops, rode up and exclaimed:

"Move on, boys; you have blocked the road. My wagons must get by quickly."

As the larger portion of the crowd started forward, the earnest speaker, raising her voice to a shout, addressed the sergeant:

"That's the way you slaveholders,—you grand officers on fine horses,—keep these poor, ignorant, foot-sore creatures in rebellion! You know if they were to listen to our speeches, or let us read our papers to them, they'd desert you quick enough, and you'd have to go to the gallows!" Then, addressing the laughing mob, who had never before heard a woman stump-speaker, she cried:

"Come back, boys! Come back! Show your manhood! You are a hundred to one! Come back and defy them!"

And, mistaking the laughing applause for approval, the poor woman redoubled her efforts.*

Lieutenant Marshall passed on through the central portion of the town, deriving much amusement from clever and quickly enacted scenes along his route, until he came upon the one first referred to. Here he paused, and, placing his back against the retaining-wall, where he was not likely to be observed by the young girls, he let the troops drift by. He had been there but a little while, observing the sturdy, sedate soldiers "Pass under the

* This is a true incident, and is given with all possible accuracy, excepting the omission of amusing details.

flag," or the merry young ones jump out into the mud of the street to pass around it, or else make a rush and a leap to capture it,—which never failed to elicit screams from the girls,—when, chancing to turn and look back upon the approaching masses, he observed in the distance the noble form of him whose simple presence made every man in that little army feel that he himself was capable of acting a hero's part. As he gazed lovingly at the approaching figure he found himself calculating how long it might be before some man of common mould would stand before that greatest soldier and most modest gentleman of the age and say, with the secret exultation of mediocrity, "I am the greatest of the great, for I have overcome you!" What did it matter that this quiet, melancholy gentleman had, year by year, nay, almost month by month, hurled many "Greatest captains of the age" from the portals of Fame's temple? Were they not as plentiful as autumn leaves? What if they were selected from a gradually descending scale of military genius? Was not each new one put upon a rapidly ascending scale of chances of success? And was it not susceptible of mathematical demonstration, by the most simple process, that the time must soon come when this grand little army would be so depleted by death and capture in battle, and the refusal of the foe to exchange prisoners, and so enfeebled by the scantiness of supplies from their devastated homes, that some one "Greatest captain" must of necessity, after a time, and by the mere weight and impetus of numbers and resources, beat his bloody way beyond the portals and into the temple?

"Pass under the flag!" ordered the musical voice, addressing a knot of youngsters who had stepped off the sidewalk and paused to admire the maidens and laugh at the skirmish of wit continually going on between them and the ragged veterans.

"Pass under the flag, you dirty, grinning rebels!" ordered a different voice. But instantly the musical voice exclaimed:

"Oh, Abigail! Don't insult the poor fellows! I'm sure they're clever and manly, if their clothes are a little queer looking! Your father said they would throw mud

and stones at us, but not one has made a rude remark, and some have said nice things to us."

"Oh, girls!" she added, after a pause; "look at that grand old officer on the gray horse! I know he's a general, and I will make the same bet that he will salute the flag. That will make the ninth general."

"Who has saluted *us*?" added the other voice.

The folds of the banner were given several extra flourishes by the fair holder, and as General Lee came opposite he raised his hand with that characteristic majesty of movement which hundreds of his officers vainly aspired to imitate, and, taking his soft felt hat by the crown, lifted it a couple of inches above his head,—as was his habit in saluting his own banner,—while the young lady courteously drooped her flag.

"Oh, girls!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically, forgetting to raise her banner, which flapped upon the muskets of the passing men below; "isn't he magnificent! Don't you wish he belonged to us? Let's ask them who he is."

"He is General Lee, ladies," said Lieutenant Marshall, stepping out from the wall, and for the first time attracting the attention of the young ladies.

"Not Robert E. Lee, the commander of the army?"

"Yes; Robert E. Lee, the commander."

"Oh, girls!" she exclaimed, again fixing her eyes upon the receding figure; "it is the great Lee! What wouldn't you give for his autograph. And," she added, musingly, "he is the terrible Lee, with those sad, thoughtful eyes!"*

"He is the courtly Lee who saluted your banner, which I, a ruthless invader, have captured," exclaimed the young man as he wound his hand into the folds of the drooping emblem.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the young lady in alarm, pulling at the flagstaff. "You will not tear it from me! I know you will not! The other men have been so nice, and I drooped it in salute to your general."

"All is fair in love and war," quoted the young

* This is a true incident, witnessed by the author exactly as described, and is as accurate in every detail as possible to be made from memory after the lapse of forty years.



"Oh, girls; it is the great Lee! What wouldn't you give for his autograph?"

Lieutenant with a laugh. "I make it a rule to capture these wherever I find them, unless the opposing force is too heavy. But as this is in fair hands, I fancy it might not be a violation of the higher behests of war for me to accept a heavy ransom."

"A harbinger of peace to ransom an imperiled banner?" laughed the young lady, as she dropped a handkerchief of delicate fabric upon his shoulder. "There! you shall have that as a trophy to take back to your lady-love in the 'Sunny South.'"

"Pardon me!" said the young man, still holding on to the banner; "I should like something more ethereal."

"A compliment, for instance? Then tell your sweetheart that a Pennsylvania girl says she has a handsome and gallant lover."

"Too thin for a masked battery!" exclaimed the Lieutenant, quoting army slang as his face flushed.

—"And that your grand old General has excited our patriotic envy," added the young lady.

"That is almost sufficient," said the young man; "but I had reference to something a little less ethereal than compliments."

"Oh, I see that I must yield or lose my banner. So there!" she exclaimed, throwing a couple of winged kisses from the pink tips of her fingers.

"That will have to do, as I am not backed by a storming party, and cannot flank the heights," laughed the young Lieutenant; and, returning the courtesy with interest, he pocketed his trophy, passed under the flag, and resumed his saunter. At the corner he turned to wave his souvenir and received in return a shower of winged kisses.

A few days later his trophy was taken from his pocket by one of the foe to wipe burnt powder from his blackened and blistered features, as he lay within a few feet of a Federal battery on Round Top ridge at Gettysburg, where, with a portion of his brigade, he had charged up the heights into the very jaws of destruction.

The battle of Gettysburg, as is well known, consisted of a series of engagements, but as this story has to do only with the contest on and about Round Top, on the

second day of the battle, the reader is spared an attempted description of the grandeur of the terrible conflict.

Captain Farrington, having been left at the hospital in Richmond, disabled by a severe wound, Lieutenant Marshall led his company in the charge which ended his military career. A graphic historical writer, who was an eye-witness, says of it:

"The Confederates charged up the steep ascent, delivering their fire at short musket-range, accompanied by the peculiar yell of the Southern soldier. For two hours the battle raged with sublime fury, and on the semicircle of Round Top trembled the fiery diadem of victory, and all the issues of the day. Three hundred pieces of artillery belched forth death and destruction; the tumultuous chorus made the earth tremble, and a dense pall of smoke fitly furnished a sulphurous canopy for scenes of infernal horror. At one moment it was thought the day was won. Wilcox and Wright almost gained the ridge; but reinforcements reached the Federals, and, unsupported by the remainder of Anderson's division, they failed to gain the summit of the hill and to drive the enemy from the heights of the Round Top."*

Instead of a description of the scenes that ended so disastrously for Mr. Marshall, an extract from a letter giving a picture of the scene by a Federal officer on the summit of Round Top, will be presented:

"Every cartridge box has been emptied, again and again, and a fourth of the brigade has melted away in dead, wounded and missing. Not a shout is heard in the whole brigade, for we know we are being driven foot by foot, and that when we break back once more the line will go to pieces and the enemy will pour through the gap. We have appealed for help and finally it comes.

"Six guns, withdrawn from some other position to save ours, come thundering over stones and brushwood to our aid. In a moment they are in position, the horses are hurrying away and the ammunition boxes are open. The

* E. A. Pollard's *Lost Cause*.

command is sent up and down the line, 'Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns!' It is scarcely done, when, boom! boom!! boom!!! opens the battery, and jets of flame leap down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and despaired. The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours as we form a line of battle behind the guns and lie down.

"Every gun is using short-fuse shells. The ground shakes and trembles; the roar shuts out all sound from three hundred other guns that are bellowing along the ridge, and the shells go shrieking into the valley, to cut trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, to hunt out and shadow and mangle men until their corpses can hardly be recognized as human. A tornado howls through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it! Aye, and press forward to capture the battery! Amid the fierce shrieks and screams of shells and shrapnel their feeble human shouts are heard as they climb up over boulders and fallen trees to throttle the howling demons of death! Shells are changed for grape and canister, and the guns are served with such rapidity that all reports blend into one mighty roar. Through the smoke we see a swarm of men! It is not a battle line, but a mob, desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns, which leap from the ground, almost, as they are depressed on the foe.

"Shrieks and screams and shouts blend in one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out of the battery—nearly one-half—are down and the firing is interrupted. The survivors prepare for a last round. The foe is not ten feet away when it is given. That discharge picks living men off their feet and hurls them, black and bleeding masses of flesh and bones, into the valley below.

"But the battery is taken!

"Up now, boys! The enemy are among the guns!" There is silence for a few moments for deliberate aim and then a flash and mighty roar of musketry and a rush forward with the bayonet. For what? Neither on the right nor the left nor in front of us is there a yelling foe!

Death's harvest has been reaped with a thoroughness that is appalling!" *

"Colonel," exclaimed a youthful lieutenant, approaching Colonel Carlton some time after the occurrences just described, "the Rebels *have* got negroes in their army; this sword was taken from one of them who fell in front of the guns."

"What!" exclaimed the Colonel, springing up from the log upon which he was seated in sad contemplation of the scene around him. "Why, that is my old sword, presented me by the ladies of St. Paul's church, and which I gave up when captured at Williamsburg. Negro, did you say? Poor Henry! I would never have suspected him of the nerve to take himself into such a place as this. Take me to him!"

The supposed negro was found lying against a boulder, as if taking needed rest, with his chin resting on his chest and a red cotton handkerchief tied around his head, in the absence of a hat. The Colonel hastily removed the handkerchief and exposed a head of dark, matted hair and a broad white forehead.

"My God!" he exclaimed, as he hastily endeavored to wipe the blackness from the passive features, "I believe it is Howard Marshall of Alabama! Quick! Run for a surgeon or some one, and bring a litter!"

A few hours later, after Mr. Marshall had been carried to the field hospital, and after the quiet stars, whose serene beauty never fails to make sentient man deplore the fierce passions to which his frail bosom is subject, had come to look down upon the scenes of death, a Federal soldier approached his officer on Round Top Ridge with a prisoner.

"Captain," he said, saluting, "here's a nigger soldier—a color sergeant, he says—who was captured while groping among the Rebel dead."

"Are you a deserter from the Rebels, sir?" asked the officer, sternly, "or one of our camp followers robbing the dead?"

* This is a genuine letter, written by a Federal soldier, and is here abridged.

"No, suh! I's 'bove dat," replied the negro, humbly and sadly. "I's er poor orfin nigger, widout no company, nor regiment, nor nothin'."

"What brought you on this ridge?"

"Well, suh, dey all lef' me in de bottom an' said dey was gwine to git all de cannons an' run you all home, or else sleep dey las' sleep; an' dey ain't come back."

"Well, what brought you here?"

"I has bin perusin' 'roun' huntin' for my young Mars-ter, suh!" replied the negro, swallowing a sob.

"Perhaps so," said the officer, doubtfully. "Sergeant, see if he has any letter or papers about his clothes."

"Letters!" exclaimed Henry, looking around wildly as he thought of Marienne's letter sewed in the breast of his jacket. "No, boss, you can't see dat, suh!"

"What? The devil! Call the guard! This man is a spy! Hold him!" shouted the officer, springing at Henry as he jerked loose from the soldier and bounded off into the darkness. The poor negro might have made his escape had he not fallen over a log and been pounced upon the next instant by both pursuers. Finding himself powerless in the hands of two strong men, it occurred to him to try diplomacy.

"Boss," he said, ceasing to resist, "did you ever hear of Marse Cap'n Cyarlton down in de War'ick swamps, in Ferginny?"

"Carlton? What of him?"

"Why, me an' him is ole cronies, an' ef he was wid dis army he wouldn't let nobody do me dis way."

"Where did you and he get so thick?"

"Why, I tuck him prisoner at Williamsburg las' year; an' got his flag, an' his sode; but I didn't fling him down an' rip open his jacket, an' take nothin' from 'im!"

"Is your name Henry Marshall?"

"How does you know dat?" exclaimed Henry in alarm, examining to see if his jacket had not been already rifled.

"Why, I'm the man you talked to across the Warwick about an old rooster in Alabama. I talked for Carlton, who was my First Lieutenant, and now he is my Lieutenant Colonel."

"And does ary one of you know anything 'bout my

young Marster?" asked the poor fellow, as his thoughts recurred to his sorrows, and a sob shook his bosom again.

"Yes; he isn't dead," said the officer kindly. "I saw him an hour ago at the field hospital. Colonel Carlton is with him and says he has a chance to live. You may go to him at once. Report to Colonel Carlton with your prisoner, Sergeant," added the officer, turning to the soldier.

Within twenty minutes Henry's capture had been reported and he was kneeling by the side of the young master in the most earnest and devout prayer of his life.

It was found by the surgeons that the wounded Confederate had a painful flesh wound from a musket ball, but that his serious injuries were a blistered face, concussion of the brain and a slight fracture of the skull, resulting from the force with which he had been thrown, or rather blown, against the boulder.

After a few days Mr. Marshall was forwarded to a hospital in Washington City, and a week later he was visited by Colonel Carlton, accompanied by Henry. The former remained in Washington on leave for a few days, and when he returned to his command Mr. Marshall had persuaded him to take Henry back also, to be subject to his orders during the remainder of the war. The young master and his Federal friend felt assured that he would not be permitted to keep the servant with him, and when Henry was convinced of that fact he yielded cheerfully to the necessity of the parting.

Colonel Carlton had gone to Washington with the hope that he might be able to do for his friend what had been done for himself at Richmond; but as no member of his family had ever been an Abolitionist, and not one was even a Republican in politics, he found that he could command no influence with the high officials. The best he could do was to exact a promise from a personal friend of influence in the Medical Department, that Marshall, when he could be moved with prudence, should be sent to a less crowded hospital in Baltimore, the chief surgeon of which was a friend of Colonel Carlton's. This promise was executed some months later, and the patient was carried from a fairly good hospital, where he had re-

ceived kind treatment, to a better one, where many kind ladies of the city, most of them with strong Southern sympathies, were so attentive and kind as to cause him to regret the day when he became sufficiently convalescent to be sent to a common prison, and was ordered to be taken to recently established prison barracks in the State of New York.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN DURANCE VILE.

"I am not mad, most noble Festus;
But speak the words of truth and soberness."
—PAUL, *Before King Agrippa.*

DURING the second year of the war, after the Confederate troops had again and again demonstrated their ability to cope with superior numerical strength, and to win, by means of brilliant strategy and quick victories, their way out of environments that threatened, time and again, to overwhelm them with swift disaster; and after the over-confident masses of the North had ceased to regard Mr. Seward's perennial promises to end the war within ninety days; and had, consequently, aroused themselves to a rational realization of the true situation, voluntary enlistments at the North ceased with some degree of abruptness. As a consequence conscription, heavy bounties and recent importations of foreigners had to be resorted to in order to keep up the greatly superior numerical strength of the Northern armies in the field.

Numerous camps of instruction had been established throughout the land for the raw conscripts and one was located at Elmira, New York, to accommodate the material gathered from the western and northern parts of that State. Extensive barracks were erected about one mile from the city, and there the "Awkward Squads" of florid young farmers were kept "marking time and eating hard-tack," until they were sent to the front, or had "jumped their bounties" and taken to the hills in quest of "fresh fields and pastures new."

All of a sudden Mr. Stanton determined to convert

a part of these barracks into a prison-pen. Point Lookout, in Maryland, had become so crowded with Confederate prisoners that it was deemed prudent to send a large number of them away, not for their health, but lest some dare-devil Confederate leader should dash across the country, release and arm the prisoners, reinforce General Lee's little army in Virginia, and bring "frightful disaster upon the country." The Secretary of War showed that prudence and foresight were valuable component parts of his cold, calculating nature.

Mr. Stanton's alarm gave a fortunate direction to affairs for Mr. Marshall. After the thousands that were sent from Point Lookout had been accommodated, he was among the first to be sent to Elmira. That prison is admitted, in the South, to have been one of the best managed and most humanely conducted of all the Northern prisons. It is not to be inferred, however, from this statement, that even there, the prisoners fared greatly better than did the Federal prisoners in the over-crowded Andersonville prison, whom the Confederate authorities strove so earnestly to return to their own land by means of exchange.

There was a belief in the North, originated and carefully cultivated by a certain class of non-combatants, that the Federal prisoners in the South did not receive the best attention the Confederates were able to give them. No account was taken of the fact that for the want of a few powerful fighting ships, the South was cut off from the outside world, and being without large manufactories of any kind, was forced to rely upon unskilled labor and a half-tilled soil for needed supplies of every description, except such as occasional captures of Federal commissary and hospital supplies, and occasional successful trips of blockade runners, would give them. By these means scant supplies of tea, coffee, medicines and other hospital stores, and an occasional brief abundance of Western sides and Nassau bacon for the troops, were secured to be dealt out with stinting economy to the soldiers in the field and the prisoners in the pen, "share and share alike." So far as is known, no reputable writer of the North—none with a reputation for veracity to sustain—has ever

denied that the Federal prisoners in the South were given the same rations in quantity, quality and variety, that were issued to the Confederate soldiers in the field in the different sections of the South.

But there were thousands upon thousands at the North, not only the ignorant and unamiable, but kind-hearted, God-fearing men and women, who were made, by the unjustifiable arts of these accomplished slanderers, to believe that the Confederates had designedly starved and, by various acts of omission and commission, maltreated the poor unfortunates who fell into their hands as prisoners of war; and who had, thence forward, been apparently banished from the sympathies of their own people, and practically put upon the footing of offcasts of no further worth, except to be used as "scare-crows" to frighten other soldiers who might contemplate getting needed rest by yielding as prisoners of war. These non-combatant slanderers well knew—but did not boast of it as an *inspired* policy—that the poor unfortunates, as able and efficient consumers of rations in the South, could hurry along the famine which was slowly infolding the Confederacy like the deadly coils of an anaconda.

No writer has ever contradicted the statement that many of the officials of the government, both civil and military, recognized the fact that the Federal prisoners in the South were doing about as much toward bringing on a general collapse of the Confederacy, as they could have done if again put in the field. And when it was considered that for every Federal soldier returned to the field a Confederate would have to be given up, who would also return to the field, the proposition to continue the exchange became one which the Federals, by their actions, seemed to regard as being unwise, however desirable from a humanitarian standpoint.

It may be that, speaking generally, "all is fair in war"; but if so, it certainly was not fair, while this policy was doing its doubly-effective work, for the Federal prison officials to freeze and stint their luckless Confederate prisoners in a land of abundance, and seek to excuse the lapse from the common dictates of humanity under the plea of "justifiable retaliation."

One poor Confederate unfortunate, Captain Wirz, in command of the Andersonville prison, who was in no wise responsible for the inability of his government to keep the prison death-rate from reaching nine per centum, was judicially murdered to appease fanatical clamor, although it was afterwards ascertained by Federal statistical officials, that the Federal prison death-rate was twelve per centum,—three in the hundred greater in the wealthy, plentiful North, than in the devastated and half-starving South.

If such "justice" as was given to the unfortunate Wirz had been meted to the gentle spirits on the other side, who proclaimed and practiced retaliation, what finite judge shall say how many gibbets would have been erected for them, or by whom the gibbets would have been ornamented.*

It was a fortunate thing for Mr. Marshall that the commandant of the Elmira prison, Major Henry V. Colt, was a refined, humane and conscientious gentleman, whose influence for good was manifested in many kindly acts on the part of some of his subordinate officers, and yet

* As every broadly informed man in America and Europe has entire confidence in the absolute truthfulness and candor of Gen. Robert E. Lee, two extracts in this connection, are given from a letter written by him to a gentleman in Philadelphia, who had asked him to verify certain statements with reference to his efforts to procure an exchange of prisoners, and some other matters relating thereto. The letter was dated, "Lexington, Va., April 17th, 1867," and the extracts are as follows:

".....Either Mr. — or Bishop — has confounded my offers for the exchange of prisoners with those made by Mr. Ould, the commissioner, on the part of the Confederate States. It was he that offered, when all hopes of effecting the exchange had ceased, to deliver all the Federal sick and wounded to the amount of fifteen thousand, without an equivalent, provided transportation was furnished."

"The laws of the Confederate Congress and the orders of the War Department, directed that the rations furnished the prisoners of war should be the same in quantity and quality as those furnished enlisted men in the army of the Confederacy."

the spirit and policy of "Retaliation" made themselves plainly and painfully felt even in the Elmira prison.

We shall not, however, follow the young Alabamian's experience through the troubles and trials of his long and tedious confinement as a prisoner of war. It is not pleasant to look upon a noble nature bound down to an ignoble fate, and made the vicarious victim of an erring and vindictive spleen. We draw aside the veil in the early spring of 1865 and find him reading a letter from Colonel Frank Carlton, his old friend, which Henry had just brought, with the usual forty dollars for the young man's use in purchasing necessary food and comforts for the ensuing month. Henry, whom Colonel Carlton had forwarded to Elmira, had come with this amount, month by month, which he solemnly declared was less than half his pay and perquisites as head waiter in a soldier's cafe at Elmira, and as the chief banjo player, joke dispenser and comic songster in a local organization of negro minstrels, which played to crowded houses of homesick conscripts and soldiers every night.

The reading of this letter filled him with the deepest grief and despondency. It delicately foreshadowed the downfall of the Confederacy and the cause which had grown to be dearer to him than his own life;—dearer the longer the struggle continued and his sufferings were endured.

In the deep grief of his soul he hardly noticed Colonel Carlton's mention of Miss Sanford as having come into possession of a handsome fortune, left by her father's brother, and took no note of the pointed mention of the fact that he had not seen her, nor heard directly from her since the battle of Gettysburg.

During the first year of his imprisonment he had hoped, month after month, to hear directly from Miss Sanford, though he realized what almost insuperable obstacles Dr. Hindman might have in his power to throw in the way of anything approaching a correspondence. But he looked and hoped vainly for a line or a word, to indicate a surviving interest in his fate, until sick of hope deferred, and of the gloomy prospects for his country, he longed to wrap the coarse blanket of his prison bunk about him

and lie down to sleep the long sleep of the world-weary.

He had ultimately come to feel toward Miss Sanford much as the star-gazing Chaldee felt toward the particular star of his worship, and to regard himself as almost equally without a hope or a wish to call the cold and distant object of his adoration his own. During the first months, however, he had been moved to wish himself free and relegated, with his surroundings, to the early Christian period of the past, that he might play the rôle of St. George, in the dragon allegory, and, with a white moss-rose bud in his helmet, might meet in mortal combat a human dragon,—as he considered him,—in the shape of a dandified officer whose only offense was that he had spoken of Miss Sanford in a manner that seemed not sufficiently deferential.

The circumstances were that he was sitting in the early twilight near the close partition fence that divided the officers' quarters from the prison pen, and accidentally overheard a part of a conversation between Captain Staton, commanding one of the companies of prison guards, and one of the lieutenants.

"Captain," said the latter, "I notice in the 'Herald' that Agnes Sanford will be left a large fortune by an old uncle who is quite ill. As she got so dreadfully 'mashed' on you at the church fair we attended in the city, I fancy you would not mind playing the 'mashed' rôle yourself now. She is a confounded pretty girl."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the handsome officer, "I took some notice of the girl to please that fossil relative of mine, her step-father. She does well enough for a simpering, lackadaisical lass who has spread her net for a rich husband and means to get one."

Only the height of the fence, and the recollection of the intervening "dead line" prevented the young man from putting himself in evidence before the officer. But long weary and dreary months had passed since then, bringing him no sign of sympathy from any human creature in the outside world, save only Colonel Carlton and Henry; and now that he knew the life of the Confederacy to be rapidly drawing to a close, the very gall of bit-

terness welled up in his soul, and he felt that he should despise himself if he could feel any special regard for any human creature excepting those two, and those for whom he had fought and suffered.

Alas! What bitter feelings may not a sense of outraged justice, and abject grief over the corpses of dead hopes, engender in a noble and generous bosom! The young man was enough of a philosopher, however, to seek to draw a veil over the past, and to make forecasting mental excursions into the uncertain future, which loomed up with dark and threatening portents. That future had to be met, and would impose new and serious duties to be performed. Though crushed to the earth, his people yet lived; and untold thousands of them were women and children without a living natural protector. And there were others in the South,—millions of emancipated slaves,—nature's children,—needing more than ever in all their history, the intelligent guidance that had always been theirs in the past.

But what were to be the future conditions, political, social and industrial, in the South under the unrestrained domination of the spirit that had devastated and demoralized it even while under Federal military control? What was to be his duty under the reckless and vengeful domination of fanatical non-combatant adventurers who would now flock to the South? As he could do nothing but cast conjectural horoscopes for the future, he hunted up a number of clippings which he had taken from periodicals, from time to time during his long imprisonment, that he might read them again with a view of comparing the social and political conservatism and wisdom of the two sections, and might form an opinion as to which had yielded the most fully to the angry passions which are usually engendered by strife.

After hours of most depressing reading, he came across two clippings pasted side by side upon a piece of thin muslin, the perusal of which brought moisture to his eyes and a pallor to his cheeks. The first was an address by Bishop Meade, of Virginia, to his church, in which he said in part:

"I cannot conclude without expressing the earnest desire that the ministers and members of our church, and all the citizens of the State, who are so deeply interested in the present contest, may conduct it in the most elevated and Christian spirit, rising above unworthy and uncharitable imputations on all who are opposed."

The other was a newspaper condensation of an address by the Rev. Dr. Tyng, a celebrated and popular divine of New York City, in part as follows:

"He would not meet pirates upon the deck and call it warfare! He would hang them as quick as he would shoot a mad dog. The sword of Justice was the only pen that could write the final treaty. Who ever saw such an army as had been gathered in our land? He might say that their salvation might lie in this consecration of themselves to their country. Thousands of Bibles had been given to the troops who are fighting for their country. Did anybody believe there were five hundred copies in the army of renegades who are opposing them? It would scald and singe their polluted hands! We have cause to be proud of our army. They are worthy of the Bible; their names will glisten in glory!"*

The young man sat with his elbow upon his knees and his head and face resting in the palms of his hands for a long half hour after reading the latter clipping. Finally going to the unglazed window he looked out upon the campus of nearly twenty acres. Thousands of emaciated men, many of them ragged and soiled, were aimlessly and dejectedly passing up and down; restlessly wandering to and fro. Many were dabbling in the long, narrow lagoon which divided the grounds through the centre and had an exit into the Chemung River, flowing outside the rear line of inclosure. On a small sandy bottom beyond the narrow lakelet, used by common consent as the meeting place of the commissioned officers, and humorously named the "Trans-Mississippi Department," were collected hundreds of captive officers; the cultured and

* These are verbatim extracts.

refined children of wealth and luxury; the flower of as gallant an army as ever struggled to establish, or to preserve, free constitutional government;—some few paired off and making feeble efforts to entertain each other; some in squads, trying to convince themselves that they were laughing and joking as they had done in the army; some reading worn and greasy pocket Bibles or Testaments; some reading, half stealthily, for the thousandth time, messages of love from tattered letters held together by pasted strips; some soberly and earnestly making figures and characters in the sand as if seeking to solve the problem of the future; some, oblivious of all surroundings, gazing abstractedly upward at the drifting clouds; others, apparently half demented, moping in the sunshine,—conversing with incorporeal companions,—speaking to invisible audiences;—ah, it was too much! With hot tears in his eyes, and the chill of dead hopes freezing his heart, the young prisoner threw himself upon his rude pallet and exclaimed in the words of a more renowned patriot:

“Oh, God! my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?”

CHAPTER XXVI.

A LULL IN THE STORM OF WAR.

"Cold stars above; around, a cheerless world!"

E. S. GREGORY'S *Watch-Fire*.

PEACE REIGNS!" said the great Northern dailies. "VICTORY HAS PERCHED UPON OUR BANNERS AND FOLDED HER WINGS; AND THE WHITE DOVE OF PEACE BROODS OVER THE LAND."

Is it to be peace for homes and altars? Is it not already whispered that "Treason must be made odious"? May the "traitor" fare better than his "treason"? May the once strong and unoffending brother, who has become a spent and exhausted foe, *now* enjoy in peace his vine and fig tree, if they yet remain to him? Have not those who constitute the class which canonized John Brown at home, and imbued and imbruted themselves with his spirit in the South, yet to hold high carnival of rapine and raven in that suffering land, free from the semblance of military or other restraint? Has not the amiable, fickle, impulsive, emotional and credulous negro yet to pass under absolute control of the vengeful spirit of John Brownism, which has long desired to make him a slayer, a burner, and a spoiler?

Ah, let us say nothing about peace at present! The brave men who have looked into each other's eyes over the points of glittering bayonets, have substituted olive-branches for bayonets. There is peace between these. But the warfare of the cowards and skulkers; the camp-followers and bounty-jumpers; the fanatics and free-booters;—that entire class, in the various armies, and at home, of which the New York "Times," of January the sixth, 1865, in criticizing a portion of Sherman's army,

said were "wretched vagabonds of depraved morals, decrepit in body, without courage, self-respect or conscience;—dirty, disorderly, thievish and incapable;"—the warfare of that class, upon its disarmed, disbanded and defenseless foes, is just beginning.

Some months have passed since we left Mr. Marshall with his bosom torn by the death agony of expiring hopes. To-day he is neatly attired, and, apparently, an aimless wanderer along Broadway, in the city of New York. Henry, on his last visit to Elmira prison, had brought a letter from Colonel Carlton stating that he had, after the collapse of the Virginia Army, sent in his resignation to the War Department, and was just starting to attend to some financial business, of the utmost importance to himself, in Boston and some other New England cities; and that he should come to see him at the prison as soon as possible.

But events were hurrying along faster, perhaps, than Colonel Carlton had anticipated. Mr. Marshall had not heard from him when news of the surrender of General Johnston's army was received at Elmira, and Major Colt received orders to begin the parole of prisoners. It so chanced that Mr. Marshall's name was put down to go with the first detachment, and though he desired to await the coming of his friend, he was told that he could not get transportation to his home unless he reported in New York City with the detachment to which he belonged. So, accompanied by Henry and leaving a message for his friend with Major Colt, he was entrained with six hundred others and whisked off to the American metropolis.

There he learned that Carlton's firm, of which he was the junior member, had failed, and that the business which had called him from the army with such urgency, was to save what he could out of the wreck, as he had lost faith in the fidelity of the other members of the firm.

With feelings of deep dejection the young man sought information about transportation arrangements, and after tea decided to divert his mind by going to witness the performance of a new play which he had seen flamingly advertised. He sent Henry to the gallery and was standing aimlessly in the roomy vestibule carelessly.

noting the style and manners of the supposed "Four Hundred," who were expected to attend, when he was rudely, and, he thought, unnecessarily jostled from the rear. On turning he found himself face to face with Captain Staton of the Elmira prison.

From the day on which he had overheard the ungallant remarks about Miss Sanford, he had nursed a contemptuous dislike for the young officer, which, by means, perhaps, of some occult psychic telepathy, had begotten in that gentleman a similar sentiment of antipathy. The officer seemed to have been chatting with a lady who was under the escort of another gentleman, and Mr. Marshall, fearing that his listless loitering in the way might appear to her an intentional rudeness, stepped aside with the exclamation:

"I beg pardon!"

"It would be more to the purpose," said the officer, with a haughty and insulting stare, "if you should take yourself out of the way!"

"My apology was to the lady, Captain Staton," said Marshall, growing pale. "I did not speak to you!"

"Which means—what?" exclaimed the officer, pausing.

"All that you may desire it to mean," replied the other, impulsively, "and, in addition, that I desire to have an interview with you, and shall await your convenience in the outer vestibule."

Captain Staton passed on without replying, but made a remark to the lady at which he himself seemed to be somewhat amused.

The young Alabamian promenaded the outer vestibule until the first act of the play was over and the curtain was about to rise on the second. Having by this time ceased to expect Captain Staton, he went in and was conducted to a seat on the extreme right of the Dress Circle, and somewhat in the shadow of the wing-wall.

He observed the play long enough to see that it was simply an inartistic slander upon prison life, and political and social conditions in the Confederacy, when he turned to amuse himself with the audience, of which his position gave him an excellent view. He was thus engaged

when the curtain went down on the second act, and he turned to get a view of the opposite tier of boxes, thus throwing himself more in the light. As he did so he observed a pair of opera glasses in the second tier steadily fixed upon his surroundings. He had hardly become conscious of the fact that he himself was being scrutinized when the glasses fell with a noisy crash to the stage below, and the lady shrank back with a suppressed exclamation, almost amounting to a scream. The double curtains of the box were instantly drawn together, and the young man sat pitying the nervous condition of the lady to be so shocked by so simple a mishap.

He watched the curtains intently, hoping they would be drawn apart again, and reveal the features of the lady whose ejaculation seemed to have awakened an echo that slumbered in his memory. Presently his attention was attracted to a conversation carried on quite near him, but only one side of which was spoken in a tone audible to him:

"Yes; quite nervous, but I had no idea the simple dropping of her opera glasses would have surprised her into making a public exhibition of the fact."

"What's that? Yes, the same girl we saw with Captain Staton at the opera last week—Agnes Sanford."

"Married? why, everybody knows it! They are to sail to-morrow afternoon for Europe, and will be married on the ship as she steams out through the harbor."

"Yes; quite romantic. The guests will return on the pilot boat. Isn't it charming?"

"Oh, yes; the Doctor wants to get the money into his own family. He and Mrs. Hindman will go with them to help spend it."

"Alice Banks? Yes, Captain Staton was playing the devoted to her last winter, and they were engaged. But she has only mental and physical charms, while Miss Sanford has, in addition, *the* charm, *par excellence*, which is so irresistible to the masculine—shall I use the word 'fancy'?"

"Oh, no; Agnes is very quiet. I know her quite well, and her dandified captain is the only beau she has ever had."

The young man listened to this one-sided conversation until the appearance of the actors upon the stage terminated it abruptly. The information conveyed in it gave him a shock for which he was not prepared. Though he had felt himself, in some sense, a re-embodiment of the ancient Chaldee, he had regarded the object of his profound adoration as personifying the Polar Star, which does not go with the seeming drift of the stellar constellations. Suddenly he recollected his ardent desire to have an interview with Captain Staton, and felt at the present moment that this was the only object in life worth living for. Abruptly leaving his seat, he made his way out of the auditorium as quietly as possible, but not without attracting observation.

In the outer vestibule he resumed his promenade and called into action all his powers of restraint and self-control. He had been promenading for some time with apparent calmness, when a well-dressed man approached him, coming from the auditorium, and remarked:

"I noticed you leaving the theatre; I guess you were like myself, not particularly fascinated by the homely plot and not very brilliant acting."

Mr. Marshall admitted that he had not been pleased with the plot nor the acting.

"I judge that you are a Southerner," remarked the stranger, indifferently.

"Yes," was the reply, "a prisoner recently liberated from Elmira, and awaiting transportation arrangements."

"Elmira was a well conducted prison."

"There were many, I have heard, much worse."

"In the North?"

"Yes; and unfortunately, in the South, also."

"Had you any knowledge of the manner in which the Southern prisons were conducted?"

"Only in a general way. I know that after the first year of the war, hunger, only partially satisfied from day to day, was the general condition of the troops; and that condition must have been more depressing to the prisoners than to the soldiers in the field, who could, and did, make a joke of it."

"Yes, contentment in its ultimate analysis, is but a will-

ingness to submit cheerfully and uncomplainingly to one's surroundings, while trying to improve them. But the play is drawing to a close. Shall you not go in and see the final tableau?"

"No, I am awaiting an acquaintance."

"Then you have friends in the city?"

"No, not one," replied the young man, thoughtlessly; but he immediately added: "We generally entertain no sentiments, of a personal nature, toward strangers with whom we transact business."

The other made no reply, except by a simple nod of the head, as the crowd in the auditorium, with characteristic American impatience, commenced their rush for the street.

Mr. Marshall went to the door of the middle aisle, through which Captain Staton had entered, and stood aside looking over the heads of the crowd as they came out from their seats. Finally he discovered the captain, a little taller than those around him, coming forward and not accompanied by a lady. As he came through the wide double doors the crowd caused him to drift away from the side on which his former prisoner was standing, but pushing in his direction the latter exclaimed:

"Captain Staton, I have been waiting here in the vestibule an hour, expecting you to return and give me an interview."

"Ha!" exclaimed the officer, flushing as he caught Mr. Marshall's gaze. "If you enjoy waiting it is a pleasure of which I shall not deprive you. You may continue to wait."

"But I do not intend to wait," said the other with cold deliberation; "where can I meet you to-night, or early in the morning?"

"Meet me?" exclaimed the officer. "My good fellow, let me advise you to go to your quarters and make an effort to realize your insignificance."

"Captain Staton forgets that I am no longer a helpless prisoner, subject to his tyranny," was the even-toned reply.

"But I do not forget," retorted the officer, hotly, "that you are an impudent, rebel popinjay."

The two men had been drifting with the crowd and gradually drawing nearer each other until they were now separated only by a very short and exceedingly fleshy gentleman, accompanied by a boy. As the last words were spoken Mr. Marshall reached over the head and silk hat of the fat gentleman and seizing Captain Staton by the ear, gave it a vigorous twist and sudden pull. Mad with fury the officer rushed at his assailant, striking with both fists; but the other warded off the first blow with his left arm, and as the second landed upon his chest, he seized the wrist, and with a quick backward movement dragged the officer from his perpendicular and upon the shoulders of the fat gentleman, bringing both to the floor with considerable force, the latter shouting "Murder!" and "Police!" at the top of a shrill and rather squeaky voice.

Before Mr. Marshall had time to consider the matter of a free exhibition of the "Sic Semper Tyrannis" tableau with his dearest enemy as the tyrant, and the fat gentleman as an added attraction, some one in his rear seized him by the shoulder, and showing on the underside of his lapel an officer's badge, requested in an insisting tone of voice: "Come along!"

Recognizing the moralizing companion with whom he had been conversing a few minutes previously, the young man took his arm and waited his lead. As they started there was renewed confusion in the rear, and a gentleman's voice exclaimed: "The lady has fainted! Dr. Hindman, shall I aid you?"

At the foot of the stairs stood Henry, anxiously scanning the faces of all as they descended, until he discovered the young master and noticed the expression of his countenance; then his fears were realized, and he knew that the object of his solicitude was again a prisoner.

"Marse Howard," he said, as he sidled up to the master, "dis has been er mighty onlucky night for weall. You has done got ketched ag'in, an' dem folks up in de garret er de play house has done gone an' stole every dollar I had,—pus an' all! Will dis gent'man let me go 'long wid you to de jail?"

"I imagine not, Henry," replied the young man, giving the officer's arm a significant pressure. "The clerk of the hotel has our remaining little store of money locked in his safe. He will supply your needs."

"I ain't keerin' so scand'lous much 'bout de money, suh! What I wants is to go 'long wid you."*

"But you *must* care about the money," said the young master in a serious tone of voice. "Go back to the hotel and put your wits to work to find out how long it will take you to earn a thousand dollars to buy my ransom from the police, and land us back in Alabama."

This joking remark put to work in Henry's slow brain a process which evolved a lively recollection of an injunction given him four years previously, which, while it cannot be said to have been ever absent from his mind, had lain dormant, as regarded the most important part of it, for so long a period that an unusual spur was needed to arouse it to the point of effective activity. He recalled Marienne's impressive manner when she repeated the important part of his instructions: "If either of you shall be killed, or if anything of a very serious nature shall befall you for which there is no other possible relief——" these words hammered at his brain until their import was fully comprehended, when he exclaimed aloud, "It has already done befallen!" And going forward to the side of the young master he said:

"Marse Howard, I's gwine back to de tavern, suh, an' git er lawyer or somebody, an' tell 'em what has done befallen, an' git 'em to help me fix it up, an' den you's gwine to come out er dat jail, ef de cunjer is all right."

*It may be thought, by some, that the character of Henry, as a faithful servant, has been overdrawn; but the author knew many others who were equally faithful in the war. One, named "Fount" F—, who, more than once, supplied his young master, an officer in Gen. Wheeler's cavalry, with a needed fresh horse by deserting to the enemy, getting employment as a hostler, and deserting again with the best horse he could get. In the battle of Chickamauga, his young master was permanently disabled, and after nursing him for months and finally accompanying him home to Virginia, he joined and served to the end of the war, the young master's brother, in the distant Trans-Mississippi Department.

Before the young master's mind fully digested the purport of Henry's words and gave the information that his faithful Ganymede had a new kink in his brain which might possibly lead to serious consequences, the negro had taken the "back track," turned a corner and disappeared.

After the battle of Gettysburg, and when Mr. Marshall had sufficiently recovered to take conscious notice of his surroundings, he saw that Henry's buckskin jacket had become quite dirty and disreputable looking, and insisted that it should be thrown aside and a new military jacket substituted. Henry did not seem to think it within the bounds of possibility that his desires should fail to keep step with those of the young master, and yet he was under a most solemn promise to Mammy and Marienne, and the conflict in his mind between a sense of loyalty to the young master and of duty to the obligations of a solemn promise caused him much disturbance of mind, until his brain, under the stress of imperative necessity, evolved a brilliant scheme in the form of a compromise, which was nothing less than a resolution to cut off the sleeves of the buckskin garment and wear it thereafter as a vest, to be covered by a military jacket which should at all times be buttoned up.

The making and confirming of this compromise gave the young master the first laugh of amusement he enjoyed after his close gaze into the eyes of death, and Henry religiously kept the compact, presenting at all times a neat personal appearance.

After leaving the young master and the officer on the present occasion, he had gone several squares with his brain in a whirl when an overpowering sense of his incompetency to deal properly with the matter he had in his mind came over him. Turning, he retraced his steps rapidly, hoping to overtake the young master, but after running many blocks he finally realized that his quest was useless and stopped at a corner to await the passing of a policeman, who could direct him to his "tavern." He had been standing some minutes leaning against a lamp post when a carriage passing on the intersecting street came into the full glare of the light, and glancing

within he noticed on the rear seat a slender lady reclining in a corner with a handkerchief over her face and by her side an old gentleman looking particularly wideawake, and whose features seemed familiar to him.

His mind immediately went to work on the problem if it were possible that he could ever have seen the old gentleman before, when suddenly he started from the lamp post as if a shock of electricity had passed through it, with the exclamation:

"Bless God! dat's him! Ole Marse Doctor Hindman, de boss er de 'Theneum School, widout his specs on!"

The carriage had gotten more than a square away and was going at a brisk trot, but Henry set out at a brisker trot, murmuring to himself as he hastened over the smooth pavement: "I know ole Marse Doctor will help me! De Ole Nick hisself would be gent'man ernough to help er po' nigger in er scrape like dis."

The chase was a long one, but the negro kept up his speed, slowly gaining ground until, half out of breath, he saw the carriage stop at the coach block of a handsome residence. The lady alighted first and passed slowly up the granite steps, and the runner came up just as the old gentleman landed safely on the pavement and had commenced to coax the cramps out of his benumbed muscles. The negro's salutation, though somewhat impeded by his panting for breath, was given with more than his usual heartiness and enthusiasm:

"Howdy, Marse Doctor; Howdy-do, suh! I's glad to see you, suh! Bless God I is! An' bless de Lawd ef dat ain't Miss Agnes! Howdy, my young Mistis; howdy-do, Marm! Ef Marse Howard knowed who is in dis big town he'd rage in dat jail wuss'n er caged lion! An' ole Marster, how is ole Mistis, suh?"

"Who are you, sirrah?" exclaimed the old man, drawing back and scowling upon the panting and perspiring negro.

"Why, Marse Doctor, I's Henry Marshall, suh; Marse Howard Marshall's Henry, in Alabamer, suh! I's bin to de 'Theneum many er time, suh; an' you an' all your folks has bin to our house. An' I has driv you in our kerridge, suh; an' we's ole frien's; an' I's in trouble, suh!

My young Marster's got ketched agin, suh, an' ef I don't raise er thousan' dollars he'll be——"

"Unhand me, you vagabond," exclaimed the old man, snatching his coat skirt from the grasp the negro had taken on it as he saw him about to turn away; "I have nothing to do with you nor your so-called master. Pass on or I shall call the police!"

"Marse Doctor," pleaded the negro, "have pity on me, suh! I don't want you to *give* me no money! All I wants is edvice. I axes your pardin' for bein' sassy to dat ole 'oman wid curls, at de 'Theneum; an' 'twas de other man dat called you er ole rooster down in de War'ick swamps, an' I—Oh, Miss Agnes, have pity!"

The appeal was made to Miss Sanford as the negro saw Dr. Hindman beckon to a policeman. The young lady was standing at the head of the steps as pallid and almost as motionless as marble. As the policeman came up Dr. Hindman ordered:

"Take this vagabond away from my door; he is disturbing the house."

As the officer laid his hand on Henry all the poor negro's energies seemed to collapse, or to concentrate themselves into an appealing look up to the immobile form at the head of the steps, which was suddenly inspired with life and action.

"Stop!" said the young lady, coming half way down the steps. "This man is making no disturbance. He is a stranger, without a friend in this great city—is in trouble and has sought us only that he may get advice. If no one else will befriend him I shall do so myself."

"Off with him to the station, officer!" commanded the old man, imperiously.

"No, no!" said the young lady, coming down to the pavement. "If he is taken to the station I shall go there also to hear what he desires to tell us and to help him. In the past he and his friends helped us at a time when we needed help, and I shall not turn my back on him now. He has done no wrong, but is in trouble and wishes only the kindly advice of a friend."

"Miss Sanford," exclaimed the old man, angrily, "go

in instantly! I command you! You are making a public spectacle of yourself!"

"I am sorry," said the young lady, quietly but firmly, "but you must accompany me to the station or else invite this man into the house."

"Come in here, you black imp!" commanded the old man, forgetting the cramps in his legs and hastening up the steps.

"Miss Agnes," said Henry, as he followed the young lady to the door, "I always knowed dat you was er angel, an' wouldn't go back on er fren', even ef he was er po', common-lookin' nigger in er fine town like dis; an' I's gwine to put your name in my pra'rs from dis day out."

As they entered the hall Dr. Hindman inquired, with mock deference:

"Will My Lady entertain her guest in the kitchen?"

"We shall go into the dining-room," said Miss Sanford to Henry, ignoring the old man and his rudeness. "I shall take you where we will not be disturbed, and you shall have some luncheon after you tell me of your troubles."

Henry followed the young lady into the dining-room and without a moment of delay told of the mysterious little package which was sewed by Mammy and Marienne in the padded breast of his vest, which the young master ridiculed as a "cunjer bag," but which he knew could work wonders because "Mammy an' Marmstelle" had spoken so solemnly of what he was to do with it in case of death or other direful disaster. He was to go to the general commanding, or to some other person of high character, and have it opened and attended to.

"An' now, young Mistis," he said in closing, "ef you'll git me er par er scissors I'll rip it out an' you kin read it an' make my young marster er happy man ergin by gittin' him out er jail an' lettin' him come to see you once mo'."

Miss Sanford, understanding that the mysterious package was sewed in the lining of some part of Henry's clothing, went for a pair of scissors and delivered them to him with the remark that she would go into the library and search for a misplaced book until she heard his knock

upon the door. Some time passed and she was nervously listening for the knock when Henry exclaimed in a loud and unaccustomed tone of voice:

"Miss Agnes, please come here!"

The young lady entered the room immediately and found Henry gazing intently at a thin, dingy little package lying upon the side table.

"It's got somethin' *hard* in it," he exclaimed, in a mysterious half-whisper.

Miss Sanford, seeing that the negro entertained some superstitious misgivings concerning the homely little package, of which he had been the faithful custodian for so long, seated herself by the side of the table, and reaching for the scissors clipped the threads with which it was securely sewed around the edges. Having thus released its bindings, she unfolded two coverings of oil-silk and one of buckskin. Her hand trembled a little as she noticed manuscript upon the dingy white paper folded around a hard and heavy substance. Turning to the light of the chandelier she carefully unfolded the crumpled paper, lest her unsteady hand should tear it, and as she slowly loosened the last fold a glittering object fell into her lap, causing her to spring to her feet with the nervous exclamation:

"Heavenly Father, what is it?"

"God in Heab'm!" exclaimed Henry, in startled tones, "Marmselle's conjured di'munt!"

Miss Sanford recognized the object, which beamed and twinkled upon the carpet as if it might be the Lost Pleiad returned from its wanderings, as the fateful diamond that had been the promoter of her frightful dream years—could it be ages?—ago, and bowing her head upon the table she smothered with difficulty a hysterical impulse to scream aloud.

Henry, with tears in his eyes, and an awed expression, looked from the young lady to the diamond and back again, and wondered if there might not be, somewhere about the premises, a plantation bell with which he could send out an alarm and call in the neighbors.

Suddenly the young lady mastered her emotion, and raising her head, said quietly:

"Henry, go into the hall and pull the bell cord at the farther end, and continue to do so at intervals until James comes, and then come with him to me."

After Henry had left the room Miss Sanford took up the ring, scrutinized it a moment, and going into the library, dropped it into a convenient *papeterie*; then she studied carefully the writing upon the crumpled paper, and, after a brief period of deep thought, snatched up a pen, as if actuated by a sudden impulse, and wrote half a dozen hasty lines upon a small sheet of gossamer paper. Then taking from her finger her chaste and beautiful *lapis-lazuli*—a graduating present from her cousin, Frank Carlton—she infolded it in the little sheet and folded the crumpled writing around it. Laying these away for the time with the wrappings of the original package, she wrote with care and thoughtfulness, another note of considerable length which she folded, addressed, and took with her into the dining-room, whither she went to await the coming of James and Henry.

Not a great many minutes elapsed before James, a neatly attired white servant, entered, followed by Henry, who evidently had not made up his mind respecting the social status of the new-comer.

Miss Sanford handed the addressed note to James, and instructed him that he was to deliver it, with all possible dispatch, to the gentleman to whom addressed, in person, and to say to him that every passing moment was valuable time, and that he must come at once, and *come prepared*. Then turning to Henry she told him James would conduct him to the butler's pantry, where he would find materials for a comfortable luncheon, and that he was to remain there until sent for.

The two servants left the room immediately and the young lady, re-entering the library, took the diamond from its hiding and for more than an hour thoughtfully gazed upon its sparkling brilliance. Finally, hearing footsteps, she went forward and invited the gentleman for whom she had written, into the library and directed James to wait with Henry until called.

Twenty minutes perhaps had elapsed when Henry's attentive ear heard a bell-call and the two servants repaired

immediately to the dining-room, where they found Miss Sanford standing with two small packages in her hand, one the dingy oil-silk package, the other neatly wrapped in tissue-paper. She had them both deposited in the breast-pocket of Henry's military jacket and secured with a safety pin. Then handing him a roll of small bills she said:

"These are for yourself, the packages are for Mr. Marshall. *They will effect his release.* Present my regards to him and say that I shall sail at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon from Pier No. — for Europe. James will accompany you and show you the way to your hotel."

When the young lady finished speaking her face was extremely pale, and turning abruptly she walked back into the library.

As the two servants descended the broad granite steps, long after midnight, a paean of hardly restrained joy was shouting and exulting in Henry's bosom, his new felt hat was cocked on one side of his head, and beams of happiness shone from every inch of his countenance.

"I say, Jim," he exclaimed, having lost his awe of the polished servant as soon as he found that he was only a "bleached nigger," "I feels so good I wants to 'larm de elements wid er rale ole Alabamer cotton-pickin' whoop. Must I do it?"

"Hold yourself down, man!" cautioned the dignified servitor. "If you only talk loud enough to wake up the 'cops' this time of night they'll run you in, sure."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"Verily is that man a marvel, who can write himself a friend."—TUPPER'S *Proverbial Philosophy*.

ON the morning after Mr. Marshall's arrest he was taken before a police magistrate on a charge of having disturbed the public peace. The only name given as a witness against him was that of Captain Marcus Aurelius Staton, of Elmira Prison. The officer who made the arrest was present and made a statement as little prejudicial to the prisoner as he considered compatible with the facts.

"Is Captain Staton here?" asked the magistrate, rather brusquely.

"No, your Honor; he is not."

"Can't you get him?"

"I doubt it, your Honor. I understand he is to be married to-day and will sail immediately for Europe."

"Bridal tour, eh? Well, what does this man say?"

"He says he did not wish to create——"

"Let him speak for himself," interrupted the magistrate.

Mr. Marshall made a brief statement, was asked a few questions and discharged with the words: "As you are a genteel looking stranger, and as no one appears against you, I will let you off with five dollars. Next!"

As soon as the young man was released he started out to execute a plan he had formed during the night. Henry's misfortune in being relieved of a good part of the money they possessed left him without the necessary means to defray expenses he had already incurred, and also necessary expenses to Virginia, where he intended to

stop for a few days. Recollecting that there was a relative on his mother's side of the house, who had been reared in New York and was reputed to be a wealthy merchant, he determined to find him if possible and obtain a loan of the needed funds. Borrowing a directory he turned to the proper letter of the alphabet and was appalled at the columns on columns therein devoted to the name "Howard." As he did not know the given name or initials of his relative, he saw that the task of finding him was practically a hopeless one, and reluctantly abandoning the idea, he sauntered slowly and thoughtfully to his hotel.

On arriving there he was rendered apprehensive on learning that Henry had not been seen since the previous night. He recollected his jesting remark—spoken with a serious face for a purpose—when he advised the faithful fellow to return to the hotel, and feared that a feeling of desperation might have goaded him on to attempt some deed which had caused serious consequences. He went to the clerk's counter to supply himself with more funds preparatory to setting out on a hunt for Henry, and was told that Colonel Carlton had registered an hour previously, on finding, after examining the register, that he himself was stopping there. The clerk also told him that the Colonel was alarmed when told of his long absence and had gone to police headquarters to make inquiries, leaving the request that if his friend should return, he remain until his own return.

Mr. Marshall, delighted at the presence of his friend in the city, but disappointed that he could not go immediately in search of Henry, took a newspaper, and taking a favorable seat, impatiently watched every person who came in or went out for a weary hour or more.

Having eaten a very light breakfast in the "lock-up," he was beginning to think of luncheon, when he saw a telegraph messenger hurry up to the clerk's desk and lay an open telegram before the young man in charge. The clerk glanced at it and returned it to the messenger with a word and a nod of the head to indicate its destination. Mr. Marshall sprang to his feet and meeting the boy half way took the message and read:

“JOHN HOWARD MARSHALL.—Come immediately to
—— Police District Headquarters.

“FRANK CARLTON.”

Hastening out to the street he jumped into a cab and ordered the driver to make all possible speed to the point designated.

Arriving at headquarters after a long drive he found both Colonel Carlton and Henry there and under the stimulation of excitement. The greeting between the two friends was as hasty as it was hearty, and Colonel Carlton immediately entered into explanations:

In searching for a trace of his friend, he had found Henry Marshall, instead of Howard, in the hands of the police, and under suspicion of having obtained one thousand dollars unlawfully. He and another man were noisy on the street, and when a policeman went to arrest them the other ran away, but Henry was submissive until the officer commenced to search him, when he resisted violently and help had to be called. They found the money on him and a small package containing a valuable ring.

“I am well known,” said Colonel Carlton, “to the officers, and have made it all right with them, except that they prefer to hold the property until some one who knows Henry better than I, shall vouch for his truthfulness. That is why I waited to telegraph for you. He says Agnes Sanford put the package into his pocket.”

“How came you by that money, Henry?” said the master, with a shade of sternness in his voice.

“Marse Howard, suh,” responded the negro, whose stupid looks and bloodshot eyes indicated that he had not slept during the previous night, “I ’speck Miss Agnes put it in dar. She ripped open dat, what you call er cunjer bag, an’ when Marmself’s big dimunt drapped out on de cyarpet she liked to had er fit, she was so skeered. An’ den she sont me to git some supper, an’ when I come back she had done fixed up de cunjer bag ergin, an’ she put it in my pocket long wid ernuther bundle dat she say would git you out er jail, an’ I ’speck dat was de munny; an’ dat’s de blessed troof, suh!”

"Where did you see Miss Sanford?" demanded the young master, looking him in the eyes.

"I seen her an' ole Marse Doctor drivin' up de street hard es dey could stave; an' I follered 'em to de do', an' de ole man was mad; an' Miss Agnes say she ain't gwine turn her back on er fren', an' she said she was gwine to sail off to some furrin' parts, an' for me to give her 'spects to you; an' Marse Howard, Gawd knows dat's de Bible troof, suh!"

Colonel Carlton hurried his friend before the police officials, who were satisfied with his statements and delivered the two packages to him, and then hurried him out to the street, where he had a carriage waiting to take them to the distant pier before the steamer should sail.

As Henry climbed up to the seat by the driver Colonel Carlton said, as he opened the carriage door:

"Of course you are all impatience, Marshall; jump in!"

"Jump in yourself, Carlton, and hurry away," replied the young man, "I shall not go."

"What! Not go!" exclaimed the young officer in surprise. "What is the—I don't understand!"

"Miss Sanford is to be married as the vessel steams out of the bay," replied Marshall quietly, "and there are unpleasant relations existing between her intended husband and myself."

"Married! My God! It is not so! It is false! Who said so?" exclaimed her cousin in a breath.

"I heard it last night from a friend of hers, and have no cause to doubt that she spoke the truth."

"Was it said to whom?" asked—almost gasped—the Colonel, as if overcome by the shock of the news.

"Yes; to Captain Marcus Aurelius Staton, formerly of the Elmira prison."

"Heaven pity her! It is the work of that old step-father; but she must have changed greatly," said the young man, closing the door of the vehicle. "I do not think I shall go myself."

"But you *must* go, Carlton," said Marshall, earnestly. "Remember, you are her nearest of kin, and I wish you to express to her my earnest hope that the future may

have only blessings in store for her. In your position I should regard it a *duty* to go."

"In view of the various things that have occurred—and that have not occurred—which have puzzled me for two years, I am not sure that any obligation rests on me. But," he added, stepping into the vehicle and closing the door, "I shall take your advice and go."

Mr. Marshall handed the money package up to Henry with the order that he should return it to Miss Sanford in person, and requesting the driver to make all possible speed, he turned away and decided to walk back to the hotel in order to collect his wits and decide upon a course of action in view of his need of funds.

Arriving at his hotel he took a late luncheon and ordering a directory to be sent into the general reading-room, repaired thither, and for two hours pored over the pages devoted to the name of Howard, making a list of those only who were engaged in the mercantile business. Before the task was completed he saw that even then it would be a hopeless undertaking for him to hunt them all up on the streets, and throwing down his pencil he rested his throbbing head on his folded arms upon the table.

As his mind ran over the occurrences of the afternoon he recollected that Henry had said something about a "cunjer bag" and Marienne's diamond which had again been enclosed in it. Suddenly straightening himself, he placed his hand upon his breast pocket and found that the oil-silk package was still there. If he was not in error as to Henry's statement, here was a very simple and sure relief for his immediate troubles.

Going quickly to his room he closed the door, seated himself at a table and proceeded with deliberation to unwrap the package. After removing the two outer coverings he came to a soiled, crumpled paper with writing upon it. This he read deliberately, as follows:

"The Oaks, June 6th, 1861.

"Dear Monsieur—I believe this gem has cast an evil spell, and it has become hateful to me. Pardon me for disobeying you, but I shall never touch it again. If its

imprisonment shall not break the spell the time may come when you may need to make its value minister to your necessities. May God preserve and keep you.

"Faithfully, MARIENNE."

The young man breathed an unconscious sigh as he reflected that Miss Sanford's eyes had run along the same lines less than twenty-four hours before. Seeing that there was writing upon the fresh, thin paper, which was the inner wrapping of the ring, he rested it upon the table and carefully laid apart the folds, when, suddenly he started back and gazed at the object revealed as if he had uncovered the mate to Cleopatra's asp.

He had recognized Miss Sanford's chaste and beautiful lapis-lazuli!

Clasping his forehead between his hands, something like a nervous shudder ran through his frame as his mind recalled Poe's apostrophe to his Raven:

"Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest toss'd!"

His mind ran along the poet's wonderful effusion until it came to the agonized question: "Is there—*is there* balm in Gilead?"—then he reached for the thin paper, quietly smoothed its wrinkles, and read in Miss Sanford's beautiful hand the hastily written lines:

"The evil spell is broken; the gem has ceased to be hateful; its imprisonment is ended!"

"There is a new imprisonment. Can it break an evil spell? Can it serve the ends of Beautiful Truth?"

"Faithfully, AGNES."

"God have pity upon me, a stupid, blundering idiot!" exclaimed the young man, seizing the paper and ring in both hands and pressing them to his heart. *"She intended the money to reimburse Marienne, and sent her beautiful, trusting innocence to be soiled under the feet of my churlish stupidity!"*

Although the rays of the sun had ceased to warm the atmosphere, the room seemed to become overheated, and

going to the oriel window, which projected from the southern side of the apartment, he stepped out into the cooling breeze. The half-grown moon was beginning to develop shadows along the streets and alleys of the city, the lamp-lighters were making their early twilight rounds, and a perceptible hush had come over the noise of traffic. Gazing in the direction of the "Narrows" he saw a line of black smoke out where the quiet waters of the bay meet the restless waves of the great ocean, and, like Selkirk—also weary after four years of waiting and heartburning—wished that he had the wings of a dove.

"The evil spell is broken," he quoted. "Yes, thank God! And God pity us both! Two helpless children in the hands of relentless Fate! She, an unconscious and nerveless *captive*, speeding into the unknown perils of the future, far from kindred and friends; and I?—I on my way to a home of poverty—perhaps of want—unless I fail in duty to the poor people who were born dependent on me and mine."

"Howard!" exclaimed Colonel Carlton, bursting into the room like an overjoyed schoolboy, "Agnes is not married, and will never marry Staton!"

"I know it, my friend," replied the young man quietly; "she is doomed, I fear, to live and die a Vestal Virgin."

"What! Why?" exclaimed the Colonel with a puzzled look.

"Because she loves me! *Has never ceased to love me!*—and I am a helpless pauper."

"No, suh, Marse Howard!" exclaimed a voice, and turning, the young man saw Henry standing in the door, hat in hand, waiting to be spoken to, and felt ashamed that for the moment he had forgotten the poor fellow's existence. "No, suh," he continued, "we's got munny, an' er heap of it. Miss Agnes had done sailed off befo' we got dar, an' I didn't like de idee er givin' up all dat munny no how—hard up es we is!"

"Well, Henry," said the young master, smiling in spite of his gloomy feelings, "I shall take charge of it. It is Marianne's money, paid for her diamond, but we shall consider it borrowed of her, and you may go and get your dinner, or supper, I suppose it will be."

When Henry had gone beyond earshot Colonel Carlton told his friend that having failed to see Agnes, he determined not to return until he knew something definite, and getting Professor Atwood's address from a directory, he drove to his house and learned all that he knew about Dr. Hindman and the family.

About the time of the battle of Gettysburg the old man had commenced to tour the country, from the sea-girt forests of Maine to the golden shores of California, with a lecture on the "Adventures of an Abolitionist in the Lair of the Slave Power," and he took Mrs. Hindman and Agnes with him ostensibly for the health of the former. This continued a successful business venture until Agnes came into possession of her fortune, which, by the will, was to be managed by trustees until her marriage or arrival at the age of thirty years. But as the court allowed her five hundred dollars monthly for living expenses, the old doctor had the handling of plenty of money, which Agnes permitted him to draw and disburse, and they spent a part of the previous summer touring through Canada, but visited New York several times on flying trips to talk with his nephew, Captain Staton, about a joint scheme of theirs to tour Europe with a double lecture after the close of the war, Staton's subject to be the "Horrors of Prison Life in the Rebellious Southern Confederacy."

Professor Atwood expressed the opinion that Dr. Hindman's stale subject would not fill houses in England, and that the added attraction of Captain Staton's fresher theme would not save the enterprise from being a dismal failure.

"Howard!" exclaimed the Colonel, restlessly pacing the room, "I don't care what they do with Agnes' income, but in the hands of two such scheming persons there is no telling what might befall a friendless, wealthy girl of her trusting, unsuspecting nature. It is a pity that you have not some business in Europe about this time."

"Business!" replied the young man, rising to his feet with clenched hands. "Suppose I *make it my business* to hound them to the ends of the earth, if need be, and take her from them! I have Marienne's money, and I own

two sections of land in Alabama which cost my father forty thousand dollars, and which could, even now, be sold for perhaps as much as ten or fifteen thousand dollars. It will be good security for five thousand—you can help me negotiate that loan. I will take the next steamer, and no labyrinthine corner of the globe shall hide them from me.”

“You are growing excited, my friend,” said the Colonel, quietly seating himself. “Sit down and let us talk calmly over the matter. I thought over the situation as I came from Atwood’s. If I had the money I would gladly advance three times the amount you named on your land. But I have very little cash on hand, and I doubt if we could negotiate any loan on land in the South. I can raise for you five, or more, thousand dollars soon; but, I fear, not in time for the next steamer. My firm, Banks, Conrad & Co., failed recently, but by a fortunate arrangement, my part of the assets will amount to about fifteen thousand dollars. So, you see, my credit is not entirely gone, and I shall raise the money for you before the sailing of the next steamer if possible.”

“Ah, my friend,” replied the young man sadly, “your business talk restores me to my sober senses. My firm has failed also. Marshall, Uncle Sol. & Co. were ruined by Uncle Sam, Turchin & Co. By an unfortunate arrangement my part of the assets is a wild waste of weeds and brambles, without a fence or a sheltering hut. No, Frank, I will not borrow your money. It might be that I could never repay it, and duty points my way homeward. I must learn what has become of my poor people in Alabama, scattered by Turchin’s incendiarism, and do what I can for them. I shall have to sell half of my land for about one-fourth of its value in order to be enabled to make bread on the other half. Ah, no one who has not met it face to face can know the heart-withering aspect of sudden poverty!”

“Cheer up, old fellow!” said Carlton, going to his friend’s side and laying his hand caressingly upon his shoulder. “Do not let the blue devils get you. See how I bear up under similar trials. It is true I have no one dependent on me, but my situation is worse than yours

and I am really poorer. I am under sentence of banishment from my home and native land. Our old friend, Shirley, of Maryland, a naturalized Yankee now—living in Boston and posing as a celebrated physician—has given me a thorough overhauling for repairs, and says I must live for some years in Cuba or some similar climate. I have positively refused to listen to him and we have compromised on one of the Gulf States. While you are making bread on one-half of your plantation, I should like to make meat on the other. What will you take for the other half?"

"The half of your fifteen thousand," replied Marshall, with a careless laugh. "I believe I could compound with my conscience for cheating even a friend to that extent."

"I am not jesting, Marshall," said the other seriously. "I have a friend who was with General Mitchell at Huntsville, and who became thoroughly familiar with the country, particularly the Green-brier region in which you lived. He says those fine lands must ultimately go up to their former value, but at present they are being offered, with no takers, at about a scant half of their value in 1861. I want to live in the South and I must make my living."

"Carlton, old fellow," replied Marshall, with some embarrassment of manner, "I hardly know how to trade with a friend. My impulse is to say take the land and pay me what you find it to be worth. Those fine lands may ultimately advance to their former value, but a generation or two must pass first. And besides I do not believe they have yet reached rock-bottom prices. At present labor is only dazed; after a time it will become demoralized. Free negro labor is an unknown quantity. I do not believe one-fourth of the negroes, when left entirely to their own amiable shiftlessness, will do more than procure a scant and precarious living. The bulk of the cotton crop in the future will have to be made by white labor. The planter and his sons will have to take, in great part, the places of their former slaves. After they have learned to do that lands will cease to decline in price, and may begin to advance, but not before."

"Why, Marshall," said the other, laughingly, "you argue the cause against yourself. According to your view you would do well to take half of my fortune for half of yours."

"I think I should," replied the young man, "and I do not desire to help you deceive yourself."

"I am not deceiving myself, Howard, old fellow," said the other cheerfully. "The land is fertile, the price low; cotton is very high and labor abundant—if it will work. I'll take the chances if you'll make it a sort of mutual-benefit association, I to put \$15,000 into the capital stock and you two sections of land, and to be president of the concern, for I know nothing of lands and negroes and mules. Is it a go?"

"With all my heart, Frank, my old chum!" said the other delightedly. "Only one thing in life could give me more joy, and I shall be ready to set out for Alabama in the morning. When can you go?"

"Not for a month or more, perhaps; but a check shall follow you within a few days to begin the building of fences and houses and the general work of restoration."

And the two friends parted to meet next in the distant land of Alabama, both delighted with the arrangement that brought them intimately together in business and social life.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

“QUOTH THE RAVEN, ‘NEVERMORE.’”

“Where is my child? and echo answers, where?”

—BYRON’S *Bride of Abydos*.

IN our last glance at affairs in Alabama we saw The Oaks mansion and negro quarters swept out of existence by the flames of military incendiarism, and Robert Allen, Marienne Chamfort and Baxter Johnston arrested and carried off to Tiptop under the serious charge of murder, by a marauding squad of Federal soldiers.

Weeks, months, years have come and gone since that fateful night and still it is not known, definitely, what has been the fate of those unfortunates. It was known that on the day succeeding the night of these arrests, Fount had been killed, and Mr. Allen’s head again seriously injured in an effort they made to prevent a drunken officer from searching Marienne’s person for the dagger with which the dead officer had been wounded. Marienne being alone, resisted and screamed for help. Her cries penetrated to the room in which the three men were confined with a guard on the outside, and Baxter Johnston, throwing his Herculean form against the light panelled door, burst through and fell prostrate. Fount sprang over him and attempted to snatch a bayonet from the corporal of the guard, but was instantly given several bayonet wounds which resulted in his almost immediate death. Mr. Allen made an effort to render assistance, but his condition resulting from his previous hurt, was so apparent, as he blundered wildly through the open door, that the men were not brutal enough to do more than to simply knock him senseless.

After a time it became reported that Mr. Allen, after

some months of confinement, during which his mind seemed to be seriously impaired, made his escape to the hill lands along the line of the Tennessee, and after a time died of starvation and exposure. It was whispered among the negroes, however, that he was not dead, but had become a "wild man," as they expressed it, and lived in a cavern in the dense forests of the Barrens, only a few miles south-east of Tiptop, sleeping by day and coming out at night to waylay marauding Federal soldiers in the vicinity of Tiptop. The fact is there grew to be a general belief, even among the white people left in the country, that Mr. Allen, in his half demented condition, had taken upon himself to avenge his own wrongs and those of his former neighbors.

Mrs. Johnston was unsuccessful in her efforts to learn anything concerning Baxter's fate. But a rumor obtained circulation that the poor negro had been sent to a Northern prison under the charge of having fired the bullet that killed the officer; and that he had been convicted and hanged.

During the autumn of 1864, however, a disabled soldier, who claimed to have been a member of the command of the gallant General John Morgan, of Kentucky, stopped for a night's rest at an adjoining plantation to The Oaks, and told a story which he claimed to have had from the lips of an officer, which, if true, proved Baxter to be still in the land of the living.

History has related how the gallant and dashing Morgan, as an invader, with less than two thousand troops, in the course of about three weeks, defeated more than twenty thousand of the foe, at different points, and paroled nearly six thousand prisoners; and how, after traversing two powerful and thickly populated States, cutting an entire network of railroads, and frightening thousands of good people out of their sober senses, he was made a prisoner and sent, with many of his officers, to the felons' prison at Columbus, Ohio, where his head was shaved and he was otherwise treated as a felon, and was denounced by the people and press of that section, as being "*worse than a felon*," although, in his brief and

brilliant dash, his troops had never insulted a woman, robbed a citizen, burned a house nor needlessly destroyed private property.

History states that General Morgan's barber was a convict, but, according to the story that was soon circulated in North Alabama, he was an ex-convict, who had been pardoned, and sent as a conscript to the army, and was one of the special detail of colored soldiers set to guard "The most dangerous man that ever trod Ohio soil," as the hysterical knights of the pencil and tripod characterized him, with an extra flourish, and perhaps with a view of selling an extra edition.

While the horse-clippers were doing their work on the General's hair he noticed the neat appearance and polite manners of his stalwart but awkward barber, and addressing him, said:

"My good man, you were not reared in this country, were you? Your deportment toward me is more like a gentleman's than that of any stranger I have met since my capture."

"Lawd, no, boss! I's from de Souf. My ole marster, what's dead now, has got er brother livin' in Kentucky whar you come from."

"What's his name?"

"Jedge Johnston, suh."

"Judge Johnston of Louisville, Kentucky?"

"Dat's him, suh! Dar's whar he lives!"

"Put down your clippers, man, and shake hands with me," said the General, heartily. "We are connected through your old master," he added, laughingly. "He and Judge Johnston are my blood-kin. But how does it happen that you are in the Yankee army?"

"Suh?—Yes, suh!—But I's not gwine to cut your ha'r down to de skin like dey told me to. It's oncivilized to treat er gent'man dat way."

"Oh, but a soldier must obey orders," said the General, with a laugh. "I thank God that their civilization permits you to leave me a whole scalp. What a trophy my scalp-lock would be to General Tecumseh Sherman! But how is it that you, a genteel Southern negro, are in the Yankee army?"

"Well, suh, you see—but I's gwine to use de clippers on your back ha'r only. In de front I's gwine to use de scissors an' leave it longer, I don't keer what dey say."

"Oh, no," laughed the General, "obey orders. Think what a valuable service you may do the Federal cause if my strength should happen to lie in my locks, as that of Samson of old did, and as these nervous and hysterical people seem to imagine. But why are you in the Federal army? Out with it," said the General, with an amused laugh.

"Well, suh," said the negro, with hesitating embarrassment, "it's dis way: You see dey said dey was fightin', bleedin' an' dyin' all for de good er de niggers, an' dat I ought to help 'em. An' 'sides dat, dey had me in er mighty tight place,—'cused er killin' er officer,—an' I thought bein' er live Yankee so'ger was er heap better'n bein' er dead nigger—an' hung at dat, er else starved to death in de pen'ten'try."

Poor Baxter! Had he proved again the truth of the axiom of which he believed himself to be the discoverer, that "niggers' minds is like de water in de river"?

Nothing definite had been heard of Marienne. A score of rumors prevailed at one time or another, each one flatly contradicting all the others. At one time it was said she had died of a decline, superinduced by grief for her brother and a serious accidental hurt, suffered when her brother was killed. At another time it was reported that she was still a close prisoner at Tiptop and permitted to see no one. Again many believed she had been sent to a Northern prison;—and so restless rumors filled the passing months.

At length a rumor obtained that was given more credence than any of the others; but perhaps this was chiefly because the innate optimism of the good people prompted them to give free rein to their credulity only when something pleasant or desirable presented itself.

It was said that a foreigner, dressed in a handsome citizen's suit of Confederate gray, but rumored to be a French officer on leave of absence, had come through the Federal lines at Decatur, on the Tennessee River, under a flag of truce and bearing letters from Prince

Polignac, a Confederate general, stating that the bearer was a friend and countryman of his, whose sole object in desiring to enter the Federal lines was to visit two relatives residing some miles from Tiptop.

The presentation of the letters, it was said, caused quite a commotion at Tiptop. The gentleman enquired concerning the present whereabouts of Monsieur and Mademoiselle Chamfort, and on learning Fount's fate, and being refused any information concerning Marienne, he became very angry;—quarrelled with General Turchin,—denounced him as a ruffian, and then tried to force him to fight a duel. Thereupon General Turchin became indignant, ordered the guard to seize the rude foreigner, and sent him, with a military escort, back to Decatur and outside the Federal lines.

It was generally believed that he never returned; but it was said by a few, who claimed to have obtained inside information, that he crossed the river again, a week later, at a point south of Huntsville, and made his way directly to that town, where he had an interview with General Mitchell, in command of the sub-district. He spent the night with a member of General Mitchell's staff, who was himself of French extraction, and early the next morning, he accompanied an order sent in the hands of a staff officer, from General Mitchell to General Turchin at Tiptop. After a delay of only a few hours in Tiptop the two took the afternoon train for Nashville with papers, it was said, which ordered the release of Marienne Chamfort from a prison hospital in that city. The rumor gained credence up to that point, and then flowed, like all the others, into the limitless sea of conjecture.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOME AGAIN.

"Oh! who can tell the unspeakable misery
Of solitude like this?"

—SOUTHEY'S *Thalaba*.

THE OAKS!" exclaimed Marshall, as he spurred a borrowed lank-sided, ex-cavalry horse along the east road that led to the site of his former home.

Two weeks previously he had wept over the graves of his father and mother in Virginia, both having fallen victims, as did so many of the proud and infirm non-combatants, to the cares, anxieties and crushing humiliations of the long years of invasion, and those horrible days—worse still—immediately following. The scene now before him was not calculated to cheer his depressed spirits. The only evidences of life within the radius of his view, were, far away to the right, a consumptive-looking negro with a slow, stiff-jointed mule, geared with make-shift rope and chain harness, patiently ploughing a small patch, inclosed with poles and brush-wood, in the midst of a wilderness of rank weeds and brambles; these, and half a dozen altivolant buzzards sitting on the larger branches of a dead oak, in the edge of the timber land near by, as if patiently biding the hour when the negro or the mule should give up the ghost and become a prey to their voracious appetites.

Farther on, half a mile in front of him, where his home had once stood, he "knew by the smoke which so gracefully curled," not "above the green elms," but above the charred and blistered oaks which he loved with a feeling of almost Druidical reverence, that another human creature was living on his broad acres, of wild luxuriance;—

this one requiring more heat than was afforded by the June sun.

"The Oaks!" he repeated in a low voice, as if speaking to an invisible spirit of the air, "Ah! the oaks, whose stout hearts have been shriveled by hot sap, made to flow by 'man's inhumanity to man,' are there; but The Oaks is numbered with the loved and lost. Four years ago there dwelt the happy twain, Peace and Plenty;—half a hundred peaceful hearts in half a score of plenteous homes. To-day we find—Desolation!—lingering evidences of the sacrificial rites which have completed the apotheosization of the dearly loved South!

"Avaunt! thou fateful premonition that the Cavaliers—the spirit of Cavalierism—must fall in line with, or be overridden by, the spirit of—who shall discover its composite name?—selfish sectionalism—thrifty patriotism—discriminating paternalism—omnivorous commercialism,—Yankeeism!

"But, see! Across the wasted fields one stark old chimney still proudly erect, waits to greet me! Grim sentinel of the past, I salute thee! Stern defier of Ruin, I bow before thee! At thy base thou art nursing a miserable little hut! Poverty and want crouching at the feet of departed plenty! Wretchedness and Suffering hugging the knees of dead Comfort! Abject Need supplicating aid from the cold corpse of Opulence! The first rude hut of untimely-ripped Freedom seeking to utilize the stately ruins of defunct Slavery!

"Poor children of Nature!—doomed by sarcastic Fate to be the shuttlecock of other people's passions, prejudices, pretenses, whims and experiments, and to pass through an ordeal, calculated to try, to the uttermost extent, natures made of far sterner stuff! Poor old Mammy! But thank God, she and hers are safe from the spoiler's wiles!—Hello!"

This hail was uttered within ten feet of the hut which the young man had just apostrophized, and in a few moments the heavy puncheon door was dragged half open on its creaking wooden hinges. The little pinched faces, whose ashy blackness emphasized the apprehension indicated by the flared whites of their eyes, peered out

through the opening, and above them a sober, motherly, care-worn face, surmounted by a crown of dingy gray hair.

"Evenin', boss," said the old woman in salute, turning her attention to the horse after having failed to recognize the rider. "Does you want to see Sol? He's might'ly crippled wid de rheumatis', an' Peter's out in de fiel' ploughin'."

"Yes; I want to see Uncle Sol, and I want to see you, too, Mammy," replied the young man, waiting to be recognized.

"Father in Heab'm! Oh, Solomon, come here! it's de young marster!—*it's his own self*; he's alive, an' has done come back to his ole Mammy!" exclaimed the old woman, sinking upon her knees as if unable to stand, and resting her head against the door-post, while she sobbed convulsively, with a piteous, moaning cry.

Throwing the bridle reins to the little boy, who had come out, the young master met Uncle Solomon, who hobbled quickly but painfully forward and clasped him in his arms.

"Young marster!" he exclaimed, with tears running down his furrowed cheeks, "Thank God dat my ole eyes has lasted to see you once mo'! We couldn't hear nothin' 'ceptin' dat de Yankees had done busted up everything, an' we thought you was wid de angels!"

"Young marster! Baby!" sobbed the old woman, "come here, honey, an' lay yo' head in yo' ole Mammy's lap, an' let me hear you say dem same little pr'ars once mo', an' yo' ole Mammy'll be ready to go home to yo' ma dat's waitin' fer us bofe in Heab'm."

The young master knelt by the old woman, threw his arms around her neck and sobbed a moment upon her bosom;—that loving bosom which he knew had enshrined him, with all his faults, as a perfect creature! Then rising and taking her by the arm to assist her, he exclaimed, banteringly:

"There, Mammy! we hysterical old folks can't feel good 'till we've had our little cry; and now we feel better, don't we?"

"Baby," said the old woman, smothering her sobs but remaining motionless,—*"about Henry?"*

"Why, bless the old Mammy!" exclaimed the young man, shaking her by the shoulders. "Henry's as sound as a drum, as lively as a lark and more noisy than both together. He'll be here before sunset, if he doesn't fly off at a tangent to see Sarah; so hop up, now—that's a good Mammy—and see if you can't find me a piece of ashcake and some meat;—I'm as hungry as a wolf."

"Bless de chile!" exclaimed the old woman, getting on her feet with Mr. Marshall's assistance, "hongry for ashcake an' meat! Oh, my po' ole Mistis! de baby is hongry for ashcake an' meat! But, honey, it's all I's got to give you;—de Lawd have mercy!—Ashcake an' meat! an' nary fatted calf,—not even er pullet or er ole hen!"

"Here, little Henry," she added, wiping the tears from her eyes and looking out at the door, "put de hoss on de grass whar de gyarden use' to be—he don't look like he'd run 'way from dat—an' you go to de spring an' fetch some water for de young marster, an' to wash dat ashcake I put in de fire for supper. Here, Prudence, chile, look in de chis' yo' grandaddy's a-sittin' on an' git out dat little chunk er meat; an' take down de sifter an' make up two big ashcakes,—yo' uncle Henry's comin' bymeby."

The old woman busied herself and ran on in this way, as if to keep in restraint the process of thinking, until the meat had been produced and the larger portion of it cut into half a dozen thin slices.

"Hold on, Mammy," exclaimed the young master, as the old woman commenced to wrap up the precious little chunk again, "cut it all up; I'm as hungry as a bear and there are only two slices apiece for me and the other children."

"Bless de chile!" exclaimed the old woman, pausing in indecision as she thought of Henry and the two *big* ashcakes. "Dat's all for you, honey! Dem chil'n don't want to be gorgin' no meat to-day. Dey had meat yistiddy."

"Cut it all up, Mammy," persisted the young master; "I'm going to play Yankee prisoner and help 'dem chil'n' eat you out of house and home before Henry gets here;

for he's coming with a wagon load of provisions—'an' sugar, an' coffee, an' tea, an' things.' ”

“Young marster, honey,” said the old woman, seriously, but smiling at his boyhood trick of mimicking her manner of speech, “is you done bought sugar, an' coffee, an' tea, an' things?”

“Wait and see!” said the young man, boyishly jingling a few dollars of change in his pocket.*

“Now, honey,” said the old woman, still more seriously, “times is done changed mighty bad, an' everybody has to be satisfied wid bread an' er little meat now an' den. Is you able to 'ford dat 'stravagance?”

“Cheer up, Mammy,” replied the young master, slapping her on the shoulder and giving her a shake; “haven't you always said the rainy days couldn't take all the 'shunshine' out of me? Well, neither did the war take all the gold out of my pocket. You don't know how rich I am! We are going to build up all the houses again, get all the folks back, and have enough of everything to eat every day, and three times a day.”

“Gwine to build de great house an' all de cabins ergin, an' git all de folks back?” she asked, wonderingly. “Young marster, honey,” she added with impressive solemnity, “I has always told Solomon de good Lawd would take keer er His own; an' dat He'd be wid you an' fer you, no matter what might happen, or whar you was.” And covering her head and face with her apron she sat down to enjoy a good, quiet cry.

The young man ate some of the rude fare that is so wholesome and satisfying to the Southern negro, and then seating the two little darkies to the first full meal they had enjoyed, perhaps for three years, with the injunction that they were to eat until greasy from eyebrows to chins, he commenced to elicit news about his friends and neighbors and their affairs.

* There was quite a quantity of hoarded coin in the South that escaped the ferret-like instincts of the Argus-eyed camp followers of the Federal armies in the South, and for months after the collapse of the Confederacy even poor people had “hard money” to pay for the necessities of life.

The old woman detailed to him all that was known or rumored about Fount, Marienne, Mr. Allen and Baxter Johnston; and informed him as to the present whereabouts and condition of many of the people belonging to the plantation. In speaking of the neighbors, she said:

"All de white folks, dat was sho' 'nuff white folks, has bin robbed time an' ergin. First it was gol' an' silver, den it was hosses an' mules, an' fine clo's, den it was cows an' beds an' cyarpets, an' den dey begun on de niggers, too, an' went for everything in sight an' out er sight.

"Yo' uncle fared better'n any er de rich folks north er de river. But dat was on account er Miss Fanny. She's done grown up er mighty fine young lady,—hansom' es dat one got crippled at de picnic, an' you fetched here wid dat ole sanctymonious school-boss at Tiptop,—but Miss Fanny is er differ'nt style. Well, es bad luck would have it, de fust year er de war yo' uncle was ridin' in de new groun' an' his hoss fell on him, an' broke his ankle, an' he ain't put his foot to de flo' since. An' you 'member dat man dat come here, from de Lawd knows whar, and tried to teach de deestric' school, an' den yo' uncle hired him for overseer? His name was Crumpacker;—how could er man be any 'count wid sich er name es dat?—An' when de Yankees got to Nashville an' began to piroot down dis way, to see if dar was any rich folks an' silver spoons in de Tennessy Valley, dat Crumpacker got so triflin' yo' uncle turned him off; an' den he took up wid de Yankees,—not de sort dat has officers over 'em, but dem dat is smart ernough to git erlong widout officers over 'em,—an' dar was a heap er dat sort, too, and dey went in fer plunder. Well, one day dat same Crumpacker got some er dem Yankees to go wid him to yo' uncle's an' set dem to pirootin' aroun', while he went in to rob de house.

"After Baxter Johnston killed dat man here, an' all de bad luck come on him an' ever'body, de white folks said nobody was to fight 'bout bein' robbed arter dat; so dat Crumpacker got yo' uncle's watch, an' he wanted dat di'munt ring you give Miss Fanny when you went off to de war, an' he went to hunt for it. He was sassy to

her, an' I don't know egzactly how it happened, but de fust thing he knowed she had er six-shooter cocked an' pinte at his head an' made him give up dat watch an' all he had stole; an' den, wid de pistul still pinte at him, made him go out for his hoss an' bring back er silk idledown quilt he had done strapped to his saddle.

"Well, suh! dey say dem Yankees laughed fit to kill, an' hollered 'hooray fer Miss Gin'ral Forest!' She didn't 'sturb none er de balance of 'em, but told 'em to go outside de yard, an' dat she didn't inten' to 'low no strangers to come inside dat yard no mo'. She must er skeered 'em mighty bad, fer Yankees has been mighty sca'ce 'bout dat plantation ever sence. Dey nick-named her 'Lady Forest' an' said she must be blood-kin to our Gin'ral Forest."

The old woman kept up her gossipy monologue until the sun went down, and the two little darkies, greasy and glossy to their eyes, had announced the approach of Henry and the wagon on the East road. Then the young man mounted his Rosinante and set out for his uncle's, desiring not to embarrass the "Campmeeting proceedings" which he knew would be held over Henry.

The Caucasian should not look upon the civilized negro when he makes a full surrender to the emotional instincts of his simple nature.

After it was all over, and coffee and meat had been prepared and heartily partaken of, with the ashcakes already provided, Henry declared that the cabin was entirely too warm and close for an old soldier; so Peter, who, with his mule, had escaped the speculative watchers in the dead oak, made a brushwood fire out in front of the door, and all gathered around to hear the dreadful tales of battle, blood and death which they knew Henry was prepared to relate. These he narrated freely and enthusiastically until Mammy felt that her boy had become a hero such as are read about in books, and Uncle Solomon was satisfied that he carried a charmed life, while the two little darkies, with eyes bulged out and mouths agape, wondered if this might not be the mighty man the preacher told about, who "slew so many folks wid de jawbone of er mule."

"An' you ain't bin totin' no cannon balls aroun' inside er you, like yo' daddy said you'd be a-doin' dat day you all went away?" queried Mammy, as she moved up her stool and put her arm around her boy.

"No'm, no cannon balls," responded Henry, with a rueful expression, "an' not much er anything else fer de bes' part er de time. Bless de Lawd, ef dem cannon balls had er bin Dutch cheeses an' we could er put 'em inside by de right road, we'd er bin fightin' dar till yit."

As Henry spoke his quick ear caught the sound of some one approaching through the weeds and briers, and in a moment a strong voice called out:

"Corporal er de gyard! pos' number one!"

"Who's dat?" exclaimed Henry, springing to his feet and laying his hand on a sabre-bayonet which he had "captured honestly" in Virginia.

"Frien'," responded the voice.

"Well, halt, frien', an' give de countersign!"

"Cap'n Henry Marshall!" shouted the voice.

"Dat's putty good, es fur es it goes," replied Henry, "but it won't pass you. Bleat ag'in!"

"Sudgent Baxter Johnston! How's dat?"

"Is dat you, Br'er Baxter, sho' 'nuff? 'Fore God, I's glad to see you! But halt. Which side is you on?"

"'E Pluribus Union' is the sign on our flag."

"I don't know nothin' 'bout no outlandish signs! What's you fightin' fer?"

"John Brown's sole, an' all I kin git, while he's er smolderin' in de groun'."

"Well, halt! dat's what we fit ag'in', an' it got all underholts, an' played foul, an' squeez de breath out'n us, an' we had to s'render. I'll never be in er rale good humor no mo' onless some er dem s'renders to me; so pull out er white flag, Br'er Baxter, ef you don't want dis sode to tickle yo' haslet."

"All right," responded Baxter, flourishing a soiled white handkerchief, "I surrenders to Cap'n Marshall an' dat sode. I always was 'fear'd er cold steel."

Baxter came forward and after much handshaking and mutual congratulations Uncle Solomon inquired very soberly:

"Baxter, arfter dat night here, how could you turn ag'in our folks an' fight on t'other side?"*

"Well, you see," replied Baxter apologetically, "dey 'cused me er killin' dat so'ger here, an' sont me to de penetentry an' I was fear'd dey'd hang me. But dat fightin', an' a little de nex' day when dey tried to strip Marmelle and killed Fount, is all de fightin' I has done in dis war."

"Well, what was you doin' in de army, den?"

"Doin'? I was doin' what t'others done—gittin' de spoons an' watches an' things. What did you s'pose I was doin'?"

"Well," replied Uncle Solomon, somewhat embarrassed, "I thought, ef dey hadn't strung you up, you was doin' hones' work for hones' money."

"Hones' money!" exclaimed Baxter, indignantly. "What was it ef 'twan't hones' money? It was *war* money, an' I never hyeard none er dem preachers dat preached 'bout John Brown's sole so much say 'twan't hones' money; dey was glad to git it deyselves. Look at dat!" and he displayed a lady's handsome gold watch. "Dat's fer de ole mistis."

"Where'd you git it, Br'er Baxter?" asked Henry enviously.

"Down in Jawgy, man," replied Baxter, noticing Henry's slight display of the evil passion. "Didn't yo' army have no chance to git watches an' things?"

"Yes," replied Henry, sadly. "We went into Pennsylvany an' de folks was rich, but Marse General Lee said we must 'have ourselves, same es ef we was at home; an' we 'beyed orders."

"So did we 'bey orders," responded Baxter, as if feeling called on to defend his character as a disciplined soldier. "Ole Bill told us to forage liberal, an' you bet we 'beyed orders!"

"But whar was de officers when youall was gittin' de watches an' things?"

* Many of the older negroes never fully accepted "freedom," and a great many others, who could not exercise a choice, never fully released "our fambly" from the former obligations of ownership.

"Officers? Oh, Lordy! An' 'sides dat, ole Bill was de head boss over all de officers."

"Well, well," said Henry sadly, "in de nex' war I wants, when we gits in Pennsylvany, for Marse General Lee to take holiday an' let some ole Bill er 'nuther, or some Tom, Dick an' Harry be de head boss for 'bout er week. It'll be 'Oh Lordy!' an' 'Wake snakes!' den, sho es you is er foot high!"

"Didn't youall never git no watches, an' spoons, an' plunder?" asked Baxter, commiseratingly.

"Nary watch, nor spoon, nor plunder," replied Henry, dejectedly. "But, man," he added, firing up, "you des ought to see de guns, an' sodes, an' pistuls, an' cannons, an' casons, an' flags, an' prisoners, an' things we got, 'sides dem we slewed. Why, man, I was marched over de fields covered wid busted cannons, casons an' drums, dead hosses, niggers an' so'gers an' things, tell I got tired er scramblin' over 'em!"

"Who slewed all er dem things?" asked Baxter, in evident admiration of Henry's enthusiastic description.

"Weall!" responded Henry, proudly. "Me, an' Marse Howard, an' Marse General Lee, an' de boys."

"An' den you marched through Pennsylvany, where dey wan't nothin' but wimmin, an' men dat was afeared to fight, an' didn't git no plunder?"

"Nary single one," said Henry, this time less regretfully, if not indeed with an unconscious feeling akin to pride. "All de officers said it was stealin' an' robbin', an' we thought dey knowed best what was right, an' fa'r, an' hones'."

Baxter hung his head in meditation, thinking of the silver and jewelry he had that morning deposited in Tip-top for safe keeping, and of the various scenes in which he had participated in getting possession of it. Comparing these with the scenes so enthusiastically described by Henry, he was overpowered by a sudden impulse. Thrusting the watch which he still held in his hand, in his companion's face, he exclaimed:

"Here, Henry, dis is your watch!"

"How come?" asked the astonished man, apprehensive of being made the victim of a prank.

"'Cause it's your'n by all dat's fa'r an' squa'r," responded Baxter, earnestly. "I surrendered to you; an' we made de folks dat surrendered to us give up all dey had, an' weall said it was fa'r an' squa'r—de officers an' all. Well, I ain't er nigger dat don't practice what I preaches, an' dat watch is your'n. I don't spec' de ole mistis would have it nohow, an' you kin give it to Sarah when you an' her gits married. Is dat all right?"

"You bet!" exclaimed Henry, seizing the watch and going on the other side of the fire to examine it without interruption.

"Ole 'oman," said Baxter, addressing Mammy, "I likes Henry. He's got hones' principles; but ef he'd bin wid our army he'd er done same es I done. Niggers' minds is wisher-washy, but dey don't do no big devilment onless dey is led into it or put up to it by white folks. De best of 'em will keep from bein' cold and hungry, no matter who owns de things dat'll warm 'em an' fill 'em up, but beyan' dat dey's es hones' es white folks, an' 'er heap honeste'n er heap of 'em. Big devilment ain't in 'em nachully, but dey is mighty ap' scholars fer devilment; an' now dey's free I's feared dey's gwine to ketch on to de bigges' devilment dat mean white folks kin show 'em, or put 'em up to. Every nigger ought to have er boss, an' dat's es true es preachin'! But I mus' be movin' on—saw your fire an' thought I'd come by an' pay my respects. Henry, boy, come along wid me for half er hour. I know Sally'd like to see you an' talk wid you 'bout de moon an' stars an' things."

"Mammy," said Henry, dusting his military jacket, while his eyes brightened, "I 'spec' Sarah would like to see dis watch!"

"Go 'long, boy," responded Mammy, playfully boxing his ear, "Sally'd ruther see you dan er bushel er dem jim-crack watches."

CHAPTER XXX.

BEGINNING A NEW.

"The lord is on a level with all his former fiefs,
And shadows of the devil steal o'er the hieroglyphs."
—E. S. GREGORY'S *Hieroglyphics*.

A FEW days after Mr. Marshall's return to the neighborhood of his destroyed home, loads of building materials commenced to arrive at the plantation, and many of the idle negroes of the neighborhood were employed and put in the forest to get out timber for new cabins, stables, a gin-house and press. Others were hired to split rails for the miles and miles of fencing necessary to inclose the wild waste of fertile and once productive fields.

But he found at the outset difficulties of a serious nature. Those of his former dependents whom he had been able to find, fell naturally into their old places, and, of course, assumed their old duties without reference to other employees on the place; but the hired common laborers, who were cleaning up the fields and preparing to inclose them, "struck" when he employed skilled mechanics and paid them higher wages than the former were receiving.

They claimed that the day of general equality had come, when no man was entitled to more respect, consideration or compensation than another; that the great natural law of equality must no more be violated, and that "'Scrimination in de payin' er wages tends to h'ist up some er de human fambly, an' to 'stablish er new sort er haristockersy more ojious dan dat de gov'ment fit, bled an' died to bust up."

This sentiment was delivered by the orator of the striking common hands, who demanded carpenters'

wages, and as they left the yard, after having been told by the manager that he had no further use for them, one of them congratulated the proud speaker with the remark:

"I tell you, Uncle Jerry, de boss er de Union League couldn't er said it better his own self, ef he is white an' edycated."

But Henry's wise political economy solved the problem and brought the striking negroes back into camp. A decree was promulgated that no negro should be paid more than one dollar per day for labor, even if he claimed to have been "de boss cyarpenter on de Temple er Freedom," but the carpenters and masons were paid a heavy weekly stipend out of the "secret service fund."

Colonel Carlton arrived about the middle of August, having been delayed somewhat longer than he had anticipated in the final adjustment of his business, and his enthusiastic vim gave a new impetus to the busy scenes going on in the fields and the forest and around the former site of the mansion.

He brought his friend the news that a gentleman of his acquaintance had met Dr. Hindman and heard him lecture in England. Captain Staton, he stated, had not developed any talent for the lecture field, but had turned out to be a remarkably capable and resourceful manager and advance agent for his uncle, and kept him with engagements always ahead. Their combined talent had produced a really graphic lecture on the alleged barbarities of prison mismanagement in the Confederate States, into which they worked pyrotechnic word pictures—and some really good stereoptican pictures—of a number of the great battles in Virginia, which pleased the masses, particularly in the small towns. Mrs. Hindman and Miss Sanford, his informant stated, were leading a quiet life in a neat little hotel in a thinly populated portion of the western suburbs of London.

As soon as possible after his return to the neighborhood, Mr. Marshall had commenced to write to Federal officers who had served in North Alabama, as he could get names and addresses, including even General Turchin, with the hope of learning something of Marienne's

fate. But he failed utterly to get any information upon which he could act. About the last of September, however, a letter came to him post-marked at Paris, France, which he sat for more than an hour reading and pondering.

On the next morning while the two young men were sitting on the porch of the office watching the busy scenes across the level fields, and listening to the lively tattoo of hammering on the residence, Carlton said musingly:

"Marshall, I like this country, its people, its climate and its soil; and feel quite sure I shall enjoy the simple, interesting life of a planter. It is pleasant to watch these negro field laborers, to hear their shouts and snatches of song, and the noisy, busy bustle which they make about the stables and quarters, morning, noon and night. But there is one thing I do not like. I can hardly throw off the feeling of unrest that belongs to camp life, and feel that I am anchored and in no danger of receiving orders to march. There must be a lady in this house after we get it completed, which, however, will not be before the New Year. You have not given me your confidence for the past twelve hours, and I'd like to bundle you off from here out of revenge. I think I'll send you off to England to drum up audiences for Dr. Hindman's lectures."

"Ah, my friend," replied Marshall, sadly, "think of the tortures of Tantalus and spare me. You know, perhaps, of the efforts I have been making to learn something about Marienne Chamfort? The letter I received yesterday is from her, and it brings me tidings of Miss Sanford. The young lady is under a promise to her mother, who is in very critical health, not to correspond with any one in America."

"But," he added, producing a letter from his side pocket, "you may read for yourself, and must amuse yourself until this evening, for I shall ride over to my uncle's. I want to see if he hasn't some new attraction over there that he has not revealed to me."

After he had galloped away Carlton took the voluminous letter into his office and addressed himself to its contents. It was dated at Paris, and, after speaking of other letters written, said:

"Presuming that the mail service is by this time re-established, and knowing the uncertainty all my friends must feel concerning my fate, I shall again give an account of myself. Of course all know of the distressful events at Tiptop, when and after my poor brother was killed. What is not known, perhaps, is that I was unkindly treated there, and that I am indebted, in a measure, to an honorable man commanding at Huntsville for final release from the discomforts of a prison hospital at Nashville. A cousin, a native of France, of whose existence I was not previously aware, with letters from Prince Polignac, of France, then a Major-General in the Confederate army, and from General Beauregard, succeeded in interesting General Mitchell in my case, and in speedily obtaining an order for my release, with permission to go by way of New York to New Orleans, where I had a wealthy half-sister and an estate awaiting me.

"This cousin, bearing the family name, Cesare, went to America with Prince Polignac and was for a time a volunteer member of his staff. But desiring to study the art of war as practiced by the great military leaders in Virginia, he accompanied the Army of Northern Virginia as a 'free lance.' By the merest chance he fought under you in the skirmish at Williamsburg, which preceded General Longstreet's battle of the next day. It was from your lips that he heard of me and was fired with a desire to unravel what appeared to him a family mystery.

"In New Orleans I was welcomed with open arms by my half-sister, who was no less a person than the eccentric lady who sent me the mysterious diamond, which had been an heirloom in my mother's family, was presented by her to my grandfather, Chamfort, and is reputed to have been the cause of his leaving a part of his estate to my father's children.

"My father married Abigail's mother—my sister's name is Abigail Beatrice—in Paris, clandestinely, while he was a student, and seriously offended his father and her mother. The latter, a French Creole of New Orleans, being wealthy and haughty, and resenting M. Chamfort's superciliousness, brought about conditions that resulted in a divorce. Later my father went to Cuba, married my

mother, engaged in the Lopez conspiracy, escaped to and died in New Orleans, where his helpless family met your noble father and mother and entered into a delightful 'peonage.'

"It was Abigail's desire as soon as she was put in possession of the inheritance, to begin a systematic method of advertising for us at once, and also to employ persons to go to Virginia and make a search of the State for families or persons by the name of Marshall, but she was restrained by the insanely violent opposition of her mother. The latter had really loved my father, and had become a monomaniac on the subject of his marriage '*with a negro woman*,' as she believed, and the condition of her mind made it imperatively necessary that she should not be excited on that subject.

"The old lady died a short time after my arrival in New Orleans, and, as we found life in the city very disagreeable under the rule of the eccentrically vicious General Butler, we took the advice of our cousin, Cesare, and went to Paris to be near our relatives, who are persons of wealth and influence.

"My sister's health is very delicate and she has put herself in the hands of a specialist here, which will prevent our return to America until next year, but my heart pines for America and the unhappy friends I have there. Would that I could have been permitted to keep my poverty and my friends and to dream on in happy ignorance of the great, heartless world!

"I have been to London to see Miss Sanford. She was overcome with joy at seeing me, and Dr. Hindman was over polite. The young lady is very unhappy. Her mother is a confirmed invalid and Dr. Hindman is trying to use her as an instrument to force the daughter to marry a kinsman of his. Do not censure the dear girl, therefore, when I tell you that she cannot write to, or communicate otherwise with any one in America. Filial love prompted her to make the promise, and even I approved it under the circumstances. But before I did so I knew her heart had been true to you, even when she thought you were sleeping among the unknown Confederate dead in a trench on the battlefield of Gettysburg, and will re-

main true to you until it ceases to throb with 'the fever called living.'

"She has the fateful diamond and wears it, but not where it may be seen by profane eyes. It is doomed to another incarceration, and you alone (or I) may restore it to the light, *if it is destined ever to see the light again*. She is exceedingly desirous to remove to Paris, and the doctors have advised the removal of Mrs. Hindman to a dryer atmosphere; but Dr. Hindman strenuously opposes any permanent removal, especially to Paris. I have begged them to accept the use of a part of my house, which is amply sufficient for a larger number of guests, and Miss Agnes may yet carry the point. I have an idea that Dr. Hindman has but little money. His lecturing scheme has not been successful. It is said Captain Staton, while a failure as a lecturer, makes quite a good advance agent and gets good audiences for the Doctor by dividing the proceeds with local charitable organizations."

Following the above were messages and expressions of kindly feelings for various persons, all of which Colonel Carlton read carefully through. Then taking a seat on the porch and seeing Mammy passing near, he hailed her:

"Come here, old lady, and bask in the sun while you tell me about this Marienne Chamfort, who writes long letters from distant Paris."

"Is Marse Howard done showed you dat letter?" asked the old woman, as she took the designated seat. "I feels like Marmselle is done ris from de dead. What you want to know 'bout her?"

"What she is and what she's like."

"Well, she's er human, des like me an' you; an' she's er lady, too, es much es dem kings an' queens she's 'sociatin' wid in dem furrin parts."

"Well, I admire what she writes; particularly what I read between the lines. Suppose I go and bring her back here?"

"Go 'way, young Marster!" exclaimed the old woman, drawing down the corners of her mouth and making indignant eyes at him. "I don't b'lieve Marmselle would

have you. Dar was er young man—good lookin' es you is, an' scand'lous rich—dat loved de groun' she walked on, an' she 'fused him."

"Rich and good looking, and she refused him! What was the matter?"

"*Matter?* Huh! What you 'spect 'is de matter when folks 'fuses folks? S'pose'n you go to Poplar Grove an' ax Miss Fanny what she 'spects was de matter?"

The young man flushed up and answered, with assumed carelessness: "Oh, I guess she is hard to please. Of course she is hard to please!"

"Well, I don't know 'bout dat," responded the old woman, speaking very deliberately, with a twinkle in her eyes. 'Ef de right man was to come erlong an' talk in de right way I don't 'spose she'd be no harder to please dan er young lady I knows livin' over yonder at Poplar Grove. Ef you wants to know how hard dat is, put on yo' Sund'y clo's an' go dar an' talk yo' prittiest. But don't you 'pend on yo' whiskers an' good looks."

This gossiping and careless allusion to his dear friend's cousin caused the young man to end the interview abruptly, which he managed to do under the pretense of going to the rescue of a young bird which, he declared, had fallen from its nest. But the young bird was a full-fledged sparrow which had flown down in quest of a tid-bit for a noonday luncheon, and, as he approached it mounted with a chirp into the branches of a tall oak, leaving him to respond as best he could to Mammy's laughing ejaculation:

"Dah! Dat's des de same way wid dese here young ladies! When er han'some young gent'man, wid nice whiskers an' all, think he's 'bout to git 'em snuggled up in er nes' de fust thing he knows dey up an' sails away fer de high timber."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE MISSION SCHOOL. A NEW LESSON.

"Of thorns men do not gather figs,
Nor of a bramble gather grapes."

—GOSPEL, according to *St. Luke*.

IN the early Autumn days as The Oaks dwelling was nearing completion, its owners, at the solicitation of Baxter Johnston, Henry, and their colored friends, who were, no doubt, inspired by their former preacher, good old Parson Elliott, a late Chaplain under General Wheeler, decided to head a movement looking to the rebuilding of the negro church at Bethel camp-ground, which had been burned during the war, and which in *ante-bellum* days had been one of Rev. Mr. Elliott's most interesting fields of work.

Mr. Marshall, hoping as did Mr. Elliott, that the gathering of the colored people together for religious exercises as before, might counteract to some extent the evil effects of the examples and teachings that were being placed before them by those who did not understand their peculiarities and capabilities, entered into the movement with more than ordinary alacrity and zeal, and soon interested the surrounding neighbors, whose "many mickles" in good time made "a nuckle" sufficient for the purpose, and a large, substantial building was erected.

Early in January, when the masters of The Oaks commenced, with a full force of laborers, to prepare for the season's crops by re-fallowing the corn land and bedding the fertile fields for cotton, the Rev. Mr. Elliott commenced his ministrations at Bethel with full congregations every alternate Sabbath day.

Plantation operations went on so smoothly and sys-

tematically that Mr. Marshall commenced to hope that his forecasting of the effect of untimely freedom upon the negro, amid the confusion and uncertain conditions of his surroundings, had been somewhat erroneous. In the midst of cotton planting, early in April—three hundred acres for corn having already been planted—news came to the plantation that a school was to be established at Bethel camp-ground for the negroes by a party of ladies from the North, and that permission had been asked for the use of the Bethel church building for that purpose. The masters of The Oaks felt gratified that a beautiful work of charity was to be organized in the neighborhood by gentle and faithful woman, who was “last at the cross and first at the sepulchre,” and advised Baxter Johnston, the chairman of the Board of Trustees, to do all in his power to foster and forward the work.

The teachers were immediately put in possession without reservation, except of the first and third Sabbaths of the months for Brother Elliott’s ministrations. Matters progressed smoothly for a time, but a premonition of discord soon came in the form of an announcement that the school was under the “protection” of the Freedman’s Bureau, when no one had any idea that the school needed, or could ever need, any protection, civil or military.

While the cotton was being chopped to a stand late in May it was rumored on the plantation that a disagreement had arisen between the Mission teachers and Brother Elliott, and that the former were making strenuous efforts to proselyte the entire congregation of the latter, embracing a majority of the adult negroes within a radius of several miles.

These teachers, all females, styling themselves, and desiring to be called, the “Messengers of a Matchless Benevolence,” soon let it be understood that they desired no co-operation or affiliation with representatives of the old “Slavery Oligarchy,” and though Parson Elliott had been for forty years an embodiment of meekness and godliness, these matchlessly benevolent females would not permit the pupils of their school, which included all ages, to affiliate with those who adhered to the good old man and his church.

The negroes in the neighborhood generally had commenced in the early spring to pitch their crops with every indication of a desire to help themselves, but as the days grew longer and warmer, as the meetings of the Mission-school at Bethel grew more exciting; and as the brandances and other frolics of Wheeler's gang of so-called "share-workers" became more numerous and disorderly, many of them seemed to become listless and idle at their work and regardless of, if not actually antagonistic to, plantation authority.

"Marse Howard," said Henry, one bright Saturday in June, stopping at the head of his gang of a dozen or more side-harrows who were cultivating the luxuriant young cotton, "dar's gwine to be trouble in dis country, an' dat mighty soon."

"Don't croak, Henry," replied the young man, dejectedly. "Haven't we enough trouble already? Look across the fields at the share-workers, only about a dozen or so of them at work, and the others gone on our mules to a meeting of the Union League."

"Yes, suh; dat's trouble ernuff, sich as it is; but I's talkin' 'bout fightin' trouble."

"Well, haven't we had some of that sort too? Was not Judge Garnett assaulted and maltreated last month by a negro? And only yesterday that negro soldier who killed a boy for trying to defend his sister, was assassinated."

"Yes, suh; but dis I's talkin' erbout is er big trouble all amongst de niggers."

"What is it?"

"Well, suh; you know dat Bethel church belongs to weall, 'cause we built it. Well, dem ole school teachers has got 'most all de niggers so upish dat dey says dey's gwine to turn me an' Br'er Baxter an' 'bout er dozen mo' out er de church, 'cause we don't run 'round to de Union League meetin's."

"Well, you can serve your Maker without having your name in a church book."

"But dey say dat dey is gwine to put us out er de house ef we goes dar any mo'—dat we is white folks'

niggers, an' shan't 'sociate wid dem singin' school niggers."

"Who or what is at the bottom of the trouble?"

"Well, maby dey don't mean it, suh, but it's dem teachers. Dey is always 'busin' our white folks, an' says dey has always robbed de niggers, an' by rights dis country belongs to de niggers; an' when de fool niggers talks dat way it makes dem dat's got sense mad an' gits up quarrelin' an' devilment. Br'er Baxter talked to 'em 'bout it, but dey got mad es er wet hen an' say he ain't no better'n you an' Marse Carlton; an' youall, dey say, is de rebelst rebels in all dis country."

"Don't they know that Carlton was a Federal soldier?"

"Dey say dat's er lie you an' him made up to fool folks an' git de niggers to work fer you."

"Is there danger of serious trouble?"

"Well, suh, de triflin' niggers dat ain't doin' no work—an' Jerry Hunt at de head of 'em—says ef we comes to de church nex' Sunday, dey's gwine to fling us out er de winders. An' Br'er Baxter has swared dat he's gwine dar ef life lasts; an' weall has swared dat we'll stick up up to him es long es dar's er pea in de dish; an' ef dey tries to put us out somebody will have to tote er pile er niggers out er dat church."

After the day's work was done Mr. Marshall sent for Baxter and such of the others of his party as lived near by, with a view of trying to persuade them to reconsider and keep away from the church. But they had become thoroughly angered and had sworn a solemn oath, between themselves, to go; and would only agree, and that only out of deference to the young gentleman, to a slight modification of their fixed plans. This modification was that the masters of The Oaks should go as peacemakers to the nine o'clock opening of the school, and that Baxter and his friends should not appear until eleven o'clock—the time for the "sermon," as an occasional talk delivered by Wheeler was styled.

That night the two young masters had a serious consultation regarding the change being so rapidly wrought in so many of the negroes. They were being taught that only a little "book larnin'" was needed to make them the

equals, if not the superiors, of the white people of the South, to whom they were already superior in industry, as evidenced by the former wealth and luxury they had bestowed upon their former owners. This idea was received with distrust at first, but they were surrounded by a new and strange condition of affairs, and under their new teachers were slowly adopting the bewitching belief that they were to see another miracle in addition to that of accomplished freedom, in which the social "Bottom rail" was to be "put on top."

There were many things besides the occasional talks of the disreputable Wheeler—who had good *ante-bellum* cause for his vindictiveness, the sign-manual of which he bore upon his back—to encourage the negroes to believe that the day of general upheaval was about to dawn. The ability of the most worthless negroes in the country to have respectable white people arrested and fined and occasionally imprisoned on the most trivial and often frivolous charges was a revelation; and the fact that money and property could be taken from them by the simple process of contriving to get the shadow of a claim and then producing more witnesses than the whites could procure, was calculated to strengthen their confidence in the oracular wisdom of their teachers, and to open their eyes to the great possibilities of future enterprise in that direction.

On the next morning Messrs. Marshall and Carlton were early astir and arrived at Bethel church some time before nine o'clock. Mr. Marshall dismounted and went immediately to the Mission-house—four connecting rooms used as the home of the seven teachers. Carlton had chosen to make no acquaintance among the Northern adventurers who were coming into the country, nor even to make himself known to the Bureau officers at Tiptop, and he also kept himself in the background on this occasion. During Mr. Marshall's absence, however, he embraced the opportunity to have a talk with the sixty or seventy negroes who had already arrived and were waiting for the doors of the church to be opened. He was soon in earnest conversation with an intelligent, amiable-looking old man, who held his ancient white beaver in his hand and listened

with every mark of respectful attention to him as he spoke in a slightly louder voice than usual in order that all might hear. Some of the listeners uttered exclamations of, "Dat's so!" "He's talkin' de blessed troof!" and like words of assent, but the majority, principally young men, stood mute or slowly shook their heads with mutterings of disapprobation. Finally one of the latter, who had been pronounced in his mutterings of disapproval, said rudely to the old man:

"Uncle Ben, put on yo' hat, you d——d ole Judas!"

The old man instantly turned on the young buck and exclaimed angrily:

"Hol' yo' jaw, you imperdent young nigger! De young gent'man has got his hat off, an' I ain't nigger ernough to let no man outdo me in perliteness!"

This vehement and sarcastic reply raised loud laughter at the young negro's expense, and it was increased to a shout as the old man added:

"Er gent'man always treats er gent'man like er gent'man, but er young puppy always tries to be er bigger dog dan he is!"

"Well, old gentleman," exclaimed Mr. Carlton, unable to restrain his laughter as he shook him heartily by the hand, "the young fellow's impertinence has served as our best possible introduction. I am proud of the honor of shaking the hand of a gentleman of Nature's own making, and I want to know you better."

At this moment the teachers were seen coming from the Mission-house, followed by Mr. Marshall. There was a general movement toward the church to procure good seats, as the crowd had grown rapidly and squads were coming in from every direction. As Marshall approached Carlton, the latter asked:

"What are they like?"

"Not like any class of the gentle sex, I fancy, with which you have been accustomed to come in social contact," was the conservative reply.

"Do they consent?"

"Most decidedly, No! But they will allow us to witness the exercises 'if we will deport ourselves in a becoming manner, as they require all to do.'"

These "Messengers of the Matchless Benevolence of a Quick-Forgiving Foe" were sent forward and paid, it was said, by a united syndicate of religious and philanthropic societies at the North. Before the war those societies, then acting singly, had sent out only men, one of whom, by the name of John Brown, had been hanged under the laws of Virginia, and many others, at various times, and in various sections, had received the biblical punishment of "Forty save one" stripes upon the bare back, according to the "Lynch Law" of the South. But now that they were united and backed by the Freedman's Bureau, which represented the dignity and power of the government, it was thought, perhaps, that the barbarous persecutors of former messengers of a peculiar "benevolence" would be prompted by chivalry (and bayonets) to view more rationally the good work, if presented by gentle women—that class of the gentle sex which Scott did *not* allude to as "Uncertain, coy and hard to please."

On entering the building the two young men walked the full length of the aisle and took seats by Mr. Carlton's new acquaintance in the "Amen Corner." The teachers—in whose persons were represented several types of the female lecturer, previously rarely seen in the South, with that of the Puritan New Englander predominating—were seated on a broad platform, from which the pulpit had been removed. One arose and going to a small table, read a chapter from the Old Testament describing the slaughter of some unfortunate clan whose lands the Children of Israel desired to possess. Then followed a prayer in which the Father of All was reminded of the proper policy to be pursued in the present condition of affairs, whereupon the school was declared open.

One of the teachers, who seemed to be not the eldest, took a pair of glasses from her nose and going to the front of the platform addressed the large audience in a voice which, despite the nasal twang peculiar to her section, was pleasant, and, to some extent, musical.

"My friends," she said, "we have visitors to-day who are not in sympathy with our work, but are prompted by curiosity, I imagine,—we will not believe by a more unworthy motive,—to witness our exercises. We have

nothing to conceal, even from those whose sympathies are blindly set against us, and, as they will doubtless deport themselves properly, I desire that they shall be treated with respect.

"It has been reported to the persons I speak of, that some who have attended our exercises occasionally have been threatened with expulsion from the building because they have become 'white people's negroes'—whatever that may be—and because they have not joined the Union League, and do not participate in other things that please and instruct you. I hope there will be no disturbance in this church. This is a free country, and all are free alike. If there are black sheep in our flock—and I may say I fear, indeed I know there are some,—even they——"

"We's all black, ole Mistis!" shouted a densely black woman who had been enviously admiring the finery of some mulatto girls on a front bench, and who, doubtless, thought discrimination was being made complimentary to them, "dem yaller gals, wid all de finery an' ribbins, is es much black sheep es anybody!"

"Silence!" commanded the speaker, angrily. "I say if there are unworthy persons who have attended here they are no less free than you all; and while I consider their general course as blameworthy and demoralizing, I hope they will not be molested in the church. We will begin, as usual, with the alphabetical chant."

Then, for over an hour there was that general chanting which gave those schools the name of "singing schools," among the negroes. Everything was chanted from the alphabetical "Archer who Shot at a Frog" to the Emancipation Proclamation, and when it was ended, the same speaker announced that as "Brother Wheeler was called to a distant part of the country," there would be no sermon.

"We will sing," she added, "the John Brown chant and have a short lecture from Sister Seward on the duties of the emancipated race."

"Madam," said Mr. Marshall, rising and speaking with marked deference, "will you permit me to ask that they be allowed to sing something—some old familiar hymn—to which they have been accustomed, and which will

create a devotional feeling on this holy Sabbath day? I would suggest 'Jesus Lover of my Soul.' "

"We have taught them," replied the principal, with cold politeness, "to sing new tunes and chants. We prefer that they shall hear nothing to remind them of their past degradation. Of course I could have no other objection to the hymn. We will sing the chant."

The entire congregation joined in the singing, but without that fervor which large congregations of negroes almost invariably give to devotional exercises. As soon as the last note was sounded, Mr. Carlton arose and addressed the principal.

"Madam," he said, speaking earnestly and rapidly, "will you permit me to speak a few words to these people;—only a few words and only for their good? I was a soldier in the Union army from the first day at Bull Run to the last day at Appomattox. If the credit of freeing the slaves belongs to the Union armies, as it most assuredly does, I claim to have entitled myself to one man's full share of that credit. The colored people have not a truer friend from the North than I believe myself to be, and it grieves me to see them being spoiled by flattery, and I only wish to remind them that they have faults and failings like the rest of mankind, and that some of these faults and failings may be envy, hatred and malice, which I——"

"Are you making a speech, sir," asked the principal, sarcastically, "or only asking permission to do so?"

"Yes, asking permission to tell these people," replied the young man, again turning to the audience, "that there are rights which belong to other people besides those which they are being taught to demand for themselves. There is a fundamental moral law, lying at the foundation of all well ordered, civilized society, which has not been dreamed of by these people, and which ought to be presented to their minds if it is desired that we shall have peace and order in——"

"I must demand that you desist, sir," said the principal, with a show of anger. "This is *our* mission and we propose to teach these people what *we* think will be best for *them*. If the best interests of yourself and others

conflict with theirs, I can only regret that it is so, but I shall not shirk my solemn duty on that account."

"But there is not,—there cannot be, —any real conflict, Madam, between the best interest of all concerned, black and white. What is for the real good of any class of civil society cannot fail to reflect a beneficial effect upon society generally. I want to ask these people not to suffer their minds to lose sight of the two great commandments specified by the Lord Jesus Christ, in the Twenty-second chapter of St. Matthew. I want to ask them, as the lawyer asked the blessed Christ in the Tenth chapter of St. Luke,—'Who is my neighbor?' I want them to understand our Savior's reply, and to say, speaking from their hearts, and not from their bridled and misdirected judgments, if the Samaritan is not represented in this age by those who took the untutored savage, whom others had kidnapped from his home, and gave him civilization and Christianity. I want to——"

"You want to make a speech, sir!" interrupted the principal, angrily, "and it seems you mean to do so with or without my consent!"

"I want to serve these people as a peace-maker, Madam," replied the young man, with haughty politeness, "and I want to say to them——"

"We want to hear no speech from you, sir!" exclaimed the principal, pale with anger. "You will take your seat!"

"Pardon me, Madam, but I am——"

"Silence, sir!" commanded the principal, striding to the near side of the platform, and pointing a long, bony finger at the offender. "If you persist I shall——"

"Put him out!" shouted a lusty young voice from the far corner of the building.

"Shet yo' fool mouf!" exclaimed a voice close by the would-be law-breaker. But another voice on the other side of the house echoed the cry:

"Put him out!"

This, too, was reprovèd; but a buzz of excitement had commenced.

"Put him out!" shouted a brawny young fellow, spring-

ing upon a bench in a distant part of the house and flourishing his arms excitedly.

"Put him out!" came in a storm of cries from that end of the building, creating an excitement that ran over the entire congregation.

"Smash his d—d rebel mouf!" shouted a heavy young fellow, making as if to elbow his way to the front.

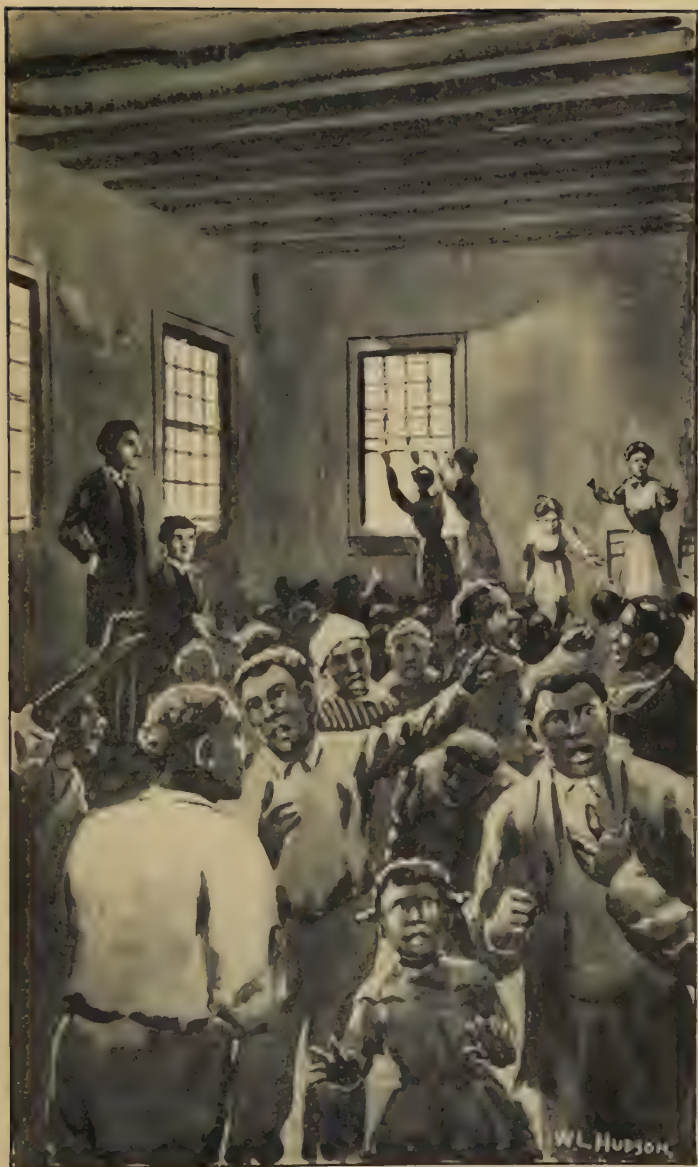
"He's er Yankee whelp!" shouted another, "dat has done gone back on his color,—fling him out er de winder!"

All the lower portion of the house was thrown into confusion, and there seemed to be a movement as if to make a rush upon the two white men who had mounted upon the benches and were closely observing every movement. The "Messengers" lined up on the front of the platform and screamed themselves hoarse commanding "Order!" Wives and sisters clung to the collars and coat-skirts of husbands and brothers, and old men wrestled with their sons.

"Let me go!" shouted one, "I's gwine to stand by de boss er de Oaks!"

In an instant he was knocked down, and the next moment his assailant fell sprawling by his side, and so it went until half a dozen were sprawled upon the floor. The teachers raised the windows at the rear of the platform, in preparation for an emergency, and the old men in the solemn corner, around the white men, scrambled from their seats and crowded upon the platform with the teachers.

But the vacated place was quickly filled. Through the windows, at the back of the benches, sprang a dozen or more stalwart and dusky forms, with compressed lips and glaring eyes, and placed themselves by the side of the white men. This sudden apparition of brawny warriors, well armed with heavy sticks recently cut from hickory saplings in the forest, coming to reinforce the two white men, whose coolness had already dampened the ireful enthusiasm of the mob, caused the young rabble to come to a standstill, and to look helplessly around as if in search of a leader who was bold enough to face the changed conditions.



"He is er Yankee whelp dat has done gone back on his color.
Fling him out er de window."

After a few moments of dead silence, Baxter Johnston, seeing that the danger was virtually over, and that a bloodless victory was within his grasp, threw his stick out of the window and shouted:

“Go back to yo’ seats, boys! You is cuttin’ up dem sort er capers dat makes de angels weep, an’ makes yo’ mammies ’shamed to own you! Go back to yo’ seats an’ ax de good Lawd to forgive you po’ miser’ble sinners! My frien’s, dis is de holy Sabbath day, an’ we will sing ‘Jesus, Lover of my Soul.’”

He raised the hymn, throwing the full strength of his powerful voice into its every note, and all of his own party immediately and lustily joined in. Before the first stanza was ended nearly all the others had yielded to the sad and solemn melody, and in the second stanza every negro in the house joined in to swell the concordant tide of melodious supplication.

How like old times sounded that familiar hymn in the full chorus of strong voices! How it reminded the singers of the time when care had been an unknown element in the sum of life’s miseries, and of the shameless crime, recently committed, when good old Parson Elliott was rudely thrust aside “To wuck his own cotton patch” instead of laboring in the Lord’s vineyard, where his work had ever been and would be, so much more efficient, and his services were so much more urgently needed. As the negroes became intoxicated with the melody, and their hearts imbued with the sentiments of the hymn, the congregation underwent a change that was a revelation to the Northern people present. The negroes seemed to forget for the time all but the saving fact that the meek and lowly Jesus Christ died for them, and enjoined that they should love one another. Men, who but a few moments before had grappled with each other in hot anger, clasped hands in token of affection and reconciliation, women who had struggled with loved ones, wept upon their bosoms, while old men went from seat to seat shaking hands, with tears coursing down their sable cheeks.

As soon as the hymn was ended, Mr. Carlton stepped upon the bench and addressed the congregation.

“My friends,” he said, “I asked of another permission

to address you; now I ask you, will you hear me say a few words about Him who died for us all?"

"Speak! speak! speak!" was shouted from every part of the house, and the teachers, with anger and indignation depicted upon their faces, arose to depart.

"Ladies," said the young man, addressing them collectively, "I hope you will remain. I have but little to say and shall detain you but a few moments."

"My friends," he added, turning to the audience, "it was very evident, while you were offering your grand musical prayer, that you were not repeating empty words, but that your hearts were speaking in good faith to Him who died for fallen man;—for me as well as for you, and for those you do not like as well as for your friends. From the fair Caucasian Mountains to the burning sands of Africa,—from the utmost limit of the East to the farthest stretch of the West, the sons of Adam are brothers. And the Son of God, our Lord and Master, commands us to love one another. Love is the great example which His life on earth gave us. 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' is the measure which He gave us to fill. Ah! who can fill it? And yet it is the task set by Infinite Mercy for the neglect of which we must answer before Infinite Justice in the great hereafter. Alas, it is often the case that envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, fill hearts that believe they are doing God's work; and that we poor, frail, blind mortals sing paeans to ourselves while the angels weep over our deeds.

"You have been taught to despise those whom you once loved,—to hate those who gave you civilization and taught you Christianity, and took your labor and paid you for it in freedom from care, in contentment, plenty and an assurance of comfortable old age. Will you refuse Christ's teaching and accept this? You have been taught that it is a religious duty to uphold your color, right or wrong, and to despise those of your color who do not so. Did Christ so teach? And that teaching was given you, not by your color, but by mine. If such be a duty, is it not as incumbent on my color as on yours? Believe me, if your teaching shall produce a conflict of races in this unhappy land, you will find it so.

"The Iscariots of my race may fire your hearts and direct you on the road to ruin, but if you pursue it, woe unto you! If you suffer your minds to be goaded to frenzy beware of the consequences! All people of the South desire to see you contented, happy and prosperous. You have now an opportunity to prove, what the Southern people have always doubted,—your ability to preserve the civilization which has been taught you in the school of slavery. If you do this the white people who know you best, and are at heart your best friends, will be greatly more delighted than astonished; and you will find them ready, at all times, to render you such aid in that direction as sound judgment shall dictate to be best for you.

"In this large assembly there are but two persons who ever raised an arm to give the government power to emancipate you. One of these is this stalwart hero." (As the speaker said this he laid his hand upon Baxter Johnston's shoulder.) "Do you suppose while he was fighting to free you from slavery that he anticipated being made a slave to your caprices? By no means! You know he did more than any dozen of you in procuring the erection of this house, and that his white friends furnished the necessary money and lumber. He claims the right to attend here at will, on equal terms with the rest of you. You have no right to deny him this, and it must be understood that he and his friends will brook no denial. I have tried to dissuade them, but I respect their manhood and cannot censure their indignation. I hope your teachers will join us in the effort to keep the peace. Let us lay aside arrogant selfishness and try to imitate the example of Him who, though the Ruler of the Universe, rebuked the pride of power, and taught humility and meekness by personal example."

As the young man turned and bowed to the ladies a mute apology for having been compelled to turn his back on them while speaking, a wave of subdued applause swept over the house and immediately the cry was raised: "Baxter Johnston! Speech! Speech!"

After some hesitation, Baxter got upon his feet with plain evidences of embarrassment, and said:

"My fren's, dar's only one sort er argyment dat I

knows much about, an' dat's de one I flung out er de win-der. De boss has done made me 'shamed dat I come here to use de hickory-stick argyment. I has done found out one thing,—niggers' min's ain't like white folks' min's. Ef white folks gits into er tight place, dey fin's er way to git out widout makin' no big rumpus; but dey carries dey pint all de same. Ef er nigger gits in er tight place, dar he is! He don't know but two ways out—fight out or back out. I reckon de las' is de Christon's duty, but it is de most unsatisfyinest Christon duty I has ever tried my han' on. But maybe dat is 'cause I lets de ole Nigger dat's in me, git too big for his britches.

"We all has to conten' ag'in' de ole Adam dat's in us, an' maybe de nigger's Old Adam is bigger an' tuffer'n de white folkses. Anyhow, you all know he is mighty big an' tuff. You all has had some 'sperence es well es me. But I's gwine to put up er job on my Ole Adam. I's gwine to come to dis church when I please, no matter who's ag'in' it, but I ain't gwine to bring no hickory-stick argyment. I's gwine to 'member what de Blessed One says 'bout 'Resist ye not evil'; an' ef somebody comes in here an' smites me on one cheek I's gwine to,—well, my fren's, I can't say no more'n dat I's gwine to *try my level best* to do what He says. An' I has hopes——"

"Silence!" exclaimed the principal, springing to her feet, having remained thus far in a seemingly bewildered condition. "This desecration of the Sabbath must stop immediately. The congregation is dismissed, and will leave the building at once!

"Sir!" she added, turning to Mr. Carlton, as the negroes crowded out, "I hope you are satisfied with the manner in which you have carried your point. I shall report you and your colored ally to the Bureau for disturbing our meeting and trying to neutralize the good work we are doing here."

"Madam," replied the young man, politely, "if I have said things that displease you, I regret the necessity for doing so. As to your threat, I, too, could make a report, for I have reason to believe that I have some influence at Washington."

"And what would your report avail, pray?" asked the

other, contemptuously. "The government has no more authority over us than have you, or the rebels whom you are aiding and abetting."

"I am aware of that fact, madam, but it has authority over the Freedman's Bureau which you depend on with so much confidence when you desire to intimidate the white people or embolden the blacks. There seems to be a power greater than that of any political party at present, which appears to be exercised by irresponsible societies of one kind or another, and they are evidently able to control all departments of the government to some extent; but Mr. Johnson is yet the President and I am not without other friends in Washington."

The principal, without deigning to reply, gave her head a scornful toss and marched with a lofty air down the now empty aisle, followed by the six other "Messengers of the Matchless Benevolence of a Quick-Forgiving Foe," marching in solemn Indian file.*

* The author of a "Fool's Errand; by One of the Fools," originated that phrase, but did not protect it by copyright.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AUTHORIZED OUTLAWRY AND LAWLESS JUSTICE.

"Just men only are free, the rest are slaves."
—CHAPMAN.

FOR some days after the occurrences at Bethel Church, the proprietors of The Oaks expected each morning to see an officer from the Freedman's Bureau ride up the East road with a warrant for their arrest, accompanied, probably, by Wheeler, who, as "Captain-General" of a secret order formerly known as the "Fellows of the Red String Gang,"—but now merged into the "Union League,"—was always officious in lending his services to arrest and hunt up evidence against the white people.

Carlton, fully understanding that trouble would be made for him, if possible, by the teachers at Bethel, wrote immediately to friends in Washington, giving a true account of the occurrences at the Mission-school, and also of the unsatisfactory conditions existing generally, and gradually growing worse. The latter he attributed, in part, to an imperfect understanding of their real duties by the officials of the Freedman's Bureau. But as several weeks passed without any molestation from the Bureau agent, he finally came to the conclusion that the teachers had thought better of their threat, and had decided not to report him.

The fact was, however, that only a negro sergeant was at the time in charge of the Bureau at Tiptop, the commissioned officer, Captain Phillips, having been called to District headquarters for a general conference of all the commissioned officers of the sub-district; and one sultry afternoon the "Military Sheriff" rode up the East road,

unaccompanied by Wheeler, and bearing, instead of the anticipated warrant of arrest, a military order to appear on the next day to answer "Charges." From this Carlton concluded that the conference at District headquarters had probably been productive of some good. The negro subaltern who brought the order inquired for Baxter Johnston, and was directed by Carlton to his shop.

"Well, Marshall," said Carlton, with a laugh, "the battle has to be fought. It is rather a joke on me to be cited to appear and answer charges of having played the 'rough' at a church gathering."

"Yes, you can be amused at it as a joke," replied the other, seriously, "but there would be no element of humor about it if you had chanced to be a 'condemned rebel' without friends among influential Federals."

In a short time, the young men, as they sat on the porch, saw Baxter Johnston coming through the luxuriant cotton with destructive haste, and evidently under excitement.

"Hello, Baxter!" called Marshall, as the former entered the yard, "do you imagine the 'patterollers' are after you?"

"No, suh, Marse Howard,—howdy-do, suh,—sarvent, Marse Carlton! No, suh, it wuss'n any patterollers, it's de Buro' sheriff; an' he said youall was 'rested, too; an' I didn't know ef you'd stan' it."

"Oh, yes," laughed Carlton, "we'll stand it,—you and I. 'Marse Howard' isn't in it yet; but he doesn't seem to feel at all slighted."

"Well, I's glad er dat, suh! Dey can't hurt me an' you much, 'cause we never was rebels,—leastways, not much. Does you know, suh, how many witnesses dey's got ag'in' us?"

"All the teachers and about four hundred of the congregation, at Bethel, I should judge."

"Well, suh, dat ruins us; 'cause dey wants money, an' dey's gwine to git er pile. I can't git more'n twenty witnesses for us, 'sides dem dat was at de church."

"Oh, we'll not bother about employing witnesses," was the amused reply. "We'll rely upon the justice of the court."

"Dah! dat settles it!" exclaimed Baxter, excitedly. "We's gwine slap-dash into er hornet's nes'. Didn't Marse Judge Gyarnet 'ly on de jestic' er de cote, an' didn't dey git his money an' put him in jail, too?"

"Well, it is the best we can do, Baxter," said the young man, resignedly. "A good deal may depend on our nerve. You are an ex-Federal soldier, and Captain Phillips, as agent of the Freedman's Bureau, is your agent,—your servant, and not your master. Remember that, and trust to luck."

"Well, suh," replied Baxter, dubiously, "you's er heap smarter'n I is, but I feel mighty jubous. Es we's got to play er lone han' we'd better have all de trumps we kin git. I wants you to len' me de bes' hoss you's got to spar', an' I's gwine to put on my uniform dat's mos' es good es new."

The next morning before the sun had fully brightened the eastern horizon, the two accused were on their way to Tiptop. As they rode Carlton embraced the opportunity to imbue Baxter with a moderate degree of self-confidence.

On arriving at the office of the Agency they found Captain Phillips alone and apparently not in a very amiable mood. His mind seemed to be preoccupied, but he nodded to them civilly, and motioned them to be seated on a bench to his right. After eying them coolly for a few moments he said to Carlton, as he folded a letter, which he had evidently been reading:

"You are Mr. Carlton, of The Oaks plantation, and came to answer the charges of the Bethel Church Mission-school, I presume. I understand you claim to have been an officer in the Federal army."

"I have put forth no claim of that kind," replied the young man, politely.

"The ladies of the Bethel Mission-school understood you to say so."

"They were in error; I simply said I had fought in the Union army."

"And had you done so?"

"I had.

"Where?"

"In Virginia, with the Army of the Potomac."

"Under whom?"

"Under McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, Grant,—all the generals who ever undertook to lead the Army of the Potomac against the Army of Northern Virginia."

"Had you ever any rank as an officer?"

"I was made a lieutenant after the battle of Manassas, or Bull Run, as we call it."

"On account of any special act of gallantry?"

"Well,—I don't know. I was one of the hindmost men in the race back to Washington."

"Have you proof, sir, that you ever served in the Federal army?" demanded the officer, sternly.

"Proof?—My honorable scars! But they might have been received on the other side, for aught you could know."

"You, too, claim to have fought for the Union," said the officer, turning from Carlton to Baxter with an angry and contemptuous expression.

"Yes, boss, I fit fer de Union; leastways, I was wid 'em an' done what t'others done."

"I see you wear your uniform, and do not depend only on your 'honorable scars' to prove your loyalty."

"Lawd, no, boss! I ain't got no scyars. I fit wid General Sherman in de Car'linas an' Jawgy, an' chances to git hono'ble scyars was mighty sca'ce down dar, onless some ole 'oman hit er feller over de head while he was robbin' de sto'-room."

"You are pleased to be facetious, sir!" said the officer, sternly.

"Yes, boss," replied Baxter, meekly, "I was fetched up by my ole mistis to tell de troof, suh."

"Then, perhaps," said the officer, eying him sternly, "you may be able to speak the truth about this Bethel affair. What excuse have you for disturbing public worship and making a rowdy speech, at Bethel?"

"None, boss, 'cause I didn't do it."

"Didn't you climb in at the window at the head of a party armed with heavy sticks?"

"Yes, suh; I did do dat."

"What for?"

"To bust dem niggers' heads, ef dey tried to put anybody out er dat church."

"Why should they desire to put anyone out?"

"'Cause dey ain't got no sense, an' no 'ligion, nuther!"

"Didn't one of the white men make an incendiary speech?"

"Yes, suh; but dat was arter I clim' in; an' dat 'cendiary speech put mo' 'ligion into dem niggers dan dey's had in 'em sence dey drive Pass'n Elli'tt out."

"What did he talk about?"

"We prefer to hear that from the other side," interrupted Mr. Carlton, quietly.

"I fear you cannot have your preference, sir," said the officer, coolly. "The charge is that you interfered with the school, disturbed public worship, and made an incendiary speech; and that Baxter Johnston backed you up with a force armed with heavy sticks."

"The charge is false," said the young man.

"Marse Carlton," interrupted Baxter, "you forgot 'bout me an' de hick'ry sticks."

"Yes; false, except that Baxter Johnston made a display of force which prevented bloodshed."

"What caused the danger of bloodshed? I presume you are prepared to prove what you wish me to believe. The charge is made by refined Christian ladies, who left the ease and comfort of their distant homes to do a heaven-inspired labor of love for the poor ignorant blacks of this benighted land, and their words are not to be doubted."

"The charge is false, nevertheless," replied Carlton, coldly.

"I presume you are prepared to prove what you say?" exclaimed the officer, with some degree of warmth.

"To prove the falsity of women's tattle? I shall undertake to do nothing so ridiculous."

"And that is the style of your answer to this serious charge, is it?" asked the officer, angrily.

"It is! Whether or not I was a Federal soldier, I know something of civil rights; and I know you have no right to put people to bother over gossiping charges."

"I am not bound," replied the officer, warmly, "by the

forms and usages of civil courts, and my latitude is practically without limit, or limited only by my sense of right and justice. I could decide this case as it now stands, for the fact of the disturbance, and of the resulting danger of bloodshed, is admitted."

"Do you mean to say that, as the case now stands, you could find me guilty, in the free exercise of your latitude, and fine or imprison me?"

"Yes, if I chose to do so; but——"

"Then your latitude is indeed unlimited, and accounts, no doubt, for the travesty of justice that is bringing untold evils upon the people here. It also accounts for the outrage in the name of justice, that was perpetrated on Judge Garnett."

"Outrage!—Perpetrated!" exclaimed the officer, springing to his feet. "What do you mean, sir? Garnett struck a freedman who had formerly been a soldier of the Union, and besides he was a blatant old rebel, with venom enough in him for a dozen copperheads."

"Judge Garnett is a gentleman of the highest character," replied the other, coldly; "and his almost helpless condition, from age and ill-health, should have appealed to the sympathy of any civilized human creature, even if the facts had been different, and his resentment had not been fully justifiable, and demanded by the circumstances of the situation."

"Do you mean that as a criticism of my action, sir?" demanded the officer, hotly. "Perhaps you could earn the reward offered for the names of the perpetrators of the outrage upon the man who had the trouble with Garnett?"

"I could give you my own name, as one of the instigators of that 'outrage,'" replied Carlton, quietly.

"Do you dare tell me to my face!—You are under arrest, sir!" shouted the officer, snatching a pistol out of a convenient drawer which stood half open. "Do you submit, or must I call the guard?"

"It is not necessary to call the guard, nor to become excited," replied the young man, as half a dozen negro soldiers, attracted by the loud talk, crowded around the

door. "Send these men about their business, and I shall make known my business with you."

"Perhaps you will condescend to do so in their presence," replied the officer, sarcastically.

"As you please," said Carlton, carelessly. "I did not come here to answer your charges, but to deliver an order which you will see, from its date, has been in my possession for some little time. Its execution will disarrange my plans, hence my delay and hesitancy in serving it."

As Carlton spoke he produced a large, well-filled official envelope and handed it to the officer, who drew out two documents, one bearing a red seal. He immediately riveted his attention to this and in a moment his face commenced to grow pale. It took but a short time to run over its full contents, but he continued to look at the paper for some time after his eyes had ceased to follow the lines. Finally he said to the soldiers:

"You men may return to the post; and I want you to see that no one interrupts us."

When they had retired beyond earshot, he turned to Carlton, and said, with some embarrassment:

"I do not understand this, sir; it does not come through the regular channel, and has no endorsement from District headquarters."

"No; it came to me directly from Washington, and I knew nothing of it till I received it. But I have no doubt a letter of mine was the cause of its being issued. As to its genuineness, if you are not familiar with President Johnson's signature, you ought to be with that of the Secretary of War, and with the seal of that Department."

"Yes, there can be no doubt of its genuineness, and I can't say that I shall regret the change. The office is a trying and thankless one, in which it is impossible to give satisfaction to either class of the people, or even to one's own self."

"If you read the order and letter carefully," observed Carlton, "you noticed that, as neither the President nor the Secretary of War can give an order to a private citizen, its execution depends on my willingness to enter again the military service of my country. As already intimated, this would derange my present plans, and if you

do not object to holding on for an indefinite period, I shall ask the President to allow me ample time to consider the matter; and in case I decide to decline?—Would you not prefer to remain in the South?"

"I should not object to doing so, at least for a time," replied the officer, meditatively. "Our former surgeon was of opinion that the Southern climate might be of benefit to my health."

"To what command did you belong?"

"The —— Massachusetts."

"What brigade and division?"

"Well,—we were mostly on post and prison duty."

"Where did you serve?"

"The command was scattered about; I was at Point Lookout, and then at Johnson's Island."

"Do you not think your prejudices against the people of the South may cause the Scale of Justice to make false balances sometimes?"

"I hope I have no prejudices, Colonel," replied the officer, somewhat embarrassed. "It may be that my stern sense of duty has warped my judgment at times, when I could get no reliable testimony to make clear the case under consideration; but it has been my most ardent desire to do strict justice. I have conceived it to be my first duty to throw the shield of military power over the Wards of the Nation and the institutions that have been planted here by the Christian charity of our section, which, in the very hour of victory, threw aside the cartridge box and appealed to the contribution box to heal the ravages of war."*

"To *heal* the ravages of war!" exclaimed Colonel Carlton. "No doubt a majority of those who fill the contribution box have a hope that it will be productive of some good in some indefinite way. But is Wheeler, whom you have made a kind of steward over the abandoned lands and negro refugees in my neighborhood, helping to 'heal the ravages of war' by seducing negroes from regular employment and turning them loose in pilfering bands on the

* This statement is from "Bricks without Straw," a book written by a former Freedman's Bureau agent.

country? And are the teachers at the Bethel Mission, who are so poisoning the minds of the ignorant negroes against their former owners, and even their former preachers, as to make a conflict of the two races a present danger, and a future certainty,—unless some counteracting influence can be brought to bear,—are they helping to ‘heal the ravages of war’? I tell you candidly, my friend, these people would prefer to have even Turchin’s disorderly troops, with their cartridge boxes and their lax military discipline.”

“Dat’s so! dat’s so!” ejaculated Baxter, having just aroused himself from the bewildered condition into which the remarkable turn of affairs had thrown him.

“But, Colonel,” replied the officer, ignoring Baxter’s interruption, “you seem to lose sight of the fact that I have no authority whatever over the people of the missions. They are independent of all authority, and are a law unto themselves. I have begun to fear that they may foment serious trouble, and I should like to talk with you in my private office in the rear of the building on that subject. While we are absent Mr. Johnston can entertain himself with the papers.”

When the gentlemen went out, Baxter stretched himself at full length on the bench and laughed until his sides shook, and his eyes overflowed with the tears of restrained mirth. Then sitting up and drying them he stood before a small mirror on the mantle, adjusted his neckcloth and dusted his uniform as he had seen other military notables do when pluming themselves upon a stroke of good luck. Then opening the profusely illustrated paper which the officer had left in his hands, he soon became absorbed in the pictures. After a time the door was slowly opened and a hesitating voice inquired:

“Is de boss er de Buro at home, suh?”

“Hey?” exclaimed Baxter, facing squarely around and observing a densely black negro gazing in awkward deference at him. “What you want, you kinky-headed tarbucket?”

“Is you de sudgent er de Buro, suh?” he aske^d timidly.

“How come you don’t ’speck I’s de boss?”

"Well, suh, I was here yistiddy an' de boss den was er white gent'man."

"He was, was he? An' I s'pose you thinks dat dis rich gov'ment dat could 'ford to set a thousan' million er you niggers free, an' not charge you er cent, can't 'ford to pay two bosses to er county to keep you from growin' new tails an' changin' back to monkeys ergin, does you?"

"Suh?" said the negro, bewildered.

"Don't you be a-standin' dar wallin' dem eyes at de elements like er duck in er thunder storm!" said Baxter, crisply. "I's got no valable time to fling away on you! Ef you's got any business wid de Buro, talk!"

"Well, suh," replied the negro, coerced out of his doubts, "I took de answers t'other boss gin to de ole man we wucks for, an' he says he'll see me, an' de Buro, an' de guv'ment, too, all in hell befo' he'll pay ary cent mo'!"

"How much does he owe you?"

"Well, my wife has done cooked for him nine munts an' fo' days—but I flings in de days—an' its seventy-two dollars."

"How much has he done paid on it?"

"Well, arter de scummage he flung my wife six dollars an' said dat was all he was gwine to pay, an' if we ever come in his yard ag'in he was gwine to make daylight shine through us."

"What was the scrimmage about?"

"Well, de wimmin got to sputin' 'bout stealin' de sugar an' coffee, an' things."

"Who got de best of it?"

"I laid him out for er while."

"Why didn't you git his munny while he was down?"

"Well, dey say takin' munny out er folkes' pockets is ag'in' de law till yet;—dat, an' killin' 'em."

"An' is dat all he ever did pay you?"

"Yes, suh; all my friends dey say dey'll swar to it."

"How's you workin'?"

"I finds my own eatin's an' clo's, an' has half de cott'n, one-third er de corn, an' three-thirds er de sweet-taters, an' things."

"Huh! I s'pose de ole gent'man don't like sweet per-taters! Did you have any munny at de start?"

"No, suh, I spent all my munny Christmus."

"Any sto' up der dat runs on tick?"

"No, suh. It's cash up an' de munny down, fer niggers."

"Whar'd you git de munny for yo' wife's new dress in de spring, an' de sto' shoes, an' striped stockin's, an' ribbins, an' hat, an' things?"

"Suh?"

"An' de clo's for you an' dem chil'n; an' de eatin's; de flour, an' bacon, an' sugar, an' coffee, an' things?"

"Well, suh, you see, de sto' man,—he charged 'em."

"Who paid de bills, or has got to pay 'em, 'cause he went yo' s'curity? Talk up! It's de business of de Buro to know everything; an' I is de boss dat does de knowin' branch er de business. T'other boss 'tends to de dressin' up an' lookin' pritty branch er de business, but you can't git no help from me to rob er hones' man. Talk up!"

"Well, suh, I had done clean forgot dem things an' I's glad you 'minded me of 'em. He's er po' man an' I feels sorry for 'im;—des send de so'jers up dar an' make him pay me half, an' I'll be satisfied."

Without replying Baxter reached across the table for an official blank, and having learned to form the characters of his name, wrote them in a bold scrawl along several of the lines. Then blotting and folding the paper he handed it to the man with the dignity of a judge.

"See here, my man," he said, "you niggers has been too smart for de nice gent'man in t'other office, but arter dis de knowin' branch er de business is gwine to be 'tended to. Take dis order to de gent'man you's workin' for an' tell him if he ever pays you another red cent for your wife's cookin' I'll send er file of so'jers up dar an' mak' him hit you nine an' thirty lashes on de bar' back."

"Yes, suh; but t'other boss give me er order for sixty-six dollars an' said to tell de man if he didn't pay it he'd *make* him pay an' den put him in jail. Can't I see——"

"You'll see de smoke an' brimstone er de black pit ef you don't skip out from here in less'n half er second. An' if you don't 'liver dat note an' message I'll make er cote-martial set on you an' mash you es flat es er pancake. You has done hyeard my racket, an' dat racket is

like de law er de Medes an'—an' de t'other folks. Now git up an' git. You's so black it makes me sleepy, an' I 'speck all de chickens is done gone to roost. Yo' half er second is mos' out an' I can smell de brimstone. Where is dat rascally sudgent wid his ba'net?"

These vigorous exclamations started the petitioner off in a quick gait in the direction of the country, and Baxter, after gazing at him for a moment, turned, with a grunt of self-approbation, to resume his study of the pictures:

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A HOLY APPARITION.

"Hypocrisy, with holy leer,
Sat smiling and demurely looking down;
But hid the dagger underneath the gown."

—DRYDEN.

WHILE Baxter Johnston was causing inebriate Justice to rub her drowsy and besotted eyes in the front office, the two gentlemen were closely engaged in a conversation of absorbing interest. On entering the back office Captain Phillips, having carefully closed the door, drew a chair in front of Colonel Carlton and said:

"I regret that I did not sooner become acquainted with you, for you are in a position to gather valuable information regarding the growing tendency of the punctilious people here to protest, by acts of violence, against what they regard as a maladministration of justice. And, if I continue to fill this office, I shall seek to win the confidence of the representative class of white people. Indeed, I had decided to do so after receiving the charges from Bethel, as you would have learned had we proceeded with the investigation.

"Those Mission-school ladies are doing their duty as they see it with the lights before them. If you have ever attended a Sunday School Convention in New England, or a General Conference there, and have heard the subject of slavery and the Southern slaveholders discussed, you know what I mean in saying that. I had hoped those teachers would learn, from observation, something of the true character of the people here, as I am slowly doing; but they are so imbued with the most radical sentiment of my section that even their tentative concessions to

the customs here, in the line of social civility, are regarded as wanton incivility. I wondered at this at first, but I begin to understand it now. We know less of these people than we do of the British, whom our early school books taught us to despise. The great mass of our people have been taught by our pulpit, press and school books to regard the Southern slaveholders as of inferior civilization, if not entirely deficient in that quality; while they, on the other hand, have an innate, predominating feeling and belief that, as a people, they are our superiors in civilization and refinement. Of course, sentiments so radically at variance had to produce a clash, and we are, fortunately, the stronger.

"But the matter of which I wished to talk with you privately is contained in one of the papers sent in as evidence in the Bethel case, which, of course, is dropped. I fear it forebodes serious trouble for our colored friend whom we left in the other office, if not for yourself and others; a trouble which may come in the form of mob violence unless complaint be made to this office and certain parties put in arrest or under bond.

"It seems they have a Seer, or Prophet, at Bethel who has occasional visions, which, perhaps, he exaggerates at times. He has had one very recently which has caused great exasperation in the minds of the colored people against several, including yourself. His name is Jerry Hunt, and this paper is a statement of his vision."

A double sheet of legal-cap paper, closely written, was handed Colonel Carlton, who glanced carelessly over the contents until he came to the name of "Uncle Jerry," and then he read:

"After a time Uncle Jerry raised his head, which had all the time since the meeting began, been bowed upon his knees, and lifting his thin hand toward the people, said in a soft, clear voice:

"'Let us all kneel down an' pray—one mo' short pra'r—short pra'r!'

"He knelt with his face toward us. The guttered candles on the rough pine table threw flickering lights over him, as with upturned face and clasping hands, he

talked with God. Oh, how simply and directly! And as he prayed a strange light seemed to come over his brown face. He prayed for all except himself, and seemed to bring the cares and troubles of all before the throne of Grace, as if he had the key to the hearts of each.

"Then he came to pray for us—the stranger fre'n's whom God had raised up and led in his mysterious way to do us good—'Bless 'em, O Lord, in basket an' sto', in heart an' home. Dey don't know what dey's got afo' 'em. Stay der han's an' keep 'em strong an' brave.'

"But I can never reproduce the strange tenderness and faith of this prayer. I leaned my head on ——'s shoulder and the tears fell like rain as I listened. The voice of prayer ceased, and yet the prayer did not seem ended. I raised my eyes and looked. Uncle Jerry still knelt at his chair, every worshiper still kneeling in his place, but every head was turned and every eye was fastened on him. His eyes were fixed—on what? He was looking upward, as if he saw beyond the earth. His face was set in rigid lines, yet lighted up with a look of awful joy. His breath came slowly and sobbingly, but aside from that not a muscle moved. Not a word was uttered, but every eye was fastened on him with hushed and fearful expectancy.

"Five minutes—perhaps ten minutes—elapsed, and he had not spoken nor moved. It was fearful, the terrible silence, and that fixed, immovable face and stony figure. There was something preternatural about it!

"At length there came a quiver about the lips. The eyes lost their fixity. The hands, which had rested on the chair, were clasped together, and a look of divine rapture swept across the upturned face as he exclaimed, in a tone fairly burdened with ecstatic joy:

"'I SEE Him! I see HIM! Dah He is!' and he pointed with a thin and trembling hand toward the further corner of the room. 'I see Him wid de crown ob salvation on His head; de keys ob Hebben a-hangin' in His girdle—God's keys for de white pearl gates—wid de bres' plate ob Holiness an' de mantle ob Righteousness. Dah He is, a-walkin' among de candlesticks yit. He's

a-comin' nigh us, bress His holy name! a-lookin' arter His people an' a-getherin' on 'em in. Separatin' de sheep from de goats; de lam's from de black sheep. He's turnin' His back on de black sheep dat whipped Bill Smith; likewise on de goats dat killed Bob Jones, de so'jer o' de Union an' de so'jer o' de cross. Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! It's Baxter Johnston, Henry Marshall an' two white men—white men—black sheep—black sheep an' goats.'

*"I cannot tell you what a strange rhapsody fell from his lips, but it ended as it began, suddenly and without warning. The glorified look faded from his face, the meeting ended and we went home. Somehow I cannot get over the feeling that that church is a place where one has indeed seen God."**

"What do you think of it?" asked the officer, seriously, as Colonel Carlton laid the paper on the table.

"It is all very silly and ridiculous, of course," replied the Colonel, with a contemptuous laugh. "I am surprised that moderately well educated, and therefore presumably unsuperstitious persons, should notice and encourage the wicked and impious antics of this poor, ignorant creature. I have heard before, in a general way, of his miraculous visions and the troubles they have made. He made a fair guess as to the punishers of William Smith, but he is entirely wrong with reference to the assassination of the negro soldier who insulted the Sloan girl and killed her brother."

"I cannot imagine, Colonel, why you did not complain to me when you thought justice had not been done in the Judge Garnett case. The judge was arrogant and only

* This extract is part of a letter published in "A Fool's Errand; by One of the Fools," who was also one of the agents of the Freedman's Bureau. His understanding of his "Errand" to the South was that it was the intention of his party, if they could hold the power, to make that section a "Second Poland." He was an eloquent advocate of the plans of the faction then seeking to become dominant, to "Wipe out all state lines," govern the South as "a conquered province," leaving its institutions and civilization to "Rot in the grave of rebellion, which itself had made!"

The charge is interpolated to fit this narrative.

made a statement, while Smith brought a dozen or more witnesses who proved a very unjustifiable assault."

"Does not your very great latitude admit of your considering the character of the people who testify before you?"

"Well, it is the established policy of the entire Department," replied Captain Phillips, with some show of embarrassment, "to regard all people here as absolutely on a level, and to know no difference between them except that one class is loyal to the government and the other is not."

"Why do you assume that the white people here are not loyal to the government?"

"How could they be?"

"How could they, as honorable people, be otherwise? The war is over, and after a contest that brought them honor throughout the world for their gallantry, civilization and orderly instinct, they were overpowered and have tacitly pledged themselves to submit to the government. They are keeping that pledge under peculiarly trying circumstances, and mean to keep it to the end. This is passive loyalty—all that the government has any right to require, and all that reasonable people could expect at present."

Further conversation was cut short by the entrance of Baxter Johnston with the information that the owner of the abandoned lands at present occupied and used (chiefly for hunting and fishing) by "Captain Wheeler"—formerly captain of an army sutler's outfit—was awaiting Captain Phillips in the public office.

Baxter had been laughing over a pictured allegory, after getting rid of the applicant for military aid, when he heard an angry exclamation from the Post, as the soldiers' quarters and the calaboose, a few doors up the street, were called:

"Who de hell is you callin' 'niggers'? Look here, white man, ef you don't want to git snatched off er dat hoss quicker'n hell kin scorch er feather you'd better larn how to 'dress gent'mens when you see 'em."

Springing to the door he saw a well-dressed gentleman in the act of dismounting from his horse. Going quickly forward he exclaimed:

"Boss, you has done made er mistake, suh; dis is de office where all de gent'mans is. Step dis way, suh."

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" exclaimed the stranger, alighting from his horse and assuming a mock heroic attitude. "Art thou a spirit of health or goblin dam'd? Thou comest in so familiar a form that I shall speak to thee—I'll call thee Baxter Johnston!"

"Yes, Boss, dis is me," replied Baxter, embarrassed by the unusual manner of the stranger. "But you has de 'vantage of me."

"He that hath the advantage and keepeth it not, the same is a fool. Ah! Baxter Johnston, I could a tale unfold whose slightest word would coulter up the new-grounds of your nature, and cause each particular kink of your knotted and combined wool to stand on end like spikes in the hackles of ancient Egypt! Baxter Johnston, thy livery declareth thee a brayer and a howler with the jackasses and jackals of persecution, and yet they once broke your skull and also that of a friend whom you helped in an effort to protect a noble woman from an indignity."

"Yes, Boss, dat was Marmselle; but de one I was helpin' was er Yankee hisself. His name was Marse Bob Allen."

"Thou hast said it!" exclaimed the eccentric stranger, adding, as he assumed a Joe Jefferson air: "If my man Cyrus were here, he would know me."

"Well, bless de Lawd!" exclaimed Baxter, seizing the stranger's hand in both of his, "ef dis ain't Marse Bob Allen hisself! 'Fore Gawd I's glad to see you, suh! We all hyeard dat de wild beasts had done picked your bones five years ago, an' dat's what flustered me so. Come to de office wid me, suh. We's holdin' er convention, an' is thinkin' 'bout hirin' some white so'jers dat won't git too big for dey britches."

As he started off to the office, accompanied by Mr. Allen, he turned and said to the soldiers, who seemed to be as much puzzled as he had been:

"One er you *niggers* 'tend to dis gent'man's hoss."

Understanding that Mr. Allen wished to see the officer of the Bureau, Baxter gave him a seat and started to

notify Captain Phillips, when the former stopped him. "No," he said, "wait a moment; sit down here, I want to talk to *you*. I certainly heard that they tried and hanged you in Ohio for killing that villainous soldier at The Oaks."

"No, suh!" replied Baxter, cheerfully, "dey didn't hang me, dey sent me to de penitent'ry for six years."

"Oh, ho!" laughed the gentleman. "So you made your escape, and are still wearing the felon's garb!"

"No, suh," replied Baxter, a little embarrassed; "dis is my uniform. I only put it on to-day 'cause I——"

"Oh," interrupted Allen, laughing, "don't apologize. It is neat and becomes you, and is not less honorable than the other. Indeed it is more honorable, except when worn by such men as Turchin, Hunter and some others of that sort. Where did you fight?"

"Well, suh, I was wid Ginerol Sherman; but de fightin' was every whar dat dar was pigs an' chickens, an' farm projuce, an' sich—'specially silver an' jewelry."

"Ah, Baxter," said the young man, musingly, "I would not have thought it of you—but then if I had been with you I might have done the same. We are all,—the best of us,—but thistle-down before the breeze of circumstances. The masses are what their surroundings, associations and leaders of thought make them. If the fountains be tainted how can the rivers be pure? Can you get that thought into your kinky head? In Alabama before the war, in contact with God-serving people, you were an honest and honorable man, and you are going to be so again. I have use for you, and I am going to trust you. We can each help the other greatly. I am twice as wealthy as I ever was, and I am going to drive that hound Wheeler off my lands and re-establish my plantations here."

"Whar has you bin, an' what has you bin doin' all dese long years, anyhow, Marse Allen?" asked Baxter, having no idea that his question might be embarrassing.

"Ah, Baxter," replied the young man sadly, "I shall never give any man an account of myself for one year succeeding the tragedy at the Athenaeum. But I bush-whacked the Federals—I remember that. They thought

they had killed me many times, but, as a crazy soldier friend in a Virginia insane asylum said, 'I killed more of them than they did of me.' After the war I went to New York, found my cotton all right and took it to Liverpool. I had learned that Marienne Chamfort had gone to Europe—probably to Paris. I had once done her a great wrong, and I hunted her in every nook and corner of Paris to no purpose. Finally I heard that she had returned to America, and here I am, only to learn that she is still in Europe. Being here I want to send Wheeler and his mob to the right-about and fix up my places again before I return. My poor old Cyrus is too crippled with the rheumatism—an ailment that slaves were practically free from—to be permitted to try to care for himself, and his children are scattered. I am going to provide for him, and I want you to take his former place, and mine too, as foreman and manager of the places.

"And now, Baxter Johnston, Esquire, you may introduce your Agent for the Bureau of Freedmen, Refugees and Abandoned Lands."

A few moments later Baxter ushered in Colonel Carlton and Captain Phillips, and Mr. Allen informed the latter that he was the owner of the plantations that were being occupied by Wheeler and the tramping, thriftless negroes as abandoned lands. He had ridden by his old home to notify Wheeler to vacate the premises, but had failed to see him. He was informed, however, that Wheeler claimed to be a 'lawful and loyal' tenant by authority of the government, together with the negroes and their families, who were making the places their general headquarters, and should resist any effort to oust him and them unless backed by orders from a United States Court. Wheeler claimed that he was not necessarily subject to the control of the Bureau agency, as he had never, strictly speaking, been in the military service of the government, and a number of negroes, among whom he had heard the name of Jerry Hunt, had impudently said if an effort should be made to eject them they were ready to meet force with force.

Mr. Allen wound up his statement by requesting that an order be sent to Wheeler and the negroes to vacate

the lands within thirty days, and that a force be sent the next day to clear his dwelling of the rowdy negro women who were now occupying it, and to put his own representatives in possession.

The request for a military force seemed to embarrass Captain Phillips and to excite his natural tendency to nervousness. He stated that he had only forty-five men; Wheeler was a loyal citizen; he had been authorized to take possession of the lands; the negroes had no other homes; he wanted to do what was right and best; perhaps he ought not to interfere if a United States Court could take jurisdiction; and finally wound up by appealing the case to Colonel Carlton's judgment.

"Colonel Carlton," he explained to Allen, "is a loyal citizen who fought for the Union from the first day at Bull Run to the last at Appomattox, and he is familiar with all the general principles of law, which I am not. He is my legal adviser until the government shall choose to make a change in the agency at this point."

In accordance with Colonel Carlton's suggestion it was decided to give Wheeler notice that the mansion must be given up at once, and the lands within thirty days. Those who had growing crops were to retain possession of the land as tenants till their crops were gathered. The others were to get off the land within the thirty days unless they should prefer to enter into a contract for the next crop with Mr. Allen.

All business being thus equitably, and in the main, satisfactorily disposed of, Mr. Allen accepted Carlton's invitation to accompany him home and become his guest during his stay in the neighborhood, and Baxter having satisfied himself that his order respecting Mr. Allen's horse had been obeyed, was gratified to see one of the squad, which he thought had grown too large for their nether garments, hold the gentleman's stirrup and accept from him a coin with the usual urbanity of the better class of his race.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A PECULIAR POLICE SYSTEM.

"Judge not thy fellowmen till thou art similarly situated."
—*Jewish Talmud.*

MESSRS. CARLTON and Allen arrived at The Oaks in time for dinner. The latter's eccentric salutation to Mr. Marshall, as that gentleman walked out on the lawn to greet him, was:

"All hail; noble Lord of Monteith! You see 'The tomb hath op'd her pond'rous marble jaws and sent me to fret again upon the stage of life.'"

"Allen, my dear fellow," responded Marshall, with a cordiality that ignored all memory of the disagreeable incidents of their last meeting, "the tomb purges of all dross. I am glad to see that you are in the land of the living and to welcome you to The Oaks."

After doing the honors at dinner and while the other two gentlemen were engaged in discussing political matters, Carlton made an excuse to ride over to Poplar Grove plantation. Perhaps, after all, he had decided to act on Mammy's suggestion and ask Miss Frances to help solve the old woman's riddle as to the probable cause of the disjointure of sentiments when "folks 'fuses folks," and mounting his horse he galloped down a turn-row leading to the Township road.

After observing from his seat on the front porch the easy gracefulness of horse and rider until they disappeared behind a quarter-section of tall, luxuriant corn, Mr. Allen turned to his companion and said, musingly:

"Carlton is a splendid fellow, with nothing whatever about him to suggest a possible Puritan ancestor. He is the first Federal soldier I have met since the war who

has aroused in me a desire to be reconciled to my people. I say 'my people,' though I am only a hybrid Yankee. No ancestor of mine came over on the Mayflower, unless he came as supercargo on a later voyage when she brought negro slaves and chattels to the Puritans; and none of my ancestors upheld the fanatical usurpation of the 'Praise-God Barebones Parliament.' On the other hand, my mother's family, the Lightfoots, were Cavaliers of the Cavaliers, and fled, with many other Cavaliers, from Cromwell and the Puritans, about the year 1650, when, within two decades the population of Virginia was nearly quadrupled by the influx of the best blood of England. The Lightfoot name is now almost unknown in Virginia, I have heard. Did you ever hear it there?"

"Oh, yes," replied Marshall, with a reminiscent air, "many of the good old families in Tide-water Virginia and on the James River still preserve it as a family given name. And there is an interesting tradition that is still preserved on the Lower James, to the effect that about the time of the destruction of Jamestown, in 1676, one of the old Lightfoots and the Devil had a dancing contest for a most fearful wager, involving the destiny of Lightfoot's soul, in which the latter was victorious, and his Satanic Majesty, in accordance with the terms of the wager, surrendered his right of eminent domain over the Colony of Virginia and moved up North. The last time I traveled on the river the captain of the steamer told me solemnly, as he pointed in the direction of the spot on which the contest is said to have taken place, that no shrub or blade of grass has grown on it within the memory of man, and no animal will cross it, nor is a bird ever known to fly over it. Did you ever hear of the tradition?"*

* This statement was made to the author in 1884 by the captain of the "Ariel," as she steamed past Dancing Point on the Lower James. Later the author was told by the daughter of a Commodore of the U. S. Navy, whose mother was a Lightfoot, that the tradition is preserved in many branches of the family as it is told in Virginia. There is no reason to doubt that the old Cavalier Lightfoot, who was reported to have been so accomplished a master of the Terpsichorean art,

"Ha!" ejaculated Allen in a voice that indicated surprise rather than an emotion of amusement; "so the Cavaliers of Virginia still preserve the old legend which originated on the night of the burning of Jamestown! Do you know the rest of it?"

"No, that is all that has been told me. What is it?"

"As our branch of the family have it, the contest was to be renewed at the end of two consecutive periods of a century each, and during the burning of a city on the James River. If my ancestor should be victorious in both of these subsequent contests the Devil was to cross the ocean and keep out of America.

"Just one hundred years later, lacking a few months, Norfolk was fired by Governor Lord Dunmore, and we can safely say my ancestor was successful in the second contest which was appointed for that occasion. But in the third and last, which of course occurred at the burning of Richmond, I see evidences of a dismal failure on the part of the gallant old Cavalier."

"Oh, well," laughed Marshall, "there is a comforting old adage that 'We will never know the difference a hundred years hence,' and besides, before the lapse of a century the spirit of Cavalierism may be in the saddle again, and your ghostly and persistent ancestor may have another chance."

"No," replied Allen, seriously, "I have been all over the South since the close of the war, and already the spirit of Cavalierism is disappearing. Not dying out, for it can never die, except with the blood to which it belongs, but it is being hoarded in the individual bosom, safe from familiar contact with vulgar associations."

"Allen," said Marshall, musingly, "I should like to know the exact signification that the word 'Cavalierism' has to men of the blood who have been born and reared under the dominating influence of the money god?"

"To many in the North," was the reply, "and to a much

was the owner of the Dancing Point estate at the time that Sir William Berkley and the Devil held sway in Virginia. But there is reason to believe that the Devil played the cheat, and, instead of going "up North," went into Sir William.

greater number in the Northwest, it means exactly what it does to you. The blood is diffused throughout the whole country. Virginia alone has scattered thousands and thousands of emigrants of the Cavalier stock from New York to the Pacific Coast, the Middle West having by far the lion's share of them. During the war we saw marked evidences of that fact. The brilliant career of the Army of Northern Virginia is attributable, in no small degree, to the fact that, from the humblest private to the master mind, it was composed almost entirely of the Cavalier stock, while in the West there was a more nearly equal proportion of Cavalier blood on the other side, and there the battles were more nearly a matter of Greek against Greek, and courage and dash had less effect there against superior numbers and equipments than in Virginia. There are very few of the really able leaders of the Federal armies who have not some of the Cavalier blood. Abraham Lincoln himself had a fair share of it. When his maternal ancestors emigrated from Campbell County, Virginia, though poor people, they carried in their veins as good Cavalier blood as any they left behind, and his paternal ancestors also were of that blood."

"Yes," replied Marshall, smiling at his companion's earnestness, "but blood is one thing and spirit another. May not environment seriously affect the influence of the former over the latter?"

"No," replied Allen, seriously, "you cannot change the leopard's spots. Had Mr. Lincoln escaped the assassin's dastardly deed he would have proved himself worthy of his Cavalier blood, and would have saved the South from the hell of 're-destruction' which we can see plainly foreshadowed upon the political horizon, and of which we already have a foretaste. He could and would have held in check the mad fanaticism of the other blood, which now dominates the government, practically, without restraint; and has even come to denounce as disloyal, the best citizens of the North and of both parties, who fail to become imbued with their 'mid-summer madness.'"

"It is known in Virginia that on the 15th day of April, 1865,—the day on which President

Lincoln was assassinated—a letter from him addressed to Lieutenant-Governor Price,—because the whereabouts of Governor Smith was not known to the President,—was delivered by special courier, a military officer, to the Lieutenant-Governor, at his farm, near Lewisburg, Greenbrier County, in what is now West Virginia, requesting him to call the Virginia Legislature together at once to take action in regard to the changed conditions of affairs in the State. The letter was written and signed by Abraham Lincoln's hand and closed with the sentence:

“‘I want you people to come back and hang up your hats on the same old pegs.’* ”

“Mr. Lincoln meant what he said and would have made good his intentions, thus saving the political, social and material interests of the South, and the good name of the North; for no fanatical hand would have dared to raise the axe of impeachment to threaten him, enthroned as he was in the hearts of the people. He was the only man in America who possessed both the will and the ability to hold in check such spirits as Thad Stevens and the delirious Congress, and its lobbies, and the maddened masses who are hounding them on, and to teach them that the reckless and untrammelled will ‘of *all* the people’ should not be permitted to override all laws and all traditions of the American government. No angry sectional clamor could have intimidated him by the significant whisper that justice and fair treatment toward the South meant disloyalty to ‘all the people.’ No clique of accommodating ‘Legal Luminaries’ and scheming ‘Statesmen’ could have humbugged him into yielding to the absurd theory that the war which was fought and won to hold the Southern States in the Union, had mysteriously, in the hour of victory, resulted in putting them out of the Union. No vengeful, scheming, plunder-loving ‘Congressional Combine’ could have made him believe that the upheaval of all

* The author has authority for stating that these facts can be verified by Major John C. Alderson, now of Wall street, New York, or by any member of the family of Lieutenant-Governor Price, who was on the stage of active life at that period.

political and social order in the South would redound to the ultimate advantage and benefit of 'The Nation,'—particularly if the nation should ultimately decide to modify its republican form of government. No plotting aggregation of political cormorants could have lured him by the statement that the disfranchisement of the whites, and the untimely enfranchisement of the negroes, would crush the proud spirit of the Cavaliers, 'Humble the haughty South,' and give to the dominating faction of the North a perpetual lease of power.

"Neither did any of these humbug Mr. Johnson; but he lacked a great deal of measuring up to the stature of Mr. Lincoln; and besides, he was absolutely without power or influence with the fanatical element, and was even an object of distrust, suspicion and aversion to their leaders, simply because, on account of the accident of birth, he was classed as a Southern man.

"Mr. Marshall," he continued, after a pause, and speaking very seriously, "the death of Abraham Lincoln was the greatest calamity that could, by any possibility, have befallen the South. Your great chieftain was not more honest and upright than he, nor more devoted to duty, as he saw it. His death was the yielding of all that was left of what the South held most dear and sacred, into the hands of her most violently fanatical enemies. Whether the result shall be only the smoke and ashes of your former civilization,—in many respects the most admirable ever attained by any branch of the human family,—or shall be a Phoenix-like re-creation, depends solely upon the cool heads and stout hearts of the Cavalier blood. If that blood shall succeed in safely conveying your social order and civilization through the breakers, and clear of the cataclysm, which all cool, intelligent men can plainly see ahead of you, it will have achieved its crowning glory, and have furnished a glorious theme for its epitaph in history, after it shall have been swallowed up in the insatiable maw of 'Commercialism.'"

"Allen, my dear fellow," said Marshall, with a shiver that was not altogether feigned, "you are a 'Job's comforter' to hopes that are sick almost unto death. But have no fear for the Cavalier blood. It will safely convoy our

civilization, or else make the cataclysm the most terribly grand ever beheld upon the face of the globe! But let us change the subject, my friend—I want to call you *my friend*. You know I once came perilously near insulting you in my own house. I want to ask your forgiveness and to tell you that only peculiar circumstances, which it would now be painful to explain, caused me to doubt your honor.”

“Mr. Marshall,” replied Allen, feelingly, “you are more than kind—you are generous. I knew at the time the thoughts that prompted you, and while I may not have been quite so bad as your suspicion suggested, I am not so good as your generosity now makes me. I meant to promote the welfare of Fount and his sister, but I grieve to say it was a groveling impulse that first prompted the desire. I wanted to make them dependent on myself as a means of accomplishing selfish but not really dishonorable ends; and I feel that an unjustifiable act of omission has made me responsible for the death of Fount, and for all the unhappiness of his sister.”

“Do not say it, my friend,” replied Marshall, sadly. “If a mere act of omission was tributary to their trouble you have fully atoned for it in the gallant efforts you made, here and at Tiptop, to protect Marienne from harm and degradation.”

“No, I am entitled to no credit for that. Any man not a physical and moral coward, would have done the same. My injuries and maltreatment on that occasion and later, caused me to lose control of, or at least to exercise only a doubtful power over my mental faculties for a time, but my antecedent and contributing fault has caused me to lose all hope of peace of mind and contentment. I knew when I made the business proposition that a great fortune was being held for them. My selfish suppression of that knowledge constitutes the one great crime of my life, for which there can be no full atonement. The only shadow of hope I have is that Marienne Chamfort may be capable of the unparalleled generosity of laying her hand in mine, in token of forgiveness, and speaking such kind words as generosity has prompted you to utter.”

"Make your mind easy on that score," replied Marshall, seriously. "Marianne is a noble, generous girl, and if you had done her an intentional wrong, repentance would wipe it from her memory."

"I thank you for the hope which your words develop into more than a mere shadow," said Allen, feelingly. "But I had determined to follow the shadow, and came to Alabama to learn something definite of her whereabouts. Now that I am informed, my impulse is to go to her at once. 'Would you advise me to do so?'"

Marshall thought a few moments and then answered, hesitatingly:

"No, I think not just now, Allen. I had a letter from her some time ago, and while I am uneasy on account of not having heard again, I feel assured that peculiar circumstances, of which I have an intimation, are governing her actions, and that when she can receive a visit from this side without embarrassment to herself or her friends, she will write. I cannot explain now, but a visit to her at this time, by a friend of mine, might make embarrassing complications. Rest assured, however, that when the proper time shall arrive I shall be glad to inform you and urge you to go with all speed to express your regrets, and it may then be that I shall go to Europe with you."

"Thank you, my friend," said Allen, feelingly. "Now I feel that you have indeed wiped out all the past and are in very fact my friend. I feel that life may yet have for me a period of peaceful content, such as I never knew under the goad and lash of avarice, the only real slave-driver—the only brutalizing slavemaster that makes its mark upon the immortal soul. I shall go to New Orleans to-morrow or the next day—I have unsettled business there—but shall return as soon as possible and commence preparations for the re-establishment of my plantations here;—*and to wait.*"

After supper the two young men sat on the rear porch talking of the condition of the country, until they had succeeded in setting the "Blue-Devils" upon each other. They were thinking of leaving Carlton to be greeted only by the hostler, and the fox-hounds that were wandering

about the yard, when they heard their friend, who had ridden across the fields to the rear gate, give a whistled call for Henry, as he threw the reins of his bridle over a peg in the horse rack. As he passed up the path leading near the kitchen, Mammy, who had delayed her departure to her own quarters, presumably for the purpose of being with her boy while he waited for the horse, came to the end of the kitchen porch and inquired, in a subdued voice:

"Young Marster, has you done found out?"

"Found out what?" exclaimed Carlton, abruptly turning and facing the old woman with the attent attitude of one surprised out of pleasant thoughts into the fear of hearing some disagreeable news.

"'Bout what is de matter?"

"What is the matter with what?" he inquired with increasing apprehension.

"'Bout what de young lady at Poplar Grove thinks is de matter when folks 'fuses folks."

"Oh! I say, old lady," murmured the young man, going up to the end of the porch and speaking confidentially, "you need some new caps with finer lace. If you will forget all about the 'matter' I shall bring you a half dozen, from Huntsville, when I go up there Monday."

At breakfast, next morning, Mr. Allen announced his intention of delaying his departure for New Orleans until the following day. He knew that Wheeler and the negroes occupying his home, had been notified on the previous evening by a colored sergeant, sent by Captain Phillips, that they must vacate the mansion at once, and before starting on his trip he wished to see if the intruders intended to obey the order with promptness. His home place, Glen Cove, was only five miles from The Oaks, and a leisurely canter of something over half an hour, along the Township road, brought him to the arched gate-way, now wrecked and obstructed by draw-bars, and the broad avenue of magnolias and other ever-green trees that led to his once handsome, but now sadly dilapidated home.

Leaping the obstructions and riding up to the house, he passed around to the rear without having seen any one,

excepting a few ragged and dirty children playing about the tumbled-down building which had once been his spinning and weaving house. He sat on his horse for some minutes viewing the broad, bramble-grown fields which it had once been his pride to consider one of the best cultivated and most productive plantations in North Alabama. More than a quarter of a mile away were the remnants of the stable buildings, parts of which had been torn away, doubtless for fuel, and still beyond, in a grove of walnut and poplar trees, were the forty or more negro cabins which, he used to boast, made a village as neat and clean, if not quite so pretentious, as any in New England.

There seemed to be but few negro men about the quarters, where a number of women, and swarms of children, were to be seen, some in boisterous horse-play, and some enjoying the dreamless sleep of the lazy negro, prone upon the ground without reference to the comforts or discomforts of shade or sunshine. The young man, desiring to see his old foreman and assistant manager, Cyrus, started to ride down to the quarters, when he was hailed from the house:

"Hello, you there! Where are you goin'?"

"I want to see Cyrus Jones," he replied, turning his horse and facing the house, where he saw a lank, sandy-haired man, whom he recognized as Wheeler, descending the broken steps of the back porch. "Isn't he at the quarters?"

"No, the men drove him away this mornin'. What d'ye want of him?" asked the man, coming forward.

"What was the matter between him and the men?" asked Allen, ignoring the other's question.

"Well, Cap'n Phillips sent some fool order down here last night, an' the men got to cavortin' about it, an' Cy. didn't talk to suit 'em, an' they made him hustle in a hurry."

"Did they do him any harm?"

"None to speak of; but if he ever comes back here they will, and don't you forget it!"

"What was his offense?"

"He got too uppish, an' talked about the loyal colored people havin' to knock under to the Rebels."

"I guess the trespassers will have to 'knock under' to the property owners, if that was what the quarrel was about."

"Hah! You are Mr. Allen!—I suspicioned you at first;—but they are not goin' to knock under on this place;—I can tell you that to your face."

"If you hold to that, *Captain Wheeler*, I fear you will get yourself into as serious trouble as you did once before in this county."

"Yes, you know all about that! an' I wouldn't swear that you didn't turn traitor, an' help 'em. But I'm not sleepin'! Already I have some of 'em spotted; an' I've sworn to have blood for blood, in full measure,—filled up, packed down an' runnin' over. If you were in it you'd better git out of this country while you can."

"I was not 'in it,' *Captain Wheeler*," said the young man, quietly, "and you have no quarrel with me on that score. But," he added, impulsively, "if you allow these people to hurt old Cyrus Jones, or if you instigate them to resist, by force, my taking possession of this property at the time designated by Captain Phillips, I shall make one of these negroes of yours lash you within an inch of your life."

"By G—d!" shouted the infuriated man, seizing Allen's horse by the bit, "you don't know where you are at, or who you are talkin' to! Steve," he called to a half-grown boy who had come up from the dilapidated weaving house, "run to the quarters for the men. Where is Bill Smith?"

Allen, thinking to free his bridle from the hold of the infuriated man before the negroes could come, like a pack of bloodhounds, from the quarters, spurred his horse forward and lashed his antagonist over the head and shoulders with his riding whip. This failed to loosen his grasp or to stop his shouts for Bill Smith, and in a moment a gingercake-colored negro leaped off the back porch with a musket in his hand and advanced at a run. Dropping his riding whip, Allen drew from his hip-pocket a six-shooter which had seen long service, and firing three

shots in quick succession over the negro's head, caused him to drop the musket and bolt back into the house at a frantic double-quick. But the fusillade had no intimidating effect upon the angry white man; and hearing threatening shouts from the direction of the quarters, though the runner had not time to reach there, Allen quickly reversed the end of his weapon, grasped it firmly by the barrel and raising himself in his stirrups, dealt his antagonist a blow on the side of the head the force of which was not coolly gauged, and which sprawled him to the ground, to all appearances a lifeless mass.

Alarmed at the probable effect of the terrific blow he had given, he spurred his horse to one of the back windows, in which there was neither glass or sash, and shouted for Bill Smith. A female voice answered timidly from a room in the second story, and shouting an order for all in the house to go immediately to the aid of Wheeler, he set out at a canter for Tiptop to send down his old physician, Dr. McLinn, and to have an interview with Captain Phillips.

At Tiptop he learned that most of the negro men from Glen Cove plantation were in the village, having been sent by Wheeler to notify Captain Phillips that he and they did not recognize him as having any authority over them, or over the lands they occupied, which latter General Turchin had given them, together with the stock, implements and all other belongings. Captain Phillips informed him that the party was headed by Jerry Hunt, a man, he said, of great influence and of little respect for authority.

After the events already narrated at Bethel Church Mission-school, Marshall had become fully convinced that the Southern white people would soon be forced to fight for social order and the very existence of civilization. It mattered not whether the course of the Freedman's Bureau and of the Mission-schools was dictated by vindictiveness, want of judgment, or lunacy, the effect, as already foreshadowed, was appalling. Although the "Re-destruction period,"—as it was afterwards called

by linguistic purists who insisted that words should be accurately descriptive,—had not yet fairly begun, a tentative spirit of anarchy was already abroad in the land, and thousands of Confederate soldiers, whose every impulse had been the simple prompting of a sense of duty, and who, through all the trying ordeals of the war, had not lost faith in the desire of a majority of their antagonists to do the right, as it was given them to see it, now, when submitting to the spiteful execution of the vindictive policy of the period, cursed the day on which, yielding to overwhelming numbers and resources, as General Lee had expressed it, they had tacitly pledged themselves to refrain from future armed resistance to military or civil authority.

Already the white people were violating military orders and statute laws which they were not permitted to execute, and which were not being executed in their behalf, by appealing to the higher unwritten Law of Nature which implants its warrants of execution in every human breast; and it seemed to the young man's orderly instincts that only secret police organizations, working in violation to statute laws and of military orders, could save the country from impending chaos.

He had heard rumors of the beneficial effect of such an organization in the adjoining State of Tennessee, and as he had promoted a like organization, before the war, for the sole purpose of punishing and restraining incendiary workers among the negroes, he determined to resurrect it, giving it a vastly wider scope and making the significance of its battle-cry "KUKLOS," known to every man in Alabama who had ever shouted the "Reb'ell" upon the field of battle;—to him and his sons alone.

Accordingly during the visit of Colonel Carlton and Baxter Johnston to the Freedman's Bureau, he had ridden over the neighborhood to invite all the members of his old company, who had survived the war, to meet at his house the next day for dinner at seven o'clock, to organize, and to agree upon plans of action.

Among the first to arrive were General Harvey and Colonel Farrington, the Captain and First Lieutenant, respectively, of the old company. They found the two

masters of The Oaks entertaining apprehensions on account of Mr. Allen, who had not returned from Glen Cove, and who, a passer-by had just told the hands in the fields, had shot a negro and crushed Wheeler's skull, at that plantation.

General Harvey suggested that they all go immediately to investigate, and as only the requirements of hospitality had thus far delayed the two entertainers, the party were soon riding down the East road. Before they got half way to the gate, however, they saw Allen pass through and quicken the speed of his horse to meet them. Sitting on his horse in the road he related all the incidents of the day, closing with the information that Dr. McLinn thought it unlikely that Wheeler would recover, and that Captain Phillips had suggested the propriety of his absenting himself until the worst should be known.

After hearing all, it was the unanimous opinion that Allen should go to the station without delay and take the night train for New Orleans. Deciding to be governed by the advice of his friends, he departed immediately, Mr. Marshall informing him that he would send Henry or Baxter Johnston to the station for his horse.

All the veterans of the old company living within a few hours' ride, who were not maimed, numbering but little over a dozen, had accepted Marshall's invitation, and after dinner they immediately organized and went to work upon the object of the meeting.

The secret cabal had brooded for several hours over the dragon's teeth of factional malevolence, which had thrown away the fairest opportunity a people ever had to make an experimental ascent to the high level of justice and magnanimity, when the library door was uncereemoniously opened by Baxter Johnston, who exclaimed:

"Marse Howard, I has des got back from de station wid Mr. Allen's hoss. I hitched him at de rack an' run in here to let you know dar's 'bout forty niggers comin' down de East road wid dat sneakin', murderin' Jerry Hunt in de lead. You knows he says weall killed dat nigger so'jer Colson, an' now Mr. Allen thinks maybe Wheeler is dead or dyin' by dis time, an' I reckon we's gwine to have trouble wid dem fool niggers."

"Oh, I fancy there is no danger of trouble," replied Marshall, going to the front door of the hall and observing by the starlight thirty or forty negroes passing through the lawn gate with something like military order, a few of them carrying muskets. "You go quickly to Mammy's house, Baxter," he added, "and remain there unless, and until, you hear firing. There is no danger from that mob if we all keep cool heads."

Baxter disappeared without replying, and Marshall went quickly to the library door and said to his guests in the familiar style customary during the war days:

"Boys, there's a mob, as Baxter says, and we must keep cool heads. Let me manage the preliminaries alone." Then straightening himself and assuming a military air, he exclaimed with a spirit of fun manifesting itself in the expression of his countenance:

"Attention, Ghouls! I go to reconnoitre the wayward mortals whose material presence I scent upon the ambient air. Let no phantom clansman dare to reveal his immaterial form till I do cry—'KUKLOS!'"

Then, closing the door and going to the front veranda, he stood at the head of the steps causing the head of the mob to pause in momentary indecision as it reached the foot.

"Good evening, my men," he said, in a pleasant tone of voice, "What can I do for you?"

"You kin keep from callin' us 'my men,'" responded a stout and prematurely gray-headed negro, who wore a dingy buff coat, with tarnished epaulets upon the shoulders; "an' 'dress us es gent'men."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Hunt, I stand corrected. Gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

"We come to git dat Bob Allen," replied the first speaker, looking around upon the crowd for encouragement.

"Is it your purpose to declaim an epenetic panegyric to him?" asked the young man, innocently.

"We didn't come fer no fool talk wid no fool rebel," responded the negro, angrily. "We come for the hell-hound dat knocked Cap'n Wheeler in de head, an' you better bring him out, or git out er de way er de law!"

"Is Wheeler badly hurt?" asked the young man, hoping to get some information.

"Yes, Mister Cap'n Wheeler is hurt mighty bad, an' you better stan' out er de way er de law, an' not be puttin' on no gran' a'rs like you could do somethin' big!"

"I hope Mister Captain Hunt does not object to my customary civility."

"What is you, more'n one man?" responded the negro, not exactly understanding the remark. "We has es much right to put on a'rs es you has. We's es good es you is, an' er durn sight better. But we didn't come here to parlarver,—bring out dat Allen or we'll trample over,—over everything in de way, an' git 'im!"

"What right have you to suppose Mr. Allen to be here; and if he were here what right have you to molest him? Have you orders from Captain Phillips?"

"Dat's our business," replied the negro, a little set back, "an' it's your business to git out er de way ef you know what's good fer you. We has de right to do anything dat s'ports de law an' brings jestis on to——"

"Look here, white man," said a burly, gingercake-colored negro from the ranks. "No lyin' ain't gwine to save dat feller. Ain't yonder his hoss hitched to de rack, an' is we blind? Go in, men! do your do, an'——"

"Yes," shouted the leader, encouragingly, "go in, men,—tramp over de white son of——"

"Hold, Jerry Hunt!" exclaimed the young man, advancing a step with a steely light in his eyes, "this is my house.—my castle. You may think there is no law in this land for the white people, but you have never dreamed of the power that may reside in, and behind, this single right arm!"

"Yes, I does," responded the negro, hotly, but with a slight shrinking motion; "I knows all about you an' I don't know no good. I knows you's de rebelest rebel in de whole country;—dat you insults our teachers; 'buses our preachers; harbors all de mean niggers an' low rebel cusses; hatches up half er de meanness in de lan', an' de best part er t'other half, too; an' I knows dat you aiged on Baxter Johnsing an' his gang to kill Sudgent Colson, de so'jer er de Union an' so'jer er de cross; an'

I knows dat your time is comin' ef 'tain't already come, es sure es I knows dat we's gwine to swing Baxter Johnsing at de en' of er rope befo' de nex' new moon. Go in, men! charge over de——"

At this instant Marshall heard a suppressed roar in the hall, and turning quickly, he beheld Baxter making a rush. As he shot past the young man he grasped his arm hoping to stop him. But it was snatched away as if from the feeble efforts of an infant, and with the quickness of thought a blow with the fist was dealt Jerry Hunt, who had advanced half way up the steps, which lifted him from his feet and threw him back upon the heads and shoulders of the men crowding closely behind, thus involving several others in the fall.

"Gwine to swing Baxter Johnston at de en' er de rope, is you?" he roared, snatching an axe from the hands of the gingercake-colored gentleman, and knocking him down with his fist so suddenly that his heels flew up before his head hit the ground. "Wants my blood, you sneaking hell-hounds! Great God!" he shouted, swinging the axe around, "ef 'twan't for leavin' carrion in de young marster's yard, I'd soak dis axe in er bushel er brains."

Baxter's loud voice, quick, vigorous action and threatening axe struck terror to the hearts of the rank and file, and when the gentlemen in the library, supposing from the noise that an attack had been made, came rushing out armed with revolvers, shovel, tongs, fire-poker, and the like, and fired a few quick shots over their heads, the rout became a panic: and, forgetting the direction of the gate, they broke down the picket fence in their haste to gain the shelter of the tall corn outside. Even the gingercake-colored individual was inspired with sufficient power of locomotion to get under cover, leaving Jerry Hunt to finish alone the business he had begun with so much bravado.

The gentlemen found the leader of the mob, a few moments later, sufficiently recovered from the blow he had received to be sitting up, with his arms hugging his knees, and his head trying to establish normal relations with his spinal column; and lifting him up and support-

ing him, they convinced him that he could use his lower limbs, and in solemn procession they escorted him to Mammy's house, where the old woman, knowing the virtues of vinegar and brown paper, soon put him upon the convalescent list.

Some two hours later,—after the patriotic plotters against unbridled license had made arrangements looking to the establishment of "Posts," or interlinked and interdependent police stations, in every town and village, and every country neighborhood which had a very large majority of colored people who had fallen under the baleful influence of an unwise or spiteful Bureau agent, or under the transforming spell of the Mission-schools,—the gentlemen walked down to Mammy's house to have a serious talk with Jerry Hunt, and to propose to him a truce looking to the peaceful settlement of all matters, arising between blacks and whites, according to such basic principles of law and equity as are recognized by all civilized people.

But they were informed by Mammy and Uncle Solomon that the object of their solicitous attentions had departed half an hour previously, after having dropped many hints of direful results to flow from the events of that night.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A SO-CALLED "KUKLUX OUTRAGE."

"The prince who
Neglects or violates his trust is more
A brigand than the robber chief."

—BYRON'S *Two Foscari*.

FOR several weeks succeeding the occurrences at Glen Cove and The Oaks plantations, the neighborhood seemed to be unusually and mysteriously quiet. The model Carpet-Bagger, Wheeler, slowly recovering from brain fever, had received from Mr. Allen, through Dr. McLinn, an invitation to continue his occupancy of Glen Cove mansion until fully restored to his normal health and condition; and but few parties of disorderly negroes were parading the neighborhood. The Union League meetings seemed to have become less frequent, or at least were less in evidence, and many negroes who had practically deserted their growing crops commenced to work again, as if they felt a renewed desire to make some effort toward making an honest living for themselves and their families. Even the Mission-school teachers, the ideal female Carpet-Baggers, seemed to have become more conservative, and Jerry Hunt's source of inspiration seemed to have run dry—at least, he ceased to have visions during the public prayer meetings, and he wore a countenance so lugubrious that the "ungodly" negroes who had refused to abandon the church organization they had joined before the war, believed him to be "under repentance."

After a time the cause of the mysterious change gradually dawned upon the white people and the "ungodly" negroes. It was first whispered about and finally boldly asserted that Captain Phillips had "sold out to the rebels,

body and soul, boots and breeches," and that the negroes and Carpet-Baggers could no longer rely upon the unquestioning, through-thick-and-thin backing up of the strong military arm of the government.

This marked change for the better would probably have continued, through the crop season at least, had not Wheeler, when sufficiently convalescent to feel a reviving interest in mundane affairs, received a letter from one Edgar B. Crumpacker, his former partner in the army sutler's business, informing him that he had been maltreated and ordered to leave the South by a band of "Confederate veteran outlaws" at Pulaski, Tennessee. Wheeler immediately sent for one of the Mission-school teachers and dictated a letter to his old chum, "Major Crump," as he familiarly called him, inviting him to come to Alabama and take "pot luck" with himself.

The advent of "Major Crump" soon restored the old conditions, if, indeed, they were not given a new and more reckless impetus. He had formerly been known and disliked in the county, and had his own personal grudges to settle. He joined and took Wheeler's place at the head of the Union League, or Red String Gang, and ordered that meetings be held, as previously, every Saturday night. He let it be known that General Oliver O. Howard, "The Christian soldier," and head of the Freedman's Bureau, was a friend of his—he had acted as hostler at General Howard's headquarters for a time during the war—and that he would see to it that Captain Phillips should be courtmartialed for disloyalty, and that a loyal "Christian soldier" and officer should be sent to fill his place.

He also took Wheeler's place as lecturer or "preacher" at the Mission-school, accepted Jerry Hunt as his spiritual adviser, and, though he had been unpopular with the negroes before the war, he now rallied them to his support with an enthusiasm which Wheeler had never been able to inspire.

He soon began to pay particular attention to Poplar Grove plantation, where he had been overseer before the war, and where he had some humiliating experiences during the occupancy of Turchin's marauders. The League

meetings at the negro quarters of that plantation became more frequent, disorderly and boisterous than on any other place in the valley, and Major Howard, the aged owner, still confined to a wheeled chair, finally sent a written protest to Captain Phillips, with a request for protection. In consequence of this an order was issued from the Bureau forbidding the holding of public meetings on Poplar Grove plantation without the owner's consent.

At dawn on the succeeding Saturday morning Miss Frances Howard's maid came to her room as usual, and with fear and trembling told her that a League meeting would be held at the quarters that night, and that Crumpacker and a gang would visit the mansion to see about her father's report to Captain Phillips. The faithful girl, standing in great fear of the disorderly mobs, entreated that the young lady and her father should seek the safe shelter of Tiptop military post. Miss Frances soothed the girl's nervous apprehensions, dressed leisurely for her early morning ride, had a brief interview with her father in his chamber, and as Aurora was spreading her rosy mantle in the East, rode quietly away, telling her faithful handmaid that she would take breakfast, and perhaps dinner, with the Fletcher girls, her near neighbors.

About ten o'clock that night, as was anticipated, a gang of forty or fifty negroes, headed by "Major Crump" on horseback, appeared before and around the front veranda of Poplar Grove mansion and demanded to see Major Howard. The defiant demand had hardly been uttered before, converging from the shade of spreading poplar trees in the immediate foreground, more than a dozen disguised horsemen dashed upon the mob with a fusillade of pistol shots. The negroes were instantly stampeded, and before "Major Crump" could get his horse in motion or draw his ponderous navy Colt from its holster, he was ridden down, sprawled on the ground, and bound hand and foot.

The next day his horse was found grazing along the roadside near Glen Cove plantation, but years elapsed before the negroes learned what had been the humiliating fate of their valiant leader.

Contrary to all expectations, this occurrence did not have an intimidating effect upon the negroes. Had they seen their leader shot to death, or even lashed to the utmost limit of the Mosaic law (one of which punishments they believed the white people would have inflicted) the effect would have been different. But their anger and indignation, unmixed with fear of hurt to themselves, were aroused by the belief that Captain Phillips had done the treacherous deed and had arrested and confined "Major Crump" to prevent his threatened report and appeal to the head of the Freedman's Bureau in Washington.

Wheeler, who was now able to sit up, adopted this idea; promised that the report should go to National Headquarters, and advised the negroes that they had to shift for themselves until relief came from Washington; and to continue, under Jerry Hunt and Bill Smith, their organization and their active work of infusing "loyalty and patriotism" into the unreceptive minds and hearts of the "white folks' niggers," until he should be able to take control again, or till General Howard should come or send a high official to arrest and punish Captain Phillips.

Jerry Hunt and Bill Smith had not long been the recognized leaders of the lawless gangs before the depredations and outrages committed in that and other parts of North Alabama convinced the people that the negroes were being actuated by some subtle influence, growing, in part, out of the widely published sentiments of a noted religionist—a New Englander, and a Bishop in the most numerous and most active organization of politico-religionists at the North. One of these sentiments was that "The only proper civilizing agents to be used upon the white people of the South are cannon balls, firebrands and arsenic."* Being too timid and not sufficiently organized to use cannon balls, and too nearly civilized to use the coward's weapon of arsenic, the negroes complimented the stalwart

*These words were used by Bishop Gilbert Haven in a widely published message, or whatever it may have been called, to his Church. The author got his information from the newspaper press of the country.

bishop by adopting his suggestion of firebrands, and by substituting for the arsenic a crime less cowardly, if not less fiendish, and more pleasing to their animal instincts.

It is true that the exalted and popular alleged disciple of the meek and lowly Nazarene made no published recommendation of outrageous assault, but the negro can read between the lines as well as any other man; and besides, he may have considered the latter crime less degrading to himself, in that it carried less taint of physical cowardice, and, to his mind, it doubtless evinced less fiendishness of instinct.

Thirty-eight years after the close of the war, and after Northern Philanthropic Societies "opened the contribution box" and sent their agents and teachers into the South to drive out the "Slave-driving teachers" and assume for themselves all responsibility for the social, moral, political and other training of the negroes, the subject was being, or at least had recently been agitated in the National Congress, of appointing a national committee to inquire into the causes of the great decrease of sympathy and kindly feeling between the two races in the South.

It would be well to make the inquiry, for the world never knew, in all its history, such friendly relations to exist between two entirely dissimilar races intimately intermingled in the same land, as existed between the Southern white people and the negroes up to the last hour of battle in the war between the sections. During the long years of struggle, confusion, social disorganization and general disruption of all the usual relations of life, the negroes were as true to their white friends as the needle to the pole. Not one outrageous assault was committed by them in all the territory then called the Confederate States of America. On the contrary, they fed, clothed and protected the women and children left almost entirely dependent upon their loyalty and good-will, well knowing that their disloyalty would insure their own emancipation and the possible bettering of their condition.

It will be well to make the inquiry, but it will be productive of no valuable results, for the root of the matter will not be dug into. The committee will find—what all well informed people already know—that the Southern

people are spending millions out of their scant incomes for the education, Christianization and moral uplifting of the negroes, and yet will, now and then, show fierce, if not occasionally even savage, animosity toward an individual of the race. They will see and yet will not perceive.

The idea will not occur to them—for it has never yet occurred to any writers or speakers of the Northern partisan press or pulpit—to put themselves in the white man's place; to take the white man's standpoint, or to assume, in imagination, the Southern white man's burden. It will not occur to them to make note of the "Grain of mustard seed which a man took and cast in his garden, and it grew and waxed a great tree; and birds (of ravage) lodged in the branches of it." Nor of the "Leaven" which alleged philanthropic societies "took and hid" in the negroes' minds, "till the whole was leavened." Nor will it occur to them that the Southern white man is as helpless as he is blameless in the matter of alienated friendship; and that the only hope of better conditions in the future lies in the ability *and the willingness* of those who administered the toxical leaven to discover and apply an efficacious antitoxin.

No mortal man will ever possess the ability to paint an adequate picture of that miserable period in the South—the far South is more particularly referred to—when the effort was being made to "Put the bottom rail on top," as it was exultingly and coarsely expressed by many partisan and also alleged religious papers at the North; when the mind was kept in a continual strain of apprehension on account of the fierce vindictiveness with which the minds of a majority of the negroes had been inspired, and of the startling crime, previously unknown, for which the Southern mind can conceive of no adequate punishment.

Under Jerry Hunt's informal administration new "companies" were secretly formed, in addition to the thieving squads organized by Wheeler and Crumpacker, and it came to be whispered about that a battalion had been formed and was being drilled by colored non-commissioned officers from adjacent military posts, every Satur-

day night at Bethel Campground, where all Union League or Red String Gang meetings were now held. After a time it was noised about that Jerry Hunt had issued a proclamation ordering all negroes to assemble at Bethel Headquarters on a given Saturday night for a general rally, and making the threat that all absentees would be considered dyed-in-the-wool "white folks' niggers" and dealt with accordingly. This sweeping order offended many non-sympathizers, who declared their readiness to fight for their right to stay at home and attend to their own business if they preferred to do so.

On the afternoon preceding the night appointed for the grand rally, Messrs. Marshall and Carlton rode with Mr. Allen, who had returned from New Orleans on the previous day, over to the station to look after some freight the latter had sent up from the city. They all seemed in an unusually cheerful mood, and, on leaving The Oaks, Carlton remarked to Henry that they should go from the station to attend a reproduction of a spectacular feature of the last Mardi Gras celebration at New Orleans, and should return on their horses about daybreak.

As darkness began to gather over Bethel campground large bonfires of pine knots were kindled upon elevated stands made of slabs and covered with earth, according to the usual plantation method of lighting a camp-meeting or an open-air night festival. Large squads of negroes, male and female, began early to come in, and before nine o'clock the church was made vociferous with the alternating sounds of song and prayer, and rhapsodical lectures. In the wide lighted space in front perhaps a hundred and fifty negroes were marching and counter-marching, forming "line of battle," advancing, charging and retreating, while a couple of drums and an asthmatic fife kept up a continual din interrupted occasionally by the peremptory blast of a bugle or the angry shouts and oaths of the drillmaster, a portly, overfed negro sergeant from the Huntsville post, who was trying to reduce the mob to order and obedience, and whose sense of military propriety was sorely vexed by the shouting, laughing and whooping of the frolicsome raw recruits, many of whom were evidently making a joke of the whole affair.

As the night waxed late and the fires burned low the spirit of frolicsome inattention to the duties of the hour seemed to increase and to cause a corresponding increase in the wrath and profanity of the drillmaster and his company officers. "Keep in line, d——n you! Joe Roberts, hold your jaw! Hold back dar in front! Sam Jones, stop dat yellin'! Pyeartin up, you hindmost fellers! Ike Walton, you's er nuff of er mule now 'dout tryin' to bray! Who's dat mockin' er screech owl?"

These and a thousand similar exclamations from the officers, and mimicries from the battalion, mingled with the military commands, to the great disgust of Jerry Hunt and the drillmaster. In reply to the last interrogatory exclamation, some one shouted: "You'd better ax who's dat mockin' er pack er hounds 'cross de creek dar in Jones's woods."

This remark called general attention to the fact that a pack of hounds in full cry were making the forest musical half a mile away on the other side of a narrow lagoon or lakelet extending above and below Bethel campground.

"You 'tend to yo' business, Pat Collyer," shouted an officer, "an' de hounds 'll 'tend to dar'n. Close up dar!"

"Yes; an' dey might 'tend to Colonel Jerry's, too, es dey did once befo' de war."

"Dry up, nigger! Who's afeard er hounds, er sperrits either, fer dat matter?" shouted a friend of Colonel Jerry. "Dem things is done played out, like everything else."

"So I has hyeard; but dey put lightnin' in Colonel Jerry's heels once, and dey kin do it agin ef dey was to happen to be ole Mister Coclutch's an' de boys' dogs."

"Hol' yo' jaw, nigger! You can't skeer nobody! 'Tend to de drillmarster!"

This order was obeyed, for it was evident that the hounds had arrived near the opposite side of the lakelet and were running up and down in confusion.

"Men," called the drillmaster, "pay 'tention to de bugle. De fust call will be to charge, an' de nex' will be to retreat. We'll charge dem hounds, an' I wants youall to fall back in good order."

"Hold on! Don't do it!"

"You don't know nothin' 'bout dem hounds! S'posen dey was ole Mister Coclutches?"

"S'posen dey was to charge, too; den what?"

"Let's charge t'other way!" shouted a dozen voices amid a general murmur of protest against the charge.

"Order, men!" commanded the drillmaster. "Ef you can't charge er pack er mangy hounds, how does you ever 'spec' to git de upper han' er de white——"

The remainder of the sentence was drowned by a stentorian cry, or command, from the other side of the lagoon, so strong and loud as to suggest the fancy that it might have been the voice of a steam boiler speaking through the throat of a bassoon:

"ATTENTION, BATTALION!"

The reverberating sound seemed to rustle the leaves on the trees and almost to rattle the rough clapboards upon the roof of the church. The voice of prayer in the building was instantly hushed and panic seemed imminent. As the "line of battle" fell into confusion angry shouts of command and remonstrance were heard from Jerry Hunt and the drillmaster.

"Keep in line, men! Didn't you never hear of er speakin' trumpet befo'?"

"Come back to yo' places, folks. Is you gwine to let some fool rebel fox hunter skeer you to death?"

"Is you 'feared of er brayin' mule?" etc., etc.

Active vocal and physical efforts to reform the line were being made when again the strong voice came out of the dense darkness beyond the narrow channel:

"It is the command of the Grand Cyclops of the Lost Clan of Cocletz that all those who are the spiritual subjects of his master, the grim, ghastly and ghostly Voodoo, Sovereign Ruler of the Realms of Darkness, do now come forward for immediate baptism!"

As the voice spoke a vast luminous cloud of red vapor arose out of the darkness of the forest, giving the color of blood to leaf and bough and revealing in its weird glow the most horrible assemblage of anomalous monstrosities ever disclosed to mortal gaze. Huge fiends, beasts and crawling things of the most eccentric and preposterous forms and proportions. with wagging tails, rest-

less claws and luminous eyes, lined the bank ; while in the midst of all stood a giant form with one glaring eye in the centre of its forehead, which gradually grew taller till it stood fifteen feet high and craned its long neck over the black water upon which waves of flame began to roll, as if in anxious expectation of subjects for baptism in the sulphurous tide, which, however, was giving forth the odor of crude petroleum rather than of brimstone.

Panic stricken? Words cannot convey an idea of the terror that seized the hearts of the dusky battalion ! The occupants of the church also, too urgently spurred by fright to seek the doors, scrambled out of the windows on the far side, without regard to precedence on account of age, sex, color or "previous condition of servitude." The stampeded warriors, in their mad haste to put additional distance between themselves and this devil's mob of monstrosities, rushed, stumbled and scrambled over stumps and logs, through piles of brushwood and enclosed grave lots, and out, like a tidal wave past the Mission buildings, into the untilled field beyond. Many in their wild flight tumbled to the ground, but they ignored that usually delaying fact and continued to scramble forward until by the exercise of some inspiration of agility they again found themselves upon their feet which were still running.

In the field a new terror awaited the fugitives. Scarcely had they made half the ascent of the gentle slope before a shrill bugle call was heard from the timber which skirted the top of the hill, and fifty or more horsemen, all in garbs as black as the robes of Erebus, dashed into the light of the waning moon and bore down on the mob, which instantly changed its direction of flight by both flanks. Suddenly the cry "*Kuklos!!*" was heard on the left, and half the horsemen dashed in the direction of the call, paying no attention to fugitives they passed except to avoid riding them down, and surrounded a squad who had dismounted and were binding a negro. Very soon the same cry came from a distance, and in a short time the other horsemen came up, bringing another bound neg

As the two prisoners, panting from over-exertion and half dead from fright, were started off, one behind the other on horseback, with two guards on each side, one of the black-robed horsemen, who seemed to be the leader, spoke:

"Brother Fire Fiend of the Right, since these our fellow subjects of the Great Voodoo have dared to disobey the order of the Grand Cyclops this night published to them, and have led other subjects astray, it is my order that you set free our loyal fellow subject the Fire Serpent, that he may destroy their tabernacle!"

In a moment a hissing, rushing sound was heard, and something that seemed to the mystified brains of the negroes, like a flying serpent with the tail of a comet, mounted into the air, and ascending at an angle of forty or fifty degrees, bore in the direction of Bethel Church. When, to all appearances, directly over the building the sound of a slight explosion was heard, the mysterious body disappeared and in its place was a white star which commenced a slow and reluctant descent to the earth, taking on a violet hue and slowly running the septenary gamut of the prismatic colors to the fire-red, in which color it disappeared amidst the foliage of the grove about the church. As neither of the negroes had ever seen fireworks, and of course had never heard of a Lost Pleiad rocket, they regarded the exhibition as showing the awful influence of their captors with the powers of the infernal regions, and groaned in an agony of terror. A few minutes later the party halted near a thicket on top of the hill, from which there was a clear view of the church, and as the two men were being divested of their clothing and bound to saplings, they saw flames slowly creeping up the rough sides of the building and beginning to lick the clapboard roof.

But their throbbing brains had no thought to give to the burning church, for the leader addressed them without unnecessary delay:

"Jerry Hunt and Bill Smith, you are vile offenders against our mutual sovereign, the Great Voodoo. You have wrought much mischief and have plotted much more; and as this night you have refused his baptism of

fire and brimstone, it is his order that you receive the baptism of blood as a partial atonement. Ghouls," he added, turning to his men, "do your duty!"

The usual "Forty, save one" stripes were administered with a cat-o'-nine-tails well laid on, and the unfortunate offenders were again addressed:

"Vile mortals, hearken! Our sovereign ruler, the Great Voodoo, will not brook to have his loyal subjects, the Rebels, hurt in person or in property. Wheeler and the handmaidens at Bethel have done him good service, but they have plotted against our better servitors, our royal and knightly Rebels, whose good work has sent many a fat and oily subject to the thirsty fires of our kingdom, before the prating priest had spoiled the flavor of the offering.

"It is the decree of the Great Voodoo that you be taken hence as exiles from the land of the Rebels. A guard of four Fire Fiends will conduct you thirty-three miles due north, and if ever again you make tracks in the soil of Alabama you will be suspended by the neck from a rope and buried in the sulphurous flames of the baptismal font whose good offices you refused this night. Take due notice and *Remember!*"

"REMEMBER!" repeated in unison the waiting Ghouls, and from the depths of the circumambient air (a megaphonic speaking trumpet in the top of a neighboring tree) came, in thunder tones the reverberating echo—"REMEMBER!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

"We give all we have to buy a chain."

—CROWN'S *English Friar.* 11

OF course the remarkable occurrences at Bethel Campground and the burning of the desecrated church created great excitement in the country, and no small degree of consternation on the part of the negroes.

Jerry Hunt and Bill Smith had disappeared from the ken of kith and kin as suddenly, completely and mysteriously as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up. Wheeler, too, who for several days had been able to walk about the yard and down to the negro quarters, had also suddenly disappeared, and it was whispered about that he had betrayed the negroes and sold out to the Devil.

The originators of this startling rumor were two negro women, who, having sought safety in a closet in the Glen Cove mansion, were made unwilling witnesses to the unholy bargain. Their story was to the effect that on the night of the horrible occurrence at Bethel, and about two hours before daybreak a swarm of black figures on horses dashed up to and surrounded the mansion as noiselessly as if they had been but the shadow of a cloud. Doors opened before them, and they went straight to Wheeler's room, where others also were sleeping, and without a word being spoken conducted Wheeler to the large dining room in the closet of which they themselves had sought safety.

They admitted that they were too thoroughly terrified to understand all that was said, but certain leading points burned themselves into their memories. Wheeler had agreed to all that the Spirits had said—had admitted that

he had long served the Devil, and was now willing to receive his hire and turn over the crop to the Devil's better agents. By "the crop" he did not mean the patches of cotton and corn that had not been worked for more than six weeks—at least they were solemnly convinced that he did not,—but meant the future destiny of his own and the negroes' immortal souls.

The terms of payment also impressed themselves upon their memories: He was to go immediately to Pulaski, Tennessee, and in a certain named bank he would find one thousand dollars waiting for him. If, after touching that money he ever again bothered the Devil's Alabama business agents, or came where they could get hold of him he would be swung from the end of a rope and buried in a grave of fire and brimstone!

It is needless to say that these wild tales and rumors did not decrease in number, nor diminish in horror from frequent repetition; and soon there were almost as many versions of the various horrors of the night as there were negroes to hear and repeat. The only points, not in any wise varied or contradicted were that it was all the Devil's work, and that the white people were his agents and servants, as the Bethel Mission teachers had so often asserted with oracular solemnity and wisdom.

As to the Mission teachers, of course they explained it all as the work of a secret organization of the white people, and made eloquent appeals to Captain Phillips, General O. O. Howard, and the negroes themselves. Captain Phillips sent down a military committee of investigation; General Howard sent out a "Visiting Statesman"; but the negroes refused absolutely to utter a suggestion or lend a thought looking to an investigation or to the re-establishment of the church and school. The work of the colored military committee and the visiting statesman was productive of no results of tangible benefit to the teachers or the thriftless negroes, and after a season of bewildered discouragement and disappointment the former withdrew from observation and quietly departed for other fields of adventure.

Again the negroes—the great, thriftless majority—began to think of doing something to help themselves and

their families. All crops were now practically made, or destroyed in a great measure for the want of cultivation, and as the early cotton-picking season had begun, those whose cotton had not been entirely smothered by the weeds, commenced to pick what they could find. Captain Phillips' order had gone into effect on the Glen Cove plantation, and Baxter Johnson, on taking charge as Mr. Allen's agent and manager, had found the formerly disorderly and thriftless gangs now quiet, submissive and willing laborers. He required them to break down the rank weeds, hunt for and pick every precious boll of cotton already opened, and assured them that careful work would insure at least twenty bales of cotton, one half of which (worth in the market over a thousand dollars) it was Mr. Allen's intention to divide between the laborers, "share and share alike."

At The Oaks all was lovely. Henry rejoiced in the assurance that he should make more than an ample support for Sarah and the baby, and Mammy felt that the young master would not in the future have to go down into his pockets for all the money he was disbursing so freely; which pockets, she feared, were in more danger of depletion from the demands of "Dis-here new-fangled 'peace' es dey calls it," than she was led to believe they had been from the ravages of war.

The first and only thing for some months to disturb the quiet enjoyment of this pleasing condition of affairs was the news that the young master had received a long-expected letter from Marienne which brought bad news, and that he and Mr. Allen were going to Europe immediately.

When the letter came Mr. Marshall, after reading it, sent Henry in haste for Mr. Allen, who had ridden over to the Glen Cove plantation. Together they went over the portion which required immediate attention. It ran thus:

"As I predicted in a letter to which you replied last year, Miss Agnes carried her point in influencing Dr. Hindman to move to Paris and occupy apartments in my house. I have received no letter from you since that one,

and I now have cause to believe none of my letters ever left the Continent. This will be mailed by my own hands, and I shall condense into it the most important matters relating to the past twelve months. In the winter Mrs. Hindman became hopelessly ill. All that doctors, nurses, and the soothing care of Miss Agnes and myself could do did not arrest her slow decline.

"I wrote to you of her death and requested you to come if convenient for you to do so. I do not know whether you got that letter, but circumstances have occurred since then which compel me to urge you to come at once. My cousin Cesare has been my wise and sure guide in all other embarrassing circumstances, but he has just succeeded to the family title and estates, and important affairs, in connection with the succession, detain him away from Paris. Besides the present trouble is one in which you only can bring sure and permanent relief. When Mrs. Hindman had been in her grave barely a week it came to my knowledge that Dr. Hindman and Captain Staton were scheming to get Miss Agnes away to Germany. They sought every possible pretext for obtaining a private interview with her, but without avail. I fully believe they have formed a plot to coerce her into a marriage with Captain Staton before her mind fully recovers from the shock of her mother's death. Recently my 'femme de chambre' has learned from her brother, who was for a time Captain Staton's valet, that they both have been confidentially whispering to their associates, many of whom are not of the best class in the city, that Miss Sanford is becoming seriously affected mentally by ill health, personal troubles and grief for the death of her mother—the last of her relatives' they assert.

"Can it be that this is a preliminary move in a deep and fearful plot? Alas! I do not know what power the laws of this land may give the scheming old man over the unprotected child of his dead wife. I am in a torture of suspense and apprehension, not knowing what a day may bring forth. Miss Agnes is my soul's sister, and I appeal to you, in the name of all the love you have for her and all the kindly feelings you entertain for me, to come without delay."

"Well," said Marshall, as he finished reading aloud, "do you still wish to go to Paris?"

"I am ready to start this moment if we have time to catch the train," replied the other, eagerly.

As it was too late for the evening train, departure was necessarily delayed until the next morning, and before sunrise Allen was on his way to the station to telegraph for staterooms on the first steamer to go out after the schedule time of their arrival in New York.

When the two masters of The Oaks were about to part, Carlton, taking his friend aside, said with faltering hesitancy: "Marshall, there is something I have wanted to tell you—that may meet—that may *not* meet—that is—I have an idea—that—for the past twelve hours you have not given a thought to any earthly matter beyond—well—the anticipated happiness of looking again into the eyes of my little cousin."

"I confess," replied Marshall, gravely, "that my thoughts have not been able to make very long excursions away from that delightful anticipation. I hope you do not mean to call them down to dull, prosaic *terra firma*?"

"Well, no," said Carlton, hesitatingly—"that is—yes—I think so. You are aware—I mean to say you know—that is, I should say—you are robbing me of my little cousin. I demand a '*quid*'—what is the pestiferous quotation?"

"Have you grown rusty in the current Latin quotations?" laughed Marshall, teasingly, having surmised the drift of his friend's thoughts. "Did you mean to add with blundering incorrectness—'*custodiet ipsos custodes*'?"

"Of course not," replied Carlton, growing somewhat more composed. "You are worthy of every trust. I wished to advance the idea expressed in the homely American adage: 'Turn about is——' No, that is not it exactly—it is: 'A fair exchange is no robbery.'"

"God bless you, my dear fellow!" exclaimed Marshall, laughing and seizing his friend's hand as he threw his arm around him. "If you win her I shall be one of the happiest fellows in Alabama. That little cousin is the only sister I have, and Agnes loves her almost as much

as I do. I shall hurry back to America to congratulate you. *We* will hurry back," he corrected, with a flush.

On arriving in New York, Messrs. Marshall and Allen were gratified to hear that the liner on which staterooms had been reserved for them, in accordance with their telegram, would sail the next morning, and, taking immediate possession, they set about adding to the comforts of their quarters for the trip. Marshall had first, however, sent a message by the Atlantic Cable, then just completed, to Marienne announcing the day of their anticipated arrival in Paris.*

Up to the hour of their last glimpse of the busy metropolis all things seemed to have been propitious to speed them on their way. But on the high sea they met headwinds and occasional storms, which caused the vessel to be driven from her course to such a degree that they were delayed on the water a day longer than was anticipated.

Arriving in Paris after a stormy passage across the English Channel, they sought a hotel and Marshall sent a messenger immediately to the L'Espérance mansion—or "Hôtel," as detached city residences are called in France—the place of Marienne's abode, and very soon received a reply inviting him to come without delay. Marienne met and greeted him in the wide and beautiful hall, and for some minutes they stood asking and answering questions. At length indicating the side of the hall on which were the parlors, she said:

"Monsieur, you will find Miss Agnes in the back parlor, the doors are ajar. I must suggest that you make the meeting as little exciting to her as possible. The poor girl's nerves have been grievously tried of late. They attempted to compel her to go to Germany with them, and I finally had to appeal to the American Minister for her protection. They then appealed to the *Juge*

* The cable line between Heart's Content, in Newfoundland, and Valentia, in Ireland, along the level plateau made known to the world by Mathew F. Maury, of Virginia, commenced to take messages for transmission in August, 1866. One hundred dollars was the cost of a message of twenty words.

de Paix and got her under control of the municipal law by the means I feared when I last wrote you. They charged that she had a great deal of money, was of unsound mind and was being exploited by a woman who had formerly been a slave in America. It was of course to be expected, in her distressed and nervous condition, that a commission of lunacy would frighten the poor girl almost out of her wits, which it actually did. But fortunately a dispatch, which I had sent broadcast throughout the country, reached my cousin Cesare in time, and coming post haste to Paris, he had me summoned before the court, proved that I was a lineal descendant of the original Cesare D'Elfons Chamfort and a long-time friend of Miss Sanford in America, and had me appointed her temporary guardian and custodian—yes, *Custodian!* They really believed her mental powers to be unbalanced, and it is not to be wondered at, considering her nervous condition and the nerve-trying ordeal she was compelled to pass through.

"But it is all over now. She is happy, and my cousin has returned to the business he left so abruptly. Before he got away, however, he had a personal *rencontre* with Captain Staton and gave him the chastisement which, he assured me, he had been saving for General Turchin. But he says, nevertheless, that General Turchin shall not be cheated out of his just dues should he ever meet him.

"And now, Monsieur," she added, "Miss Agnes has heard me talking to you for the past five minutes and is ready to receive you in the back parlor. The doors are ajar, and I shall give you only a ten minutes' talk at this first interview. To-morrow you may take luncheon with her."

As the young man passed through the doors he found the room in semi-darkness. In the shadows he saw Miss Sanford sitting, or rather reclining, in a large invalid's chair, and advancing quickly, he said:

"Miss Sanford—Agnes—Darling! At last I am permitted to breathe again the atmosphere that surrounds you!"

As he went eagerly forward the young lady made an effort to rise, but sinking helplessly back into the chair

she covered her face with her hands and sobbed convulsively. With a choking sensation in his throat the young man knelt by her side and gently drawing her to his bosom, kissed her tenderly.

The ten minutes' talk which Marienne had allotted was accomplished chiefly in sobbing whispers—on the dear young lady's part at least—and when Marienne called from the hall the young man responded promptly, having promised the young lady to take luncheon with her the next day, when he hoped to find her stronger.

In the hall, Marienne motioned him to a leather *fauteuil*, and seating herself near by, engaged him in conversation for some time about her old friends, and people, and affairs in Alabama generally. After a long conversation he said, as he arose to depart:

"Marienne, I have a friend with me in Paris,—an old acquaintance of yours, who greatly desires to see you again. I refer to Robert Allen, master of Glen Cove plantation, in Alabama. Shall I bring him with me to-morrow?"

As he spoke Marienne's countenance assumed a wondering expression, extreme pallor banished the color from her cheeks, and putting her handkerchief to her lips she sank into her seat without speaking. Marshall, remembering to have heard that Allen had seriously offended her before the war at a picnic, or barbecue, made haste to add:

"Allen has changed greatly, Marienne. I have never known, in all my experience, so radical a change in any human being. He has a belief that he did you and your poor brother a great wrong, and he comes hoping to be forgiven. Of course I know nothing of what may have occurred between you, but what he has to say will appeal to your sympathy, at least. Will you not permit him to come when I tell you I am willing to call myself his friend?"

"That would be a passport, Monsieur," she replied, as the color stole back to her cheeks, "did I still believe him to be what I thought him before the war. But I do not; and you misconstrue my silence. Mr. Allen twice risked his life, and was twice seriously, almost fatally,

hurt, in an effort to protect me; and I have believed up to this moment that he died of the second hurt received by him when my poor brother was killed."

"Then you will receive him?"

"Most certainly. Please convey my invitation, and say as much as you may think proper to relieve any feeling of doubt or hesitancy he may entertain. I shall ask you to bring him with you to luncheon at one o'clock."

This having been agreed upon, Marshall returned to his hotel, and the next morning the two strangers entertained themselves at one of the numerous art galleries, where the former found the originals of several handsome chromo-lithographs which were destroyed with the old mansion at The Oaks.

On arriving at Hôtel L'Espérance a short while before one o'clock, they had but a few moments to wait before Marienne entered and greeted each with an equal degree of self-possessed friendliness and cordiality, which immediately put Mr. Allen at ease. She informed Marshall that Miss Agnes was feeling somewhat languid and the physician had forbidden her to go down to luncheon, but did not object to her receiving a friend in her *boudoir*.

"I have arranged," she added, "for you to take luncheon with her there, and if Mr. Allen will excuse me for a few moments I shall act as your usher and take you up at once."

On entering the *boudoir*, Miss Sanford, who was seated in an easy chair, arose and advanced a step to greet her friend, who was delighted to see the reappearance upon her cheeks of the sea-shell pink-tinge so well remembered and so greatly admired, and to note the sparkle of happiness in the liquid depths of her gentle eyes which had so often thrilled his heart in the old, happy days in Alabama.

The young lady's maid soon had luncheon served, and Marienne, notifying Marshall that he should have a full hour for a *tête-à-tête*, and playfully advising her 'patient' if she should grow weary of him before the hour expired, to send him below without ceremony, returned to the parlor.

The two young people, left entirely alone by the

discreet servitress, after they had commenced luncheon, talked, of course, of the past and of their friends in Alabama, particularly of their cousins. Mr. Marshall refrained from speaking of his pleasant surmises respecting the latter, and though they conversed about their own future marriage, and of people and affairs in Alabama generally, each seemed to avoid mention of any circumstances that would cause the conversation to focus around the departure of the young man for the seat of war in 1861.

After luncheon was finished they continued to occupy the seats at the table till at length they heard through the open doors the plaintive melody of "The Old Folks at Home," coming up from the parlor in Marienne's round, full voice, and both paused to listen. As soon as the last sad note of the song was sounded, she glided into a series of improvised variations of the air, which she carried, through a coruscating interlude, into a medley of French, English, German and American national airs, winding up with the soul-stirring measures of "Dixie," whose series of variations she made particularly brilliant and elaborate, thus giving Mr. Allen no opportunity to ask for another song.

While the two lovers listened to the remarkable improvisation of variations, interludes and inspired extravaganzas, they noticed a monotonous monologue, spoken in Mr. Allen's voice, running with even tenor through it all, punctuated now and then by a feminine "Yes" or "No," and seeming to have the curious effect of occasionally causing the lady's smoothest and most brilliant showers of melody to become suddenly wrecked into a cloud-burst of discord, which, although instantly overcome, seemed liable to come again at any instant. While listening to the wildly extravagant variations of the Southern martial air, which caused Marshall to suggest, laughingly, that Marienne must have caught inspiration for them from the echoes of an Alabama thunderstorm, there was a sudden crash of discord which brought the performance to an immediate end, as if the extravaganzas of "Dixie" had wrecked the instrument itself; and

in a few minutes Miss Sanford's *femme de chambre* came in with:

"Mademoiselle Chamfort's compliments, and would Monsieur pardon her for having exiled him from the parlor so long?"

Marshall immediately arose and received from Miss Sanford an invitation to return for dinner at seven o'clock, which he engaged to do if Marienne and the doctor would permit.

Entering the parlor Marienne met him with a slightly flushed face, but instead of apologizing she sought to impose upon him a debt of gratitude for her generosity in allowing him two hours, instead of one, for his chat with her patient; and Allen smiled on him with an expression which puzzled him to decide whether it indicated mental exaltation or a courteous defiance of unpropitious fate.

As the two gentlemen were making their adieux, Marienne informed Marshall that she stood in need of advice concerning a business matter which her cousin Cesare thought he was better qualified to give than himself, and intimated that she should like to consult him as soon as it might suit his convenience. Rightly judging that the matter concerned Miss Sanford, the young man promised to return during the afternoon.

On their way to the hotel, Allen became absorbingly interested in a one-sided discussion of the subject of an article he had read in an English periodical, during breakfast, concerning the remarkable change that came over the sentiments of the people of the Northern portion of the United States, after the first year of the American war, regarding the proper conduct of civilized warfare. Marshall listened to his wise dissertation for a time after their arrival at the hotel, and failing to become interested, he rallied his friend on giving thought to so sombre a subject in bright and beautiful Paris, and left him to his cogitations.

Returning to Hôtel L'Espérance he found Marienne awaiting him in the parlor.

"Monsieur," she said, motioning him to a seat, "I shall have to make some preliminary explanations. After I

was appointed guardian and custodian, with my cousin Cesare as *donner des garanties*, until Miss Sanford's relatives could be heard from, I authorized my attorney, or *notaire*, as we call them here, to look into her affairs and take such steps as might be necessary under the altered circumstances. As she and her mother had been my guests for many months, without any necessary expenses, except for physicians and nurses, she naturally supposed that she had a large amount to her credit at the Liverpool bank, which was authorized and charged to honor her drafts for five hundred dollars monthly. Last week she drew for only three installments and the draft came back protested with the words 'No Funds' stamped across the face. This, of course, was very surprising, and my attorney advises that some friend of the family go to Liverpool and ascertain the cause of the default. Cesare wrote me that he thought his personal prejudice against Dr. Hindman might make it improper for him to investigate his transactions, and I thought perhaps you would not object to going to Liverpool yourself."

"Of course I shall be glad to render any service," replied the young man, warmly; "but why not write to the Liverpool bank for explanations? Where is Dr. Hindman?"

"My attorney saw in a paper published at Lanark, Scotland,—an inland town where his mother's relatives reside, and not very far from Edinburgh,—that Dr. Hindman is to lecture there this week, and will go later to Edinburgh. I have not allowed Miss Agnes to be informed of the protest, and desire that she shall not be worried by a knowledge of it. But the situation is peculiarly embarrassing just now, for she will be under the necessity of incurring some expense in preparing for her marriage."

"Agnes does not consent for the ceremony to be performed in Paris," said the young man, soberly.

"Yes, I know," was the reply. "We talked of the matter last night till quite a late hour. She wishes to go to Professor Atwood's, a distant relative of hers in New York, whose daughter was her schoolmate and intimate friend, and make her temporary home there. And she

wishes her cousin, Colonel Frank Carlton, to meet her there and perform the good offices of a father or brother. But I think preliminary arrangements should be made in Paris. It will interest and amuse her to visit the shops and *modistes*, and will enable me to induce her to take air and exercise, which she has not done since her poor mother became unable to drive with her."

"Your idea shall be carried out," said Marshall, earnestly. "I shall start to Liverpool to-morrow, if I find it necessary, after consulting with your *notaire*. Of course the trouble can be easily mended, and you may proceed with the full assurance that the amount Agnes drew for shall be placed to her credit in the Imperial Bank here before you can need it. You will return to America with us?"

"Yes; I have a recent letter from my sister, who returned to America in May. Her health has grown worse again, and I must go to her. My Cousin Cesare expects to make us a visit this Autumn. By the by, he returned to Paris last night and had just made a call on me before you came in. He is delighted to know that you are in the city and will call on you and Mr. Allen this evening at your hotel."

After some further conversation, and a visit to Miss Sanford in her *boudoir* to express his regrets that he could not dine with her, he returned to the hotel and found Allen engaged in another reading of the article which had so interested him in the *Edinburgh Review*, and consulting, in connection therewith, several pamphlets which he procured at a small Franco-English library near the hotel.

Finding his companion more interested, apparently, in dull research than in the living events of the hour, he spoke of the intended visit of Marienne's cousin, and ringing a bell, ordered dinner to be served without delay. The mention of the intended call caused Allen to put away his pamphlets and to bring his thoughts and conversational talents back to the present.

A short time after dinner Monsieur Le Comte Chamfort's card was brought up and Marshall went down to greet his old acquaintance and conduct him up to the

private parlor. When he and Allen were introduced each complimented the other by greeting according to his idea of the most approved manner of the other's country, and Marshall immediately established a feeling of *bon camaraderie* by informing the young Frenchman, who now spoke English perfectly, that Allen, like himself, was a free lance on the Confederate side, in the war between the American sections.

"Ah, it was a war which gave many varied and novel experiences to one who was in a position to be a free lance," said M. Chamford, heartily. "Did you not find it so, Mr. Allen?"

"My experiences were certainly varied and novel," was the equally hearty reply. "But I was hardly a free lance after being fully fit for service. I served at different times with Mosby, Forest and Dick Taylor."

"I have ridden with each one of them!" exclaimed Chamford, enthusiastically. "With Mosby capturing trains and raiding Federal camps east of Washington; with Forest at Okalona and Fort Pillow, and with Dick Taylor and Prince Polignac when they thrashed Banks and his fleet of gunboats on the Red River. Ah! That was life worth living! They were men leading men! Give France a million such, with a Lee and a Jackson, and we could wipe out the map of Europe! Mosby was a whirlwind, Forest a cyclone, Taylor and Polignac a tropical thunderstorm! And their men!—well; they *were* men, from top to toe!"

"By the by, M. Chamford," said Marshall, laughingly, "I fear Allen is contemplating going into the service of some foreign power. He has been studying the laws of war in various countries all the afternoon."

"Perhaps," replied the Frenchman, with a beaming smile, as he rested his hand upon Allen's knee, "Mr. Allen is only troubled to know if he violated any of the known laws of war when he yielded to the dictates of chivalry and made two desperate and gallant fights to protect a lady we know from insult at the hands of Turchin's outlaws."

"No," said Allen, as he flushed deeply, "I have been a little shocked by an article in the Edinburgh Review

charging that the most intelligent and civilized class of the Northern portion of the United States are 'Responsible for the vandalism that prostituted the dignity of American manhood in the war between the States.' I have attributed the cases of misconduct of Federal troops in the South to the strenuous lawlessness of a certain class in the army when not properly restrained by such foreign-born general officers as Turchin, for instance."

"But I have seen it stated in Federal papers," replied the Frenchman, politely, "that General Hunter punished a number of his subordinates who refused to obey his orders to burn and destroy in Virginia. Was he foreign born?"

"No, he was American born; but his was a sporadic case. He had a violent personal as well as partisan hatred for those whose houses he burned."

"Had the North no laws to restrain the vicious, whether *canaille* or *naissance distingué*?"

"Of course! It had laws quite as good as those of any other civilized government on earth. And the prominent, native-born military leader made earnest efforts to enforce them. One of those laws I can give you verbatim from memory as follows:

"*'Crimes punishable by all penal codes, such as arson, murder, maiming, assault, robbery, theft, burglary, if committed by an American soldier, in a hostile country against its inhabitants, are not only punishable as at home, but in all cases in which death is not inflicted, the severer punishment shall be preferred, for the criminal has, as far as in him lay, prostituted the power conferred on a man of arms, and prostituted the dignity of the United States.'*"

"Excuse me, Allen," interrupted Marshall, "your reply may be a little misleading. M. Chamfort's inquiry was about *Northern* military laws. Your quotation is from the American Army Regulations, amended and published in 1857 when that sterling Democrat, James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, was President of *all* the United States, and John B. Floyd, of Virginia, was Secretary of War."

"Yes," was the reply, "but those Regulations were con-

sidered by the North as being theirs,—as much so as was the Constitution, and——”

“And both of which they violated with equal sang-froid?” interjected Chamfort, laughingly.

“Yes,” said Allen, responding to Chamfort’s humor; “I agree to that if you will make proper distinction between the classes that did the violating.”

“You mean that the better class did not ‘prostitute the dignity of the United States,’ but only violated the Constitution. Is that it?”

“That is about it. At the very beginning of hostilities between the sections many trained military leaders of the North entertained a fear that hasty and indiscriminate enlistment might introduce an element into the army which could not be restrained. In the latter part of 1861 General Sherman reported to General Robert Anderson:

“I am sorry to report that in spite of my orders and entreaties, our troops are committing depredations that will ruin our cause. Horses and wagons have been seized, cattle, sheep, hogs, chickens, taken by our men, some of whom wander for miles around. I am doing, and have done, all in my power to stop this, but the men are badly disciplined and give but little heed to my orders, or those of their own regimental officers.”

“And General McClellan,” he continued, “wrote from Virginia while at the head of the army, to Mr. Lincoln:

“In prosecuting the war, all private property and unarmed persons, should be strictly protected, subject only to the necessities of military operations. All property taken for the military use should be paid or receipted for; pillage and waste should be treated as high crimes; all unnecessary trespass sternly prohibited, and offensive demeanor by the military toward citizens promptly rebuked.”

“And General McClellan,” added Allen, as a clincher, “did not change his views throughout the entire term of the war.”

“Did General Sherman?” asked M. Chamfort, as if in doubt. “Is he the same General Sherman who so far admitted the ‘prostitution of the dignity of the United States’ as to say in an official report written from Geor-

gia in 1864, concerning the destruction of the property of unarmed citizens of that State:

"I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia at one hundred million dollars; at least, twenty millions of which inured to our benefit, and the remainder was simple waste and destruction."

"And is he the same General Sherman who entered into a conspiracy with General H. W. Halleck, Chief of Staff of the Armies of the United States, to 'prostitute the dignity of the United States,' and who, in reply to Halleck's suggestion, in private dispatches, that the 'accidental' burning of Charleston and the sowing of a 'little salt' would be a praiseworthy deed, said——"

"I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and I do not think "salt" will be necessary. When I move the Fifteenth Corps will be on the right of the right wing, and their position will naturally bring them into Charleston first; and if you have watched the history of that corps, you will have observed that they generally do their work pretty well; the truth is, the whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon South Carolina."

"Is he the same Sherman? and did he mean to 'wreak vengeance' upon the unarmed citizens of South Carolina? And again, is he the same person who said of himself in his memoirs?—

"I would not restrain the army, lest their vigor and energy should be impaired."

"And did he mean that he had to permit them to be 'to vice industrious' lest restraint in that direction should make them 'to noble deeds timorous and slothful'?"

"Yes, he was the same Sherman," replied Allen, hesitatingly, "but I only——"

"Excuse me, Allen," interrupted Marshall, apologetically, "and let me answer M. Chamfort:—He is the same gentleman who, after the war, made many notable speeches while being lionized. Before making one of these in Ohio, he was told that many good people present had valuable property, shipped from the South during the war, which they now doubted their moral right to keep,

and was asked to express his views in his speech. This he did in these words:

"They (the people of the South) lost their slaves, their mules, their horses, their cotton, their all; and even their lives and personal liberty, thrown by them into the issue, were theirs only by our forbearance and clemency. So, soldiers, when we marched through and conquered the country of the rebels, we became owners of all they had; and I don't want you to be troubled in your conscience for taking, while on our great march, the property of the conquered rebels. They forfeited their right to it, and I, being agent for the government to which I belonged, gave you authority to keep all the quartermasters couldn't take possession of, or didn't want."

"Did the government never reprimand the many prostitutes of its dignity,—particularly this one who seems to have regarded his barbarian methods as a feather in his cap?" asked M. Chamfort, looking at Allen.

Allen commenced to shake his head, sadly, but instantly checked himself, and Chamfort added:

"A sad commentary on civilized warfare in America! Men, women and children regarded as having lost all rights to property, and the men even to life and liberty, because they chose to contend for a punctilio which they called 'Constitutional rights!' My dear Mr. Allen," he added, laughingly, turning to that gentleman, "it appears to me that you will have to let the article in the Edinburgh Review pass unchallenged."

"I think you and Marshall hardly treat me fairly in singling out General Sherman," replied Allen, ruefully. "McClellan and a great many others like him,—a very large majority indeed,—exemplify my idea. Had the North stood by him—really the ablest general they produced—as the South stood by Robert E. Lee, there never would have been any prostitution of any kind."

"I am glad to agree fully and heartily with you in that, my dear sir," said Chamfort, warmly. "Had McClellan been on the other side he would have stood next to Lee and Jackson. He had brain and *savoir-vivre* sufficient to know that nothing is so demoralizing to an army as undue license, and nothing makes a coward of a sol-

dier so quickly and so thoroughly as license to loot and pillage unarmed citizens. McClellan restrained his troops, advocated that policy, organized a splendid army, but lost his popularity with the 'Vox Populi.' The same was the case in a less marked degree, with Shields, Buell, Fitz-John Porter and most of the best generals of the North. General Sherman would have preferred that policy, but he was too worldly-wise to allow a mere sentiment to interfere with his military ambition."

"I believe, after all," said Allen, cheerfully, "that we are nearly, if not quite, in accord about the whole matter. My only contention is that the vandalism which prostituted American manhood, was not inspired by the educated and refined. That it did not begin at the top, with the trained military leaders, and descend, like Poe's 'Chilling and killing' wind which 'Came out of a cloud by night,' but began at the bottom with the 'Coffee Coolers' of the Army of the Potomac, and the 'Bummers' of Sherman's army, and went up, like a malaria-breeding vapor from some politico-social Pontine Marsh, giving jaundice to the moral perceptions of all who suffered their moral instincts to slumber, even for the briefest period, within the radius of its pernicious influence. It is no proof of the unsoundness of my position if General Sherman, and no matter how many others, slumbered and were contaminated."*

"How about Butler's capers in New Orleans, and the doings of Sheridan in the Valley of Virginia, which caused the Valley people to nick-name him 'The Barn-Burner'?" asked M. Chamfort, smiling. "Neither of them had 'Coffee Coolers' or 'Bummers' in his command."

"Well," replied Allen, somewhat nonplussed, but with a twinkle in his eye, "Butler was a moral degenerate, and there was some shadow of excuse for Sheridan. The Federals had come to feel that Washington City was never safe so long as Stuart and Mosby were on horseback, and bread and forage could be found in the Valley of Virginia.

*It is said no one can sleep a single night within the influence of the Pontine Marshes, near Rome, without contracting the deadly Roman fever.

And as they could not convert the Valley into a lake of fire, they thought it wise and justifiable to do the best they could to make it a desert waste, that 'a crow could not fly across without carrying his rations.'"

"Ah, I see!" laughed Chamfort, laying his hand on Allen's shoulder. "It is said 'exceptions prove the rule' and you allow enough exceptions to prove yours; so we will consider it as established, notwithstanding the Edinburgh Review.

"And now," he added, turning to Marshall, also, "I shall be delighted to have a Confederate *rendez-vous* at my château in the suburbs, and shall send to-morrow for both of you and your luggage. I shall not have to leave Paris for a month or more, and I claim you as my guests for that time. If Polignac, who is in Switzerland, shall return in the meantime, we will have him also, to fill out the quartette of Confederate veterans."

Both gentlemen expressed high appreciation of their guest's hospitable intent, and accepted the invitation, for a more limited period, as cordially as it was given; Marshall regretting that important business might possibly necessitate a flying trip to England, and Scotland perhaps, but promising, if such should be the case, to repair to *Château de la Tilleul* immediately on his return to Paris.

"Ah, I am sorry, Mr. Marshall," said M. Chamfort, warmly, rising and taking his hand; "but if you have to make the trip, I hope you will hasten back. I shall take charge of your warlike friend, Mr. Allen, and see that he does not enter the *military* service of any foreign *princess* or potentate before you return; and I want you both to remember that 'my house is your *home*,' as you say in Virginia, whenever you are on French soil, and that my servants and horses and belongings are yours."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

"True happiness is not a growth of earth;
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms but in celestial air."

—R. B. SHERIDAN.

QUITE early the next morning, before M. Chamfort had come to put into effect his claim to Allen as a guest of *Château de la Tilleul*, Marshall had sought the business office of Marienne's attorney.

He learned from that gentleman that he had already taken steps looking to the ultimate end of bringing Dr. Hindman to some kind of settlement of his account with Miss Sanford. He had sent through his mother's brother, who was a member of the Scotch bar residing in Lanark, within fifty miles of Edinburgh,—at both of which points, he had learned Dr. Hindman expected to lecture,—a formal demand that the old gentleman should return to Paris and render an account of his pecuniary transactions, as attorney in fact and *soi-disant* guardian for Miss Sanford, also pointing out the method by which the law could be invoked to enforce the demand.

A letter had come from the Scotch uncle stating that Dr. Hindman sought to justify his remarkable proceedings in withdrawing from the Liverpool bank every dollar that was due his ward, as he styled Miss Sanford, under the plea that he was compelled to do so in order to protect her from designing persons in Paris, who, under the peculiar laws of that country, had secured custody of her person, and, in her weak mental condition, had prejudiced her against her lawful and natural protector.

He further stated that while the Doctor would resist

any effort to compel his return to Paris, he was willing to free himself from future bother by dealing with any person who might meet him in Edinburgh fully qualified to act for Miss Sanford in making a settlement, which, he said, would of necessity partake largely of the nature of a compromise.

Mr. Marshall was pleased to find the disagreeable task before him apparently so easy and simple. During the day all necessary papers were executed and late in the afternoon he departed on his mission.

Mr. Allen found *Château de la Tilleul* with its *allée couverte* of spreading Lindens, with a few other ornamental trees tastefully interspersed, a spacious and comfortable residence, whose elegant ensemble eclipsed his own Glen Cove in its palmyest days, and even the beauties of the Poplar Grove mansion. After he had been an inmate for a week and had, with his entertainer, been a recipient of the polite hospitality of some of the latter's friends he smiled to think what a waste of ignorant sarcasm he had read, founded upon the statement, so often made by superficial travelers that the best French people live in "hôtels" or boarding houses, and do not know the solid pleasures of life, having no word in their language which conveys the meaning that we give to the word "home"; and, presumably, having no use for such a word. Comparing the social life of the people, as he saw it, with that of his native section, as he remembered it, he freely admitted that though the home might be called *Hôtel*, in the city, or *Château*, or *Maison de campagne*, in the rural districts, no people knew better how to enjoy the refined pleasures of home and how to inspire in a guest the soothing agreeableness of an "at home" feeling.

For several days M. Chamfort took his guest on long drives about the city to give him the points of the compass and to let him take a bird's-eye view of the notable buildings, great thoroughfares and small parks, invariably making it convenient, much to Mr. Allen's gratification, to call for a few minutes at *Hôtel L'Espérance* for a short chat with his cousin and Miss Sanford, if the latter should chance to be in the parlors.

Château de la Tilleul being situated adjacent to the al-

most limitless park of the *Bois de Boulogne*, some portion of that vast expanse of sylvan splendors was usually visited in the morning, while the ladies were shopping or engaged with mantuamakers, in preparation for the journey to America, and the young men frequently accepted a standing invitation to take luncheon at *Hôtel L'Espérance* after the onerous labors of shopping, usually so delightful to the gentle sex, were ended for the day.

More than a week had passed thus when M. Chamfort received a note from Marshall stating that his business was about to come to a successful termination, and that he hoped to be with him and his other friends a few days later.

The next morning as the two friends sat at breakfast M. Chamfort said:

"Mr. Allen, I am still a member of the General Staff, with nominal duties to perform occasionally. There is to be a grand military review on Thursday next in the *Champs de Mars*, and I shall have to take part in it, and also to aid in the preliminary arrangements. I shall necessarily be engaged until it is over, but shall return to dine with you each day. If you will drive my cousin and her friend to *Père la Châsse* to-day, Marienne will show you the tombs of the notables, including some of her ancestors, and I think it likely that she can be induced to show you on other days the *Palais de la Louvre*, *Notre Dame* and other places of interest to those who love the fine arts.

"But remember, sir," he added, shaking his finger at him, "I shall not permit her to keep you away from our seven o'clock dinners and our usual *tête-à-têtes* over the Cuban cigars. By the by, Mr. Marshall may be here any day now, and you had better instruct the *majordome* each day where to send him in case he shall arrive during your absence."

This suggestion comported well with Allen's desires, and as Marienne now had leisure to act the part of *cicérone* for Miss Sanford and himself, some days were enjoyed in sight-seeing. She obligingly acted as interpreter for the young man, but his abnormally high and reckless sense of humor had on several occasions given

her embarrassment, and in retaliation she laughingly declared one day that she should resign the office of interpreter for him, and thus render of no effect his wanton display of American *état émoussé*.

On the next day, at the *Jardin des Plantes*, he determined to retrieve his character as a dignified American, and thus induce Marienne to reverse her decree. For hours he strolled around with the ladies viewing the vast accumulation of the flora of the world, but making no unusual remark or comment, until he had ascertained, from actual observation, that there was not a Cotton Plant in the whole conservatory—a plant, he declared to Marienne, which is the most valuable and important in the whole world, with the only exception of two of the cereals.

This discovery seemed to have aroused his patriotic indignation, and, as Marienne did not respond to his implied request for her to become again his interpreter, he declared in good Alabama English, to the face of the polite and astonished *jardinier fleuriste*—who could not understand a word of English, and was only following them around lest their supposed American curiosity should tempt them to dissect rare plants and flowers—that the French people could not be so highly civilized and enlightened as they pretended, because, while they had collected every plant known by them to be of any note in the whole world, whether of benefit to the human family or not, from the microscopic fern to the lofty plumes of the deadly Bohun-upas tree, they did not possess, and probably had never heard of, a Cotton Plant—a plant, he declared, which cannot fail to impart civilization to those who see it produced, bud, blossom and fruit—which carries civilization to the remotest corners of the earth, entangled in the fabrics into which its fiber is woven, and has made even the wild Hottentot ashamed of his nakedness.

“It is not only the emblem, but the very essence of civilization!” he exclaimed, shaking his finger at the dumb-founded *fleuriste*. “Did you snail-eating, absinthe-drinking *Pâté-de-foie-graists* suppose that cotton grew in bales, without stem, bud, blossom or seed, like the Tuckahoe of

Virginia or the Truffle of England; or did you think it grew, already compressed and bound, on gigantic vines like Louisiana pumpkins?"

"*Merci, Monsieur! Je vous demande pardon!*" exclaimed the bewildered Frenchman, with polite and suave sarcasm, as he righted a small pot containing a delicate blooming plant which had been overturned by Mr. Allen's free gesticulation; and the young man not being familiar with the high polish of the French *manière sarcastique*, graciously "accepted the apology."

As the party drove leisurely homeward Marienne remarked, laughingly, to her escort that, as he seemed to be growing daily more incorrigible in his *contre-vérité* she feared that she should have to resign the office of *cicérone* to him also, but as the grand review was to be held on the next day and she greatly desired that Miss Sanford should see the magnificent pageant, he might consider himself their escort for one day more, if he would agree to put his stalwart Americanism under bond for good behavior.

Allen accepted the proposition with the amendment, offered and adopted by himself, that the office of interpreter should be resumed and the time of the bond extended to cover *the remainder of his natural life*.

The next morning, half an hour after Messrs. Chamfort and Allen had left *Château de la Tilleul*, the former to take his place in the review and the latter to act as escort to the ladies of *Hôtel L'Espérance*, Marshall arrived at the *Château*, and was immediately handed by the *majordome* a note from Allen, as follows:

"DEAR MARSHALL:—We have been expecting you for several days, and each day I leave a note directing you where to find us. If you come to-day we shall be in the *Champ de Mars* attending the Emperor's review. We are in Chamfort's carriage and there is room for you. Direct the *valet d'écurie*—or 'stable-boy,' to use the semi-barbarous *polissonnerie* of American *grossièreté*—to saddle Chamfort's favorite riding horse for you and accompany you to take charge of the animal after you shall have found us. Yours, ALLEN."

But little more than an hour had elapsed before Marshall was inspecting the crowds on the review ground in search of his friends. There were acres of vehicles of every description packed together in an apparently inextricable mass on each side of a broad avenue, with an ornamental and profusely decorated pavilion as the apparent focus. Some distance from the pavilion, looking across the avenue, which was kept open by a *cord a piquet*, he caught Miss Sanford's eye, kissed his hand to her, and felt with a thrill that it was some magnetic influence that had enabled him to single her out from the vast *parterre* of youth and beauty on the driver's seats and carriage tops.

Surrendering his horse to the groom, he made his way across the avenue, through the double cordon of trim, white-gloved pickets, and, with more difficulty, through the tangle of vehicles to the presence of his friends. As he climbed to the carriage top, amid greetings and felicitations, loud bugle calls far to the left, beyond the pavilion, attracted all eyes, save only one pair. Clouds of dust commenced to ascend, soldiers could be seen rapidly forming column with flags flying, swords and bayonets glittering in the sunlight and military bands arousing the echoes in the distant wooded dells of the largest and most beautiful military park in the world. Soon a roar of enthusiastic shouts in the same direction announced the approach of the Emperor, and the party got a distant and imperfect view of the magnificent *cortège* as the Imperial *Voiture de Gala* halted and Napoleon III. ascended to the improvised throne upon the pavilion.

After a short delay the troops commenced to parade in review, but the dust, added to the distance, and the crowd immediately around the pavilion caused the American party to despair of getting a satisfactory idea of the ceremonies. Soon, however, an opportune shifting of the crowd immediately in front of the pavilion, gave our party a momentary view of what Mr. Marshall most desired to see.

As the head of the column in all the glory of color and glitter passed the pavilion he got a full view of the Emperor—saw him step forward and raise his *chapeau de*



"Saw the Emperor step forward and raise his *chapeau de bras* in salute to the glittering banner of the Empire."

bras in salute to the glittering banner of the Empire. In fancy he compared the scene with one he had loved to look on in Virginia—General Robert E. Lee upon his gray horse, with his staff formed in rear, raising his soft felt hat by the crown in salute to the torn banners of his battle-soiled veterans. The comparison brought a suspicion of moisture to his eyes, but it satisfied his heart.

As there seemed but little prospect of seeing anything more interesting, the party took their seats in the carriage and the driver and *valet de pied*, who had stood at the horses' heads, were directed to open a way and get out of the tangle of vehicles as soon as possible. The object was accomplished without very great delay, and soon the party were speeding along the broad and sinuous, but now deserted, driveways of the beautifully ornamented grounds. As they passed noiselessly over the gently undulating stretches of shade and sunshine, quietly conversing about rumored court gossip, Allen remarked abruptly:

"Marshall, we heard, before you joined us, that Prince Polignac is absent to-day on account of sickness which detains him in Switzerland. Do you know anything of the relations existing between Emperor Louis Napoleon and himself?"

"No," replied the young man, "but I presume they are cordial, or at least friendly, as he is a member of the Emperor's military *entourage*."

"Was there not a rumor, just before the close of the war between the sections of the American Union, that there was an unsatisfactory interview between them?"

"I heard nothing of the kind."

"Did you not hear, about the beginning of the war, that the Prince was in love with Miss C——, of Alabama, and came to offer his sword to the Confederacy as her *soutenir*—or 'champion,' to use *ordinaire* American lingo? You know she and her parents spent several years in Europe, chiefly in Paris, before the war?"

"Yes, I heard a rumor of the love affair while at Centreville in the autumn of 1861, when the Prince and some companions came from Washington, through the Federal lines, to visit General Beauregard and the Army

of Northern Virginia a short time after the first battle of Manassas."

"You know the lady died in Italy after a lingering decline. Did the Prince surrender the command of his Division in the Confederate Trans-Mississippi Army and leave the country in order to be at the bedside of his *fiancée* during her critical illness?"

"I heard that as a rumor after I was released from prison."*

"Have you not also heard that his object in abandoning his command in the Confederate Army was to come to Paris for the purpose of seeking to interest Emperor Louis Napoleon in a scheme, gotten up after hope of the ultimate success of the Confederate cause had been abandoned on the West side of the Mississippi River, between General E. Kirby Smith, commanding that Department; Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, and himself, to hold the Confederate territory West of the Mississippi by the aid of Mexican forces to be mustered and sent forward by Maximilian; such Confederate veterans, East of the Mississippi River, as would avoid surrendering by disbanding and flocking to the 'last ditch' banners in the West, estimated at not less than one hundred thousand, and such aid, moral or material, as France might be willing to render?"†

* These rumors were spoken of among officers in Virginia and in the Trans-Mississippi Department, at the periods alluded to.

† After the "Battle of the Crater," at Petersburg, the author was transferred from the Army of Northern Virginia to the Trans-Mississippi Department, and carried despatches to Gen. E. Kirby Smith, commanding, at Shreveport on the Red River. From Oct. 11th, 1864, to the close of the war he was on staff duty in that department, and occasionally had official intercourse with General Polignac, commanding the Second Infantry Division, and his countryman and staff-officer, Major Eglin. After the sudden and unannounced departure of the Prince—which was not explained even to Major Eglin—the latter, under the excitement of something like bewildered resentment toward the Prince and particularly toward Gen. Smith, visited the author at his private quarters and related some curious circumstances which, in the light of subsequent events, go to bear out the theory here advanced. If, however, there was

"Allen, my dear fellow, you are very free with 'State secrets,'" said Marshall, laughingly. "But I heard that also after getting back to Alabama."

"And you accepted it as the correct theory?" asserted the other questioningly.

"Well, I don't know. I have a friend who was in the Trans-Mississippi Department, who says he has ascertained that after Polignac left the Confederacy he went immediately to Paris and interviewed high military officials, and, presumably, the Emperor himself. But that proves nothing."

"Mr. Allen," said Miss Sanford, reproachfully, "you surely do not wish to accuse so gallant and chivalrous a gentleman as the Prince of having engaged in a conspiracy?"

"Certainly not," replied the young man, earnestly. "It was not a conspiracy. It was a brilliant military conception, the now unknown facts of which will some day perhaps furnish a missing chapter to American history, and which, at some indefinite time in the future, may possibly lead to the making of many new chapters of American history if crazy John Brownism shall continue to rule political affairs in America as at present. I admire the Prince greatly. He had the manliness to offer his sword to a weak and wronged people!"

"My dear Allen," said Marshall, laughingly; "from which side of your house, the Cavalier or the Puritan, do you get your consistency? Before I went to Scotland

such a scheme on foot—and many will ever believe there was—Major Eglin did not express a suspicion of it, and his surmises, *as expressed*, were very wide of the mark. But he advanced a novel theory, and declared his determination to make his way across the country to Virginia and speak the same words to President Davis, "*be the consequences what they may.*" He departed the next morning, alone and on horseback, for Richmond, more than a thousand miles distant, and the author never heard again from nor of him.

Some years later the thought occurred that possibly the visit of Major Eglin was a small part of the scheme, and was intended to furnish a false cue for military gossip until the time should arrive, if ever, to make the real purpose of the departure of the Prince known to the army.

you wanted to challenge the entire staff of the Edinburgh Review because a writer in it undertook to show that the better class at the North were responsible for the vandalism of some of their troops in the South, and now you darkly hint at a possible future conspiracy with the Mexicans to make war on the same people whom you accuse of crazy John Brownism."

"I beg your pardon, my friend, you are in error," replied Allen, earnestly. "I was defending 'The most intelligent and civilized class at the North,' and you are speaking of the class now in control of the Government. They have, unfortunately, ceased to be one and the same. Under Lincoln the former were actuated by a spirit of broad patriotism and kept the John Brownites down. But now the former have practically no influence in the political fanfaronade which, led by Thad. Stevens, John Brown's evangelist, and hosts of other and similar angry ex-bomb-proof warriors, rides upon the whirlwind of power and directs the storm of government. The former are now denounced as 'Copperheads' and 'Traitors' because they mildly advocate the exercise of wise and patriotic moderation and conservatism toward the South; and even Horace Greeley, the great Apostle of Abolitionism, is now denounced as a misleading moralist and an artful national deceiver and traducer, because his paper, 'The Tribune,' is trying to make them see and understand that 'The noble and brave are always just and magnanimous.'"

"Oh, well," said Marshall, with a quiet laugh, "we must make some allowance for a little excess of resentment which an amiable people may naturally feel toward masterful mortals who forced them to fight in order to 'Save the life of the Nation.'"

"Are you practicing some of that highly polished French sarcasm?" asked Allen, humorously referring to his experience with the *fleuriste* at the *Jardin des Plantes*. "None but the idiot-born ever believed that General Lee, or the Confederate Government, had the most remote expectation or desire to destroy the government of the United States. 'To save the life of the Nation!' was a cry started at the North by the John Brownites to cover

aggressive designs of conquest, and was taken up and reiterated in 'scare head' editorials and advertisements of their newspapers to promote enlistments and to secure large appropriations for bounties and contracts. And perhaps the charge that General Lee and the Confederates wished to destroy the government may be reiterated for a generation or two by oratorical sapheads of that class, in and out of Congress, seeking notoriety and wishing it to be thought that they themselves helped to 'Save the life of the Nation' by selling sutler's cakes and pies to the hungry soldiers, perhaps, or by doing some warlike work of a similar character; but the man who believes, or ever honestly believed such silly nonsense is a self-confessed idiot!"

"My dear friend!" exclaimed Marshall, with a humorous gesture of deprecation, "you should *not* neglect to put the French polish on your homely American sarcasm! But let us get away from the haunting spectres of our political pandemonium, and talk about pleasant things. When shall we be ready to turn our faces homeward?"

"To-morrow or next year—just as the fickle Fates shall decree," replied Allen, enigmatically.

"Miss Agnes can be ready in a few days, Monsieur," said Marienne, with more demureness of manner than was usual with her, "but I hope you will not hasten your departure. I find, unexpectedly, that I cannot go for several months or longer on account of delaying business which my cousin Cesare advises shall be wound up before I take my departure."

"I am sorry and much disappointed that Miss Sanford must lose your very amiable guardianship, and that all of us will be deprived of your delightful companionship. Of course M. Chamfort will accompany you on your return to America?"

"Yes, it is his present intention to do so."

"That will be some compensation to all of us," replied Marshall, cheerfully. "So, Allen, my friend, it devolves on you and me to see Miss Sanford home. How many days shall we give her to have her bills paid and her trunks packed?"

"I am sorry to say that I cannot go just yet," said Allen, very soberly. "I have a patriotic duty to perform to my adopted section which may detain me several—well, indefinitely! I have had a synopsis of the leading points of the lecture which Dr. Hindman is delivering now in Scotland on 'Prison Horrors in the Rebellious South During the War.' It is even more misleading and slanderous, if possible, on that subject, than was Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' on the subject of slavery in the South. But while he makes 'Prison Horrors,' the ostensible theme of his lecture, he really ranges over every subject of the war that offers to his mind an opportunity to slander or cast a slur upon the South. He indulges in innuendoes because the Colonies, with only 3,000,000 white inhabitants, withstood the military power of Great Britain, while the Confederates with 6,000,000 white inhabitants were 'overwhelmed by the warlike spirit and dash of the Federal armies!'

"He doesn't seem to suspect that those 'Canny Scots' well know that but for outside help the authority of George III. would have been soon re-established in America from St. John's River to the Everglades of Florida; that from the first France was our friend, and before the war was fairly begun Lafayette brought the colonists a ship with its cargo of munitions of war and the next year France openly declared war against Great Britain and was soon joined by Spain and Holland. That these successfully disputed with Great Britain the command of the seas, keeping Colonial ports open and, incidentally, preventing any very serious hampering of Colonial commerce, while France sent fleets and armies to aid the Colonists. That but for such aid rendered through and by Count de Vergennes, Lafayette, Rochambeau, De Grassé, D'Estaing and others, in men, money and ships, Washington and the patriot armies, who merit all the honor, we, their children, can bestow upon them, would have been known to history only as unsuccessful rebels.

"Those 'Canny Scots' also know that no foreign power came to the aid of the Confederates. That the Federal government, being already possessed of a strong navy, closed the ports of the South so that the Confederates

could not get their cotton out, nor bring in guns and munitions of war. That not a man from the outside could be brought in to help fill the thin ranks of the Confederates, while all Europe helped to swell the Federal armies, and that if France and England had only declared the ports of the South open and have sold the Confederates battleships and supplies in exchange for their cotton, which was rotting on the plantations and worth a fabulous price in Europe, the Confederacy would to-day be an honored member of the family of nations.

"I shall cover those, and other points of attack, in a lecture I am preparing, to be called 'Where There is a Will There is a Way; or, How the Devastated and Half-Famished South Preserved the Lives of Over Three Per Cent. More of Her Prisoners of War than did the Rich, Prosperous and Plentiful North,'* and I desire to deliver it in every large city or town he has visited. The mere statement of that fact, proved by Federal statistics, will be more eloquent than all his tricks of oratory and talent for slanderous innuendo, and I shall have no need to rattle the dry bones of prison horrors, as he is doing, that people may be enabled to form a correct estimate of the comparative civilization of Southern Americans and Northern John Brownites."

* Surgeon General Barnes, in an official report, made immediately after the war, gave the number of Confederate soldiers sent to Federal prisons as 220,000; and the number of Federal soldiers sent to Confederate prisons as 270,000, both in round numbers. Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, on July 19th, 1866, made public the facts that of Confederate prisoners in Federal prisons 26,436 died in prison, and of Federal prisoners in Confederate prisons 22,576 died in prison. Putting these two statements together it is seen that a small fraction more than twelve per cent. of Confederate prisoners died in Northern prisons, while a small fraction less than eight and a half per cent. of Federal prisoners died in Southern prisons.

When Hon. Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia, first called attention to these facts in a speech made in the U. S. Senate defending the South against the charge of "barbarous treatment" toward Federal prisoners, Hon. James G. Blaine, to whom he was replying, was not less surprised and nonplussed than other Republican members of the Senate. And though Mr. Blaine, and those who were active on his side of the question,

"How will you get your audiences?" asked Marshall, with an amused smile. "Have you not learned the satirical French aphorism, '*Qui perd peche?*' The world worships success and has no time to bother with the explanations of failure. Did any poet ever say, 'Brag, and the world brags with you; explain, and you're left alone?'"

"Audiences!" exclaimed Allen, with a puzzled expression, which changed to one of stubborn determination. "I *will* have them! The people *shall* hear me, even if I have to carry around a brass band and pay two shillings a head at the door for my audiences. And I shall do no *explaining*. I shall proudly roam over all the broad fields for bragging which the truth gives us, on all the circumstances of the war, save only the single one of final success. What could I find to *explain*?—Why we stinted our soldiers and citizens in order to feed our prisoners of war? Or why our troops who were regularly hearing of burning and devastation at their homes, spared and protected all homes and property in the enemy's country? Or why the Army of Northern Virginia marched into Pennsylvania without pillaging and out again without burning a house, robbing a citizen or insulting a woman? Only yesterday I read in one of Chamfort's American papers this mendacious innuendo in an account of the killing of General Reynolds at Gettysburg:

*"All day on the 30th of June, 1863, the legions of Lee, Longstreet and Hill had been sweeping up from the Southern plains in the direction of Gettysburg, intent upon destroying the Union army of Hooker and Meade and opening up the fairest and richest valleys and most populous cities of the North TO PILLAGE."**

delayed two days before making a rejoinder, the figures of the Government officials were not called in question. Mr. Blaine and his allies passed the matter over by intimating that the Confederates were "starved when captured." No intimation was made or intended, however, that they died from over-feeding while in prison.

* This is a verbatim extract from "The Philadelphia Sunday Press," of April 5th, 1903; written after its writer had studied for 38 years the "History of the Great Rebellion." The reader is asked to excuse the anachronism made evident by the very recent date of the extract.

"That is a fair specimen of the 'Truths' that are being taught to the rising generation by a certain class at the North. Shall we explain why we, wilfully and with premeditated malice, exercised those virtues which now compel the John Brownites of literature to sell themselves to the Father of Mendacious Innuendoes in self-defense?"

With a hearty laugh of amusement, in which Miss Sanford joined involuntarily and with quick suppression, Marshall suggested that, as the sun was nearly down and the orator's eloquence showing symptoms of a perennial flow, it would be well to take a direct course homeward and seek the safe shelter of *Hôtel L'Espérance* and *Château de la Tilleul*.

"Ah, my friend," said Allen, soberly, "we should not make a jest of such matters. The immortal bard tells us that those who plunder us steal trash, but he who filches from us our good name fails to get the thief's dole, and yet leaves us bankrupt indeed. I remember how the skillful innuendoes in the 'Peter Parley' histories of my childhood caused me to despise the British, a good and noble people, and the Southern people are now being treated in the same manner, but infinitely worse. I feel great respect for my Puritan progenitors, a strenuous, self-sufficient, God-fearing people; but I love and honor in the highest degree my Cavalier ancestors, because even 'their failings lean to virtue's side.' Should the coming generations in the South be caused by slanderous innuendoes to doubt the high honor, chivalrous deportment and pure patriotism of their fathers, then indeed it might be that some future Peter Parley would write '*Hic Jacet*' upon the headstone of The Last of the Cavaliers.

"But, my friends, if the present generation in the South shall perform its duty, future generations will be able to discern the truth despite all the 'Histories of the Great Rebellion' that have been or may be written, and to decide correctly which side rebelled against the Constitution and were traitors to the political principles fought, suffered and bled for, and finally established by the fathers of the Republic, and also which side followed more closely the dictates of a high civilization during the general demoralization of internecine strife; and there can be no

fear that the world is to see the last of the Cavaliers, or the Cavalier spirit, unless, in the distant future, the Anglo-Saxon is fated to go down before the 'Muscovite Peril' or the Caucasian race is to be overwhelmed by the 'Mongolian Peril'; or unless the sons of the South are doomed to be swept out of existence by the besom of American strenuousness or political unrest which shall have destroyed the last of popular constitutional government, administered by white people, in all the territory once called the Confederate States of America, and its sympathising border States. 'Shall we call that the 'Phantom Peril'?"

M. Le Comte Chamfort would not listen to Mr. Marshall's plan of a speedy departure for America, and insisted that Miss Sanford should not be hurried away, and that all should see more of the beauties of Paris and participate for a time in its social life. Mr. Marshall held the matter in abeyance, subject to Miss Sanford's ultimate decision, and for more than a week the two Americans joined with their friend and entertainer in the enjoyment of such social pleasures as Paris offers in the early autumn season.

Hôtel L'Espérance seemed for the time to be a centre of social life, and various entertainments at other homes were attended. But at last the day arrived when Miss Sanford admitted that merchants, mantuamakers, modistes and milliners had performed their tasks and been discharged.

She and Mr. Marshall went alone in the early morning to visit the grave of her mother, and after an early luncheon all drove to the railway station, where city acquaintances met and wished them *un bon voyage*; and the old friends parted with moist eyes but smiling promises that all should meet in New Orleans at the next Mardi Gras celebration.

As the train was about to depart with Miss Sanford quietly weeping into her handkerchief and Mr. Marshall looking embarrassed on account of the novelty of the situation, Mr. Allen called through the compartment window:

"I say, Marshall, look in my baggage at your house and send me my diary for the years sixty-four and 'five.

I have some 'hot-drops' in that for our friends who want to slander the South about prison management."

The passage across the English Channel was as smooth and pleasant as it is usually rough and disagreeable, and the return voyage upon the broad bosom of the Atlantic, during the dreamy days and lovely, bracing nights of October, was all that the two happy voyagers could desire.

There was a fairly good list, but not a crowd of passengers on board, and it often happened when the nights were a little more breezy and bracing than usual, that the lovers had most of the territory of the hurricane deck to themselves.

On the last night of the voyage, before the anticipated sighting of land on the morrow, the calm and pleasant evening had been preceded by an afternoon more boisterous than usual, which had driven all below, and at twilight, when Miss Sanford and Mr. Marshall sought their accustomed nook on the upper deck, there was none in sight to "Molest or make afraid."

As the twilight faded, bringing out the stars one by one, Mr. Marshall pointed out the visible constellations as a sufficient number came out from the blue to make them recognizable, and gave his companion some interesting negro folk-lore concerning them which he had learned from Uncle Solomon in the early days of his boyhood. "The Seven Stars," the Pleiades in Taurus, "the 'possum hunter's time keepers, whose gentle influence keeps people from going astray, and which refuse to shine on a naughty traveler"; the "Big A," the Hyades of the astronomers, "which would strike one blind if he should look at it, *without winking his eyes*, while it changes from an A to a V;" the "Ell-in-yards," the straight line in Orion's belt, "which measures the Moon's task, five lengths of which mark an hour's travel for the Moon;" the "Dogstar," Sirius, in Canis Major, "which flashes and twinkles to warn night-walkers when mad-dogs are about;" the "Big Dipper," in Ursa Major, "which points out the North Star, "and revolves around it once a day," "the hour hand on the great clock of the Eternal Time-Keeper!"

As the moon was several days past the full, it rose

late, and the two lovers sat in silence and watched its forerunning light as it brightened the eastern sky and finally developed a narrow strip of brightness along the horizon, and, a few minutes later, by a peep above the rim of the sea, sent a belt of burnished silver upon the placid surface which seemed to reach from the edge of the world to the black monster so bravely bearing them upon the bosom of the deep. They watched the great white orb slowly coming up out of the water until it had cleared itself of the sea, and then laughingly watched, as they had both done in childhood, to see if there was any dripping in consequence of contact with the briny flood. Seeing none, the young lady acted out the part by clapping her hands and announcing joyously that it was a "Sailor's Delight Moon."

This harking back to the halcyon period of childhood touched a tender chord in the young man's heart, and taking his companion's hand, he looked into her eyes and said gently:

"Agnes, my love, for three happy weeks I have been living in the present, giving hardly an inquiring thought to the past or future. The happiness of being permitted to look upon the same scenes and breathe the same air with you has satisfied me. I have been a coward and have feared to look either the past or the future squarely in the face, lest one or the other should bring some hurt to the present. But, my love, I begin to realize that where you are all things become propitious for me. On my voyage over, when fearful forebodings caused my fear-tortured soul to fret at every delaying circumstance, we were beset by headwinds and storms that drove us from our course and added length to the weary way. But now that I am by your side—now that my heart is at ease, and I know that the worst fate that can befall us will be to sleep in each other's arms beneath the billows which are bearing us homeward so pleasantly and speedily, every circumstance of the voyage is propitious. Calm seas and favoring breezes speed us on our way, and "The waters under the firmament" and the gemmed macrocosm above seem to smile us a benison. May it not be, my darling, that the hushed sounds which seem to come to us from

the distant realms of the sea, 'Like the rustling wings of Silence,' are from the whispering Oracle of our Destiny, bidding us accept the present as a harbinger of our future voyage of life?"

"Ah! let us not indulge in prescient musings," replied the young lady, with the sadness of tears in her voice. "Remember how sweetly the stars shone upon us on that one happy night at The Oaks, and how soon the black clouds of despair overshadowed our horizon, and the cruel hand of Fate wrapped its shroud about us and tore you from my clinging heart, leaving me to weep such bitter tears all the long, long, weary days and years! If my presence has seemed to make all things propitious for you, yours has never failed to make them so for me. We will enter the new life with the confident hope that we shall continue to exert that benign influence upon each other through all the trials and vicissitudes that go to make the warp and woof of human existence. The earnest striving for the realization of that confident hope must be the good harbinger of our future voyage of life."

"Darling," said the young man, timidly, with coward Fear clutching at his heart, "an angel could not cause me to doubt that you loved me; but tell me how, loving as you did, you could have sent me that cruel note on the occasion of my last visit to the Athenaeum?"

"Cruel!" exclaimed the young lady, sitting erect and suddenly turning with a wondering look to face her lover. "Oh! it was *so far* from being cruel! It was the very opposite *extreme* from being cruel!—the very *self-abasement* of an idolatress! It was you who were cruel! *cruel!* But I forgave you, and chided my heart then, as I do now, for admitting the truth. It is a painful subject; we will never speak of it again."

"Do not say so, my dear love," pleaded the young man, again taking the hand which, in her excitement, she had snatched from him. "I hope you will, at least, enable me to see through the mystery which your words only make deeper. How could you deem me cruel, when I only asked to know your pleasure with reference to my visits?"

"I do not understand you!" exclaimed the young lady,

again turning on her lover with a bewildered and half-startled look.

"I had just been told," said Mr. Marshall, soothingly, "that you desired to see me no more; and in my note I only asked, if such were your feelings, that you put those cruel words into writing that I might wear them upon my heart in the impending strife."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the young lady, springing to her feet and covering her face with her hands. "I got no note! *Oh! I got no note!* He said—*Heavenly Father!* he told me you said—*Merciful God, forgive him!* Blessed Saviour! whom he crucified anew! *forgive him!*"

Fearing that the young lady was about to faint, Mr. Marshall sprang to her side and caught her in his arms. In a few moments she recovered control of herself, and putting him gently from her, said with composure:

"Mr. Marshall, I am horrified! But it is not the first time, perhaps, that a mole-hill of innocent fact has been made to do duty as a mountain of error, or that an unconsidered answer to a supposed unimportant question has been exploited into making a fearfully false impression of a different and serious matter. For all these long, long years I have done you less than justice—indeed, a *great wrong!* But I have never doubted your love nor your honor. Will you allow me to usurp your prerogative and do an unmaidenly and unprecedented thing as a proper piacular penance for the wrong I have done you? Will you bow your head that I may kiss you as a token of my reverence for your nobleness and generosity of character?"

The embarrassed young man bowed his head to receive the pure caress, and Miss Sanford added:

"The past is dead. Let the dead bury its dead! We will promise never to refer to this matter again, for it can be productive of pain only for us both."

"You forget, my love," said the young man, gently, "that I am still in the mist, except that I now know, what I have always suspected—that a deception of some kind had been practiced. But, believing, as you must have believed, I do not see—well, while you do homage to what you believe to be virtues in me, you propose to bar the

door against the acquisition of any knowledge by me of a real nobleness and generosity in yourself, which should cause me to feel hardly worthy to kiss the hem of your robe."

"Mr. Marshall," replied the young lady, very seriously, "no human being can be perfect. I have tried *not* to make an idol of you—you must not try to make one of me. Promise that our lips shall be sealed on that subject."

"I promise!" said the young man, solemnly. "But tell me, while we are speaking of those matters, how it was that you never wrote to Carlton after Gettysburg, and never sent me a token of your existence and sympathy while I was in prison."

"That is a branch of the forbidden subject," replied the young lady, sadly. "But this much duty to both you and myself requires me to say: I did not know that you had been in prison until informed by your former coachman. I did not know even that you lived until I saw you accidentally in the New York Theatre. We will include this branch of the subject under our seal of silence. And now, in token that you did not *mean* your fine speech of a moment ago for flattery, you shall press upon my forehead a platonic kiss—a Stygian affirmation, as it were, by the god, Apollo,—and also a good-night benison, for it now behooves me, *more than ever before*, to claim all the benefits supposed to be conferred by 'beauty sleep.'"

The pure kiss was given, but the young man could not resist the temptation to make vigorous demonstration of the fact that Plato did not occupy the highest niche in the statuary hall of his sentiments while he held the shrinking and unconsciously resisting form of his beloved in his arms.

A LAST WORD WITH THE READER.

THERE were a number of causes which led to the conditions that forced the States, which for a brief and thrilling period were called the Confederate States of America, to seek peace and happiness by withdrawing from the Union which they had taken the lead in forming, and for the peace, prosperity and perpetuity of which they were ever ready to make any reasonable and necessary sacrifice that would not reflect upon their honor nor the manhood of their people.

It is a well recognized fact that the beginning and foundation of our political troubles was the desire of a wealthy, influential and ambitious class in New England, which got control of the government immediately after President Washington's retirement, to form a strong, aristocratic and semi-monarchical government in which they might rank as a class with hereditary privileges.

The overthrow of the Federalist party in the year 1800, and its utter annihilation later, destroyed all hope of the realization of these roseate dreams of political domination and grandeur in the Union. The general disappointment and chagrin was voiced by Fisher Ames, one of New England's most distinguished statesmen, when he declared with vehement eloquence: "Our disease is democracy! It is not the skin that festers; our very bones are carious and their marrow blackens with gangrene!"

It was but natural that with their superfine instincts they should desire to cut loose from such a democracy, which, as they thought, could be effectually accomplished only by a dissolution of the Union. Unfortunately for their desires, however, the hardships and trials of the Revolution had begotten, in the hearts and minds of their unscheming masses, a feeling of respect and admiration

for the masses in the South, and it became necessary to destroy those noble sentiments in order to gain the desired political end.

It is to the credit of New England that the diabolical plans for accomplishing that object did not originate with her own people, but were suggested by a British spy and a Governor of Canada working for the general interests of hereditary government and for the special interest of Great Britain. But, the suggestion having been adopted, the plans were pursued through trials, discouragements and a disregard of laws, human and divine, with a dogged persistence and pertinacity that would have been heroic had not the object in view been an ignoble one.

When they raised the black flag of abolitionism they had no thought of the negro except to use a criminally distorted picture of his condition to prejudice and fire the Northern masses, and to exasperate the people of the South. And it must be confessed that many Southern people and even statesmen not infrequently exhibited that kind and degree of anger which characterizes the doomed victim of the Spanish arena when the toreador flirts the red flag of his profession before his eyes.

But it would all have amounted to only a continual broil and turmoil between the two sections, whose masses had finally been taught to frown upon each other, had not Daniel Webster and others, by insidious sophistries, gradually brought about a change in many Northern minds respecting the theory, principles and powers of our government.

After South Carolina had exercised her reserved sovereign power by annulling an unauthorized law of the Congress, Mr. Webster, in advocating a Force Bill to compel her to obey the objectionable law, gave evidence of the instincts which are called demagogic, when he said :

"The Constitution of the United States is not a league, confederacy or compact between the people of the several States in their sovereign capacities, but a government proper, founded on the adoption of the people and creating direct relations between itself and individuals."

Mr. Webster's reasoning along that line was so con-

vincing to the Northern mind generally, that a partial biographer very recently said of it and him:

"Webster devoted the rest of his life to the advocacy of this proposition. He convinced the reason and conscience of the North that it was sound. *This conviction carried us through the Civil War.*"

It would seem that this partial biographer is willing to put upon Mr. Webster the fearful responsibility of having deceived the Northern mind into the belief that they had a right to march their armed legions upon the Southern people. But he makes no mention of the fact that Mr. Calhoun, in his great speech of February 26, 1833, so thoroughly annihilated Mr. Webster's arguments and pulverized his sophistries, that he did not dare to attempt a rejoinder, and did not recover his usual buoyancy of spirits before the adjournment of Congress.

But while Mr. Webster's oratorical efforts may have convinced the reason of those who were incapable of being taught by Mr. Calhoun's solid facts, something more was needed to fire the Northern masses to the point of making them eager for hostilities. Aids in this direction were furnished by Mrs. Stowe's vilely slanderous romance; by Mr. Hilper's vulgar and vituperative book of superlative epithets of condemnation and contempt,—which so delighted New England that she bought 100,000 copies of the first issue within a few months;—by John Brown's murderous and cowardly attempt to inaugurate negro insurrection and by New England's ministers of the gospel preaching him an apotheosis from their pulpits in which the Southern people were denounced as little less than fiends for hanging a man "so brave, just, noble and philanthropic."

Many minor circumstances contributed toward firing the Northern heart, among which may be mentioned the reckless abuse of Southern civilization and manhood in the Republican Presidential campaign of 1860, and the forming of campaign clubs into uniformed military companies which paraded the country spreading the idea that the government "would never be worth a d——n until there had been a little blood-letting."

Returning to Mr. Webster's sophistries, they were

founded upon the preamble of the Constitution, which says: "*We the people of the United States in order to form a more perfect Union . . . do establish this Constitution*"; yet no one knew better than Mr. Webster that the people, as composing one great body, never had, nor could have had, under the existing conditions and circumstances, authority or power to act directly upon that important question. When the Virginia convention met to consider the proposed Constitution, Patrick Henry, when the preamble was read, asked with solemn earnestness, "Who gave them the right to say 'We, the people of the United States'?" and went on to express his apprehension that designs of a consolidated government lurked behind that phrase. He did not know—for the proceedings of the convention had been kept secret—what Mr. Webster is bound to have known in his day, that the preamble of the Constitution as adopted read:

"We the people of the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, do ordain, declare and establish the following Constitution."

Mr. Webster also knew that after the Constitution was completed it was turned over to a committee on style, who made certain changes in its verbiage which the convention assented to as a matter of brief and convenient expression, and not as affecting in any manner the character of the instrument.

The wisdom of omitting the names of the contracting States was seen later when North Carolina and Rhode Island held aloof from the Union and had to be dealt with as friendly foreign powers.

One might suppose from reading Mr. Webster's speeches that he was quite unfamiliar with the history of that critical period, and had never read what Mr. Madison, the "Father of the Constitution," said in the Virginia convention, about "We the people," nor have even read the Seventh Article of the Constitution itself.

The fear that New England would sooner or later attempt to force a consolidated government on the people

as a whole, was so general that Virginia, New York and Rhode Island, in joining the Union, announced their right to withdraw from it if their peace and prosperity ever demanded such action.

In the New York convention, assembled to consider the ratification of the Constitution, Alexander Hamilton, one of the framers of the instrument, and the recognized leader of the party favoring a strong, centralized government, used the following language in persuading that great State to ratify and join the Union:

"To coerce the States is one of the maddest projects that was ever conceived. . . . Congress marching the troops of one State into the bosom of another! Can we believe that one State will ever suffer itself to be made an instrument of coercion? The thing is a dream—it is impossible!"

Such was the optimistic talk heard in each one of the State conventions. It is interesting to speculate upon what would have been the action of the different conventions could their amiable members have heard from the governor of a leading State such an address as that delivered in 1856 by Governor Banks—later the somewhat noted General Banks—of Massachusetts, in which he said:

"I can conceive of a time when this Constitution shall not be in existence, when we shall have an absolute dictatorial government (which the North actually did have five years later), transmitted from age to age, with men at the head who shall be made rulers by military commission or who shall claim an hereditary right to govern those over whom they are placed."

And who can doubt what the effect upon the desire to form a Union would have been could it have been foreseen that within the lifetime of healthy children then in swaddling clothes, one section of the Union was to be scourged by the havoc of a fratricidal war, the most stupendous ever known to the history of the world, forced upon an unoffending people by sister States which, despite the fair words of 1787, did "suffer themselves to be used as instruments of coercion."



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